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ART. I.—THE ROSSETTIS.

1. *Poems*. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. New and Enlarged Edition. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.
2. *New Poems*. By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. Hitherto Uncollected or Unpublished. Edited by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.
3. *Verses*. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. Reprinted from "Called to be Saints," "Time Flies," "The Face of the Deep." London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1893.
4. *The Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*. Edited, with Preface and Notes, by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI. Two Vols. London: Ellis & Scrutton. 1886.
5. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family Letters*. With a [No. CLXXIII.]—NEW SERIES, VOL. XXVII. NO. 1. A

Memoir. By WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. Two Vols. London : Ellis & Elvey. 1895.

6. *A Brief Memoir of Christina G. Rossetti.* By ELLEN A. PROCTOR. With a Preface by W. M. ROSSETTI. London : Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1896.

IN the period immediately preceding our Queen's accession, and during the earlier years of her reign, there could be found Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London, a quiet but somehow exotic household, noticeable not only for adhering closely to the rule of "plain living and high thinking," but for being a little oasis of purely Italian life, literary and patriotic, flourishing greenly amid its alien British surroundings, and attracting to itself, as inevitably as a well-lit lamp at dusk attracts the night-moths—but with kindlier results—a constant stream of Italian wanderers through the wilderness of London ; musicians of many grades, from Paganini and Pasta and Sir Michael Costa downwards ; patriot exiles of the Mazzini stamp ; teachers, physicians, painters, plastic artists ; scions of great old houses and sons of the people ; all united by a common bond of patriot wrath and hope, and well pleased to gather under the modest roof we speak of, to exchange ideas with its master, the Professor of Italian at King's College, and to listen and applaud when, in his rich voice, he would declaim his own impassioned Italian lyrics, in which their and his aspirations and dreams found musical and fiery expression. These spiritual feasts appeared to content the guests, who hardly seemed "to have any fleshly appetites," satisfied with their admission to the family circle, and with a share in its occasional cups of coffee and slices of bread and butter.

Gabriele Rossetti, the host whose society was so attractive to his compatriots, was assuredly a remarkable character. His story was not very exceptional in those days, but his abilities were unusual, and the use he made of them in the highest degree disinterested. A richly endowed, fiery son of

Central Italy, a vowed champion of constitutional freedom, he had flung away his prospects of thriving in his own land in the dark year of reaction 1821. Then escape became imperative for the young poet who had the ear of the people, and who had dared to make himself a prophet of evil to the forsworn Bourbon sovereign of Naples. Powerful English friends aiding, he found safety and a livelihood in London, where from 1824 onward he lived, working blamelessly in his vocation as a teacher, but devoting his heart's love and his pen's best service to the cause of Italian regeneration. Those who should know deemed that his many writings in prose and verse served that cause nobly. "He was the seer of the Italian re-*arising*."

He is discerned in his London home at the age of sixty-five, half blind and much impoverished by that infirmity, but still toiling with book and pen, "looking like an old and somewhat imperative prophet," and very impressive yet by "the noble energy of his face, the high culture his expression attested, and the sort of eager, almost passionate resolution, that seemed to glow in all he said and did."

Of gentle descent, yet the son of a high-minded blacksmith, he knew nothing of "the British religion of keeping up appearances;" as little was that pagan creed in favour with his wife, who "contemned it with modest or noble superiority." The figure of this wife, British-born but of Italian blood, is as attractive as that of her husband; it is yet more sympathetic than that of the devotee of liberty and of Dante, its mystical prophet, the priest-hater and pope-hater, who, upright and pure-living though he was, conformed outwardly to no religion, remaining even in his mellow declining years only "an unsectarian and undogmatic Christian."

Frances Rossetti, née Polidori, was, on the other hand, always deeply and quietly religious, a regular worshipper in the Anglican Church to which her parents belonged, and in which her own children were trained up. The serene beauty of her face, of the noblest intellectual Italian Madonna type, seems to have been merely the true outward expression

of her loveliness of mind and character. In the loving portraiture traced by her son William, we see her tranquil, simple, veracious, incapable of mean thought or speech ; endowed with clear good sense and high intelligence improved by culture ; naturally dignified, neither needing nor caring to assert herself, and performing her daily round of family duties as might beseem a heavenly spirit busy in doing earthly things excellently. "The most womanly of women," the best-beloved, most loving wife and mother, she proved herself capable, in the day of darkness and difficulty, of taking up and discharging the rôle of bread-winner with valiant cheerfulness.

Such a fair embodiment of excellence might seem to those who have loved an English mother of this type to be more English than Italian in its traits ; and there was in Frances Rossetti a slender strain of English blood. But in truth the character is proper to no nation and no time, being realized wherever a sweet and noble womanhood receives its last grace from true fervent Christian faith.

In this home, taught and trained assiduously by this mother, and nourished by her on the English Bible, there grew up in cheerfulness and glee four children, two boys and two girls, happy in unusual mental gifts, and surely happy beyond the common in their parentage and early surroundings. One could hardly, indeed, imagine a more propitious atmosphere for young perilously gifted creatures than that of this unassuming, "unluxurious," but comfortable home, where they "witnessed nothing but resolute and cheerful performance of duty, and heard nothing that was not pure, right, high-minded, and looking to loftier things." If we should grant to heredity and environment the supreme potency over character, and its expression in conduct, which are claimed to them in many quarters, it would not be easy to understand the surprising differences which co-existed with certain resemblances of mental constitution in the intellectual action and the life-history of the two in this little family group who attained the greatest distinction and the widest recognition—Christina Georgina and Dante Gabriel

Rossetti. Better instances could not easily be found of the strong, self-determining power possessed by the individual soul, no matter what its inherited endowments or its external surroundings may be, or what the influences brought to bear on it in the early decisive years of life.

"The very core of his character was self-will, which easily shelved into wilfulness," says the brother of Dante Rossetti, who, however, strongly repels the suggested excuse that the beloved and faulty hero of his narrative was "a spoilt child," he having been "reasonably and heedfully trained to whatsoever is of good report."

"His tendencies for good or evil were innate, and developed according to the circumstances of his life. His faults were his own. He neither would nor could be a leopard without leopardine spots."

The record before us supplies proof enough that these statements are simply true, both as to the excellent care taken with the training of the young Rossetti, and as to the "wilful" element manifesting itself early, and continuing in unchecked force in later life. We see the youth taking his own way as to the reading that was to form his mind, and choosing literature almost wholly imaginative and romantic; unwilling to conform to the severe requirements of art-training, putting little faith in his instructors, and liking "to do what he himself chose, and even if he did what some one else prescribed . . . to do that more or less in his own way." It would seem that in those earlier days his genuine reverence for his father was not enough to overcome in him the "dislike of routine-work and plodding application" which, with the desultory ways accompanying, the elder Rossetti sharply reprehended. This did not arise from constitutional indolence, for in later life the painter Rossetti showed remarkable and persistent diligence; but all his life he would do things "just as he chose, and because he so chose, and whether other people liked them or not." As a minor instance of this sort, one may note his never having thought it necessary for himself as a painter to master

perspective, or to attain "strenuous mastery in draughtsmanship." Something not less hurtful is indicated in his own acknowledgment, noted for a piece of true insight, "As soon as a thing is imposed on me as an obligation, my aptitude for doing it is gone ; what I *ought* to do is what I *can't* do."

The mood here confessed has been known to many, gifted not less greatly than Rossetti, who have been able to master it, being upheld by the "resolute sense of duty" which he did not possess. It was not his so to face and conquer any inborn perversity. Troubled as he was with "a lifelong feeling of dissatisfaction," arising "from the disparity of aim and attainment in what he had all his life produced as best he could," the dissatisfaction seems to have been limited to the disparity between æsthetic aspiration and technical achievement. Most unhappily for himself, he "was essentially a man of the artistic, not of the ethical type"—perilous distinction!—and, absorbed with the question "how to paint good pictures and write good poems," forgot to seek self-mastery through self-discipline ; taking no heed of Milton's grand dictum that, such as the artist would have his work to be, such he himself must be, he did not sedulously follow after supreme goodness himself, intending to make his work supremely good and serviceable, but was willing to put his talent to use in the world's market and get the world's price for it. Do we err in attributing to such a cause all that impairs the value of Rossetti's legacy to his fellows, all that renders it wildly improbable that men shall "find their heavenly bread in his utterances," or seek therein "sentences of guidance and consolation still glowing and effective" after the lapse of ages ?

This initial defectiveness of moral aim could and did consist with "reverence for a Christian ideal and delight in Christian legend and symbol," and with antipathy to the spirit of denial, bitter and aggressive, which, could it work its will, would grievously impoverish Art and Letters by effacing from them every trace of Christian thought. But to be attracted by the æsthetic possibilities of a religion, and to pay a tribute of admiration to the spiritual beauty of

its teaching, is not enough for the deep necessities of any human spirit, and so it is well seen in the tragic history of Dante Rossetti. Reference is made by the brother-biographer to a coincidence of youthful mood between the ill-fated Edgar Allan Poe and Rossetti, both of whom, when school-boys, are said to have been "self-willed, capricious, inclined to be imperious, and though of generous impulses, not definitely amiable, or even steadily kind."

Such resemblance is rather ominous between youths noted in after-life as servants and worshippers of Beauty more than of Wisdom or Holiness, of whom each made too early shipwreck of life and hope through lack of self-mastery; though in every outward condition of life the Englishman was more fortunate, and more fortunately constituted for success than the American. Yet so evident is mental kinship between them that we read unsurprised how Poe was an object of "marked predilection" to Rossetti, who found in some of the older poet's strains "a deep well of delight," and whose *Blessed Damsel* was in a manner inspired by *The Raven*. Both men chose the weird, the mystical, the visionary, as beloved subjects of their art, and walked willingly in a magic dreamworld of their own, peopled by shapes whose strange grace and enigmatic attractiveness are neither of earth nor heaven. There is this curious unlikeness in their likeness, that the American—who, so far as his verse witnesses, might never have heard of the Christian revelation—maintains in his wildest flights of fantasy a fastidious purity and delicacy of thought and expression, by no means always to be predicated of his English-Italian compeer; and this, though Rossetti's best and highest work be suffused with colour reflected from "Christian legend and symbol"—we may refer in passing to such attractive instances as the "Annunciation" picture now in the National Gallery, and not a few of the Sonnets consecrated to sacred themes, or to description of sacred pictures like Michel Angelo's "Holy Family" and Rossetti's own "Passover in the Holy Family;" instances that might be so multiplied as to supply colourable reason for Rossetti's

exclamation when taxed "with irreligion, or rather with not being a Christian," "Do not my works testify to my Christianity?" But, unhappily, his work as painter and as poet does not so witness for Christianity as to prove real acceptance of Christian teaching as an imperative rule of life at any part of the artist's mental career, or to have real potency on the souls of men for good. It may be said bluntly that of the poems at least there are some that could not have been produced by one desirous of conforming to any Christian ideal; that the French critic was not wrong who said that "religious, profane, mythologic subjects were alike only pretexts" for Rossetti the painter, seeking to express only his own dream; and that the matter is rightly put by Swinburne, when he says that

"the influence which has plainly passed over the writer's mind, attracting it as by a charm of sound or vision, by spell of colour or of dream, towards the Christian forms and images, is in the main an influence from the mythologic side of the creed. Alone among the higher artists of his age, Rossetti has felt and given the mere physical charm of Christianity, with no admixture of doctrine or of doubt."

Alas for the royally-gifted soul which was sensitive chiefly to the "physical charm" of the loftiest of religions! The very fulness and magnificence of that soul's endowments involved perils to which the owner did not seem alive until he had fallen into the ambush of his spiritual enemies, and lay by the wayside self-robbed and self-slain, having not taken for Guide and Defender Him of whom he had said, "with decisive conviction," "Certainly He was something more than man."

It is needless now to refer further to the "blots on the scutcheon" which even a brother's hand could not conceal, much less those over which that hand has dropped a kindly veil; or to insist on errors, all the more glaring and hurtful because of the great qualities with which they are associated. The saddest facts of this soul's tragedy are public property; and though they have been amply debated, questionless they will be debated yet again. What we wish now to emphasise

is that the element of religious feeling and beautiful pious symbolism in Rossetti's work is as a wind blowing from that early home in whose pure atmosphere he did *not* breathe in the overmuch delight in sensuous beauty which is a note of too many of his productions; that the higher strain of thought and fancy was first learnt in that home, where the lovely practical piety of his mother, the pure impassioned devotion which glowed with steady flame in both his sisters, shining through lives of great beauty, inspired a sort of sympathetic delight in the faith which so manifested itself, and which yet had little practical power over him. He took his own way, and it was not theirs. Yet the same hearth fostered them, the same surroundings had power on them; their tastes and pursuits were very similar; bonds of faithful family affection united them until the end. For all this each soul had power of itself to shape its own destiny. "Our spirits dwell in awful singleness, each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom."

To turn from the pages which darken and brighten with the glory and the gloom of Dante Rossetti's story, so chequered with good and evil, with achievement and wretchedness, and to open the slender records hitherto vouchsafed us of his sister Christina's life, is to turn from some splendid tropic scene, swept by storms and shaken by earthquakes, into the quiet shadowed room of a recluse, whose windows are open to the sunrising and to the heaven-high snow-peaks that shine with an unearthly radiance; but near at hand are flowery gardens and children sporting in them, and happy maidens singing sweetly.

William Rossetti has prefixed to his volume of *New Poems* from the pen of his late departed sister, a portrait of Christina in her early girlhood, drawn, it is supposed, when she was sitting to her painter brother for "The Virgin" in his exquisite "Ancilla Domini." The sketch, we are told, is much like her; and to a student of her poems its subtle truth of character appears manifest. The lovely head, inclined a little forward, has such a mild inquiring eagerness in its full earnest eye and delicately parted lips as might

beseem a fair young seraph, "desiring to look into" the great mystery of God manifested in the flesh. Nothing could better symbolise the life-long attitude of Christina Rossetti, as revealed in the poems with which she continued to enrich English literature during more than forty years of production.

Those long years were years of much seclusion, of frequent suffering, of sorrow and of pain ; yet their record is not other than bright, and their work for the world's behoof may be safely pronounced wholly good ; it may be said also, that both in substance and in form her work gained more excellence with each succeeding year, though those years took much of earthly good away.

"Hers was a delightfully happy home ; love, poetry, art, religion—everything that could make life sweet," says the friend who only came to know Christina Rossetti in the two last decades of her life. The witness has its truth ; yet one much-needed element in the sweetness of life was seldom present even in the blissful early years when one roof still sheltered father, mother, brothers, and sisters. From her girlhood onward Christina Rossetti knew little of the joy of perfect health ; "no member of the family looked for her living out an ordinary length of years ; up to early middle age she was troubled with many symptoms which seemed to point towards consumption" ; when middle age had been attained, an unusual and very distressing malady seized and disabled her for many months, clinging to her long after ; and the evening of her days was shadowed by the cruel disease, whose insidious progress extended over several years before her release was earned in the December of 1894, when she sank under cancer, with which a serious heart affection was connected.

Sufferings less severe than these have sufficed to make many lives dark and unfruitful ; they did not so tell on the rich vitality and the pure fervour of this spirit. In her two first published volumes—*Goblin Market* and *The Prince's Progress*—the warm and tender colour, the dainty fancy, the frequent gaiety, and the airy movement of the rhythm,

counterbalancing the mystic depth of meaning—a novel combination which caught and kept for the poetess her own peculiar public—are impaired by no such morbid or overstrained moods as those in which her famous brother indulged himself in the fulness of strength and health. A strong pulse of life beats in these earlier poems, even when their burden is of things most melancholy—as in the elaborately wrought and richly coloured allegory of *The Prince*, who is too easily turned aside by every kind of well-disguised temptations on his way towards the enchanted Bride who must await his coming, and who dies before he can reach her. The various lures which make his life's enterprise a dismal failure are set forth vividly in all the charm of their false sweetness; not the pathos of the tragic close is touched more firmly. Neither here nor elsewhere does any unwholesome air, as from a sick chamber, breathe on us to say, "This was written by one dwelling under the shadow of death, and weaned from the love of life." Earth was beautiful to her, and she could give full expression to her sense of its beauty, and to her deep and keen sympathy with its bliss and its woe. Of these she could speak as one who had proved them for herself.

The *New Poems*, which show us how much excellent work their writer in her modesty withheld from publication, and which, being dated where possible, supply a kind of history on her mental development, do something beyond this; they shed a clear and tender light on certain passages of her woman's life. From the *Sonnet of Sonnets*, headed *Monna Innominata*,—a cluster of fourteen sonnets linked together, and embodying such answer as Dante's Beatrice or Petrarch's Laura might have rendered to their immortal devotees—readers had divined some personal experience, as passionate and pure, but not so happy, as that enshrined in Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. Such divination is fully justified in the present volume, especially by a cycle of "singularly pathetic" and exquisite poems in Italian, *Il Rosseggiar del Oriente* (= *The Reddening of the East*)—poems found after their writer's death "in the

jealous seclusion of her writing-desk," where no eye but her own had ever looked on them. How and why these verses came to be written, William Rossetti explains with due reserve, only desiring

"to clear up passages that might otherwise remain open to conjecture, equally vague and vain, and possibly not pleasant. My sister," he continues, "was twice sought in marriage; and in each instance was well disposed to her suitor, but was withheld by religious considerations. . . . The first matter terminated towards 1850, the second towards 1864, and it was 'far the more serious affair of the two'; but the suitor, otherwise worthy, 'either was not a Christian at all, or else was a Christian of undefined and heterodox views.' . . . Both men died during Christina's lifetime."

These few suggestive words are quite enough; the verses themselves tell the rest of the tale as far as it should be told. With unsurpassed grace, simplicity and sincerity, they reveal the inmost thought of a pure, impassioned heart, willing, since it is God's will, to renounce every hope of earthly happiness, but not willing to renounce the dearer hope that the loved one shall yet be brought into the light of God's truth, and that the two who are parted on earth shall yet see light in that light together in the Paradise of God. In the very cause of their separation she can discern ground for her immortal hope.

"My friend," she says, "thou didst prefer virtue and truth to me; wilt thou not know at last Who it was thou didst love? The flower opens only to the rays of one sun. . . . If thou didst love the Truth more than me, thou didst love Jesus, not knowing Him. Jesus, Thou who, unknown, didst speak to him, conquer his heart!"

And in a yet higher and more impassioned strain, turning wholly from the human beloved, she pleads with heaven for him in verse almost untranslatable for its fervid simplicity—

"What shall I give Thee, Jesus, my good Lord?
That which I love the most, I give to Thee;
Accept him for Thine own, my Lord and God,
My one and only love, my very heart;

Take him to Thee, may he be prized of Thee,
Take him for me, save my beloved one.
I have but him, O Lord, despise him not,
Give him a place among Thy heart's dear things.
Remember how upon the bitter cross
Thou saidst in prayer to God, with pitying voice,
With palpitating heart, 'That which they do,
Father, forgive, they know not what it is.'
He also, Lord, knows not Whom he disdains;
He also, Lord, would love Thee, did he know.
If all we see, that does not please Thee, Lord,
Is but as flying sea-foam, fleeting cloud; . . .
If all is vanity save Thee alone . . .
If Love that loves Thee not is nowise Love;
Give Thine ownself to us and make us rich;
Withhold then what Thou wilt, we shall have all."

We turn from the page on which such words stand printed, feeling half-guilty of intrusion into holy secrets; and yet welcoming the disclosure which teaches us how remote from this pure spirit were ascetic contempt of the legitimate joy of life, and Pharisaic pride in superior saintliness; while it shows how costly was the sacrifice which one so richly endowed, so loving and beloved, laid ungrudgingly on the altar of her Lord. It is noteworthy that, while in her more impersonal work this singer shows herself not scant of strong and bitter words with which to brand the evils of the world or to lay bare its deceits, there is no touch of bitterness in the sweet-flowing Italian verses that deal with this momentous experience. The feeling that suffuses them has the deep glow of purifying fire; it is something strong as death, and deathless as the soul; there is no lamenting over it as a beautiful vanished illusion, but it is accepted as a dear lifelong companion, to be endured and cherished.

It appears to us that, from the period covered by these poems onward, there may be traced in Christina Rossetti a growing tendency to spend her rare poetic powers on religious themes, and in her devotional poems themselves an increasing vigour, intensity, and depth of thought and feeling; and this with no diminution or disparagement of the airy, childlike gaiety, the joy in simple natural things, that lend an irresistible charm to her writings specially

consecrated to children, and that prove the essential wholesomeness of mental constitution in one who had to suffer so much.

It is to the later and not to the earlier half of her life that we have to refer the attractive child's book called *Speaking Likenesses*, and the dainty rhymes for little ones which their writer called *Sing-song*, and which lose none of their gracious quaintness when rendered into Italian, as may be seen by the selections thus translated among the *New Poems*; it is to the same period that we have to assign *Called to be Saints*, *Time Flies*, and *The Face of the Deep*, which furnish to us perhaps the most remarkable assemblage of spiritual songs that our century can show. Unique in their living colour, their warm human quality, their masculine strength and simplicity; breathing the very soul of exalted impassioned devotion; these poems are worthy of a place no less high than that occupied by the *De Imitatione Christi* in devotional literature, since they too set forth with surprising power the varying incidents in the life of the soul that follows hard after Christ, and looks longingly for the coming of His kingdom. That life had broadened and deepened wonderfully since the time when, midway in her pilgrimage, the singer disciplined herself against weariness of her own "easy life," and dread of her own "easy-coming death," by dwelling on the Life and Death of the Divine Sufferer, as in the pathetic verses "None with Him," now first given us in their original form in the *New Poems*. A loftier and more joyful faith is that which poured itself forth in this song of triumph:

"Tempest and terror below; but Christ the Almighty above.
 Tho' the depth of the deep overflow, tho' fire run along on
 the ground,
 Tho' all billows and flames make a noise,—and where is an
 Ark for the dove?
 Tho' sorrows rejoice against joys, and death and destruction
 abound,
 Yet Jesus abolisheth death, and Jesus Who loves us we love:
 His dead are renewed with a breath, His lost are the sought
 and the found,

Thy wanderers call and recall, Thy dead men lift out of
the ground.
O Jesus, Who lovest us all, stoop low from Thy glory
above :
Where sin hath abounded make grace to abound and to
superabound,
Till we gaze on Thee face unto Face, and respond to Thee
love unto Love."

And no mere sad acquiescence, but a hope full of immortality breathes in the sweet homely verses—

"It is good to be last not first,
Pending the present distress ;
It is good to hunger and thirst,
So it be for righteousness.
It is good to spend and be spent,
It is good to watch and to pray :
Life and Death make a goodly Lent,
So it leads us to Easter Day."

Year after year, many hearts were uplifted and made stronger by the musical utterances, fraught always with grander hope and deeper experience, and more thrilling rebuke of sin and unbelief, pouring forth from this nightingale of singers hidden in the shadow and seclusion of her home, where the inner life grew lovelier, even while its society was thinned by encroaching death. A father first, then a sister, then a brother, are seen to pass away, the survivor clinging all the more fondly to "her first love, her mother," and surrounding her with all sweet observances of affection ; till the inevitable parting came, and she who was left on earth could but say—

"Up the high steep, across the golden sill,
Up out of shadows into very light,
Up out of dwindling life to life aglow,
I watch you, my beloved, out of sight ;—
Sight fails me, and my heart is watching still :
My heart fails, yet I follow on to know."

It remained only for her to cheer with her unwearying devotion the declining days of her mother's dear-loved sister, and when that last task was ended, herself to attain

the Land of Rest through many months of patient cheerful suffering, brightened by the tender devotion of her one surviving brother, and illuminated by the clear shining of the immortal hope expressed in what were almost her last verses :

“Heaven overarches earth and sea,
Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness.
Heaven overarches you and me:
A little while and we shall be—
Please God—where there is no more sea,
Nor barren wilderness.

“Heaven overarches you and me,
And all earth's gardens and her graves,
Look up with me, until we see
The day break and the shadows flee.
What though to-night wreck you and me,
If so to-morrow saves?”

Out of weakness was this fair soul made strong to strengthen many others, having steadfastly consecrated her powers to the service of God and man.

Is it needful further to emphasise the contrast thus offered to that other life we have been considering, to the excellent strength laid low, turned into mere deplorable weakness, and perishing from earth with but a half day's work done, because the soul, originally so rich and strong, being wholly given up to the sedulous and successful carrying out of a much less exalted ideal of achievement, had steadily lost and not gained in the power to leave the evil and cleave only to the good?

There are to-day only too many well-endowed spirits that stand in great need of reading and understanding such a lesson clearly.

ART. II.—THE CONFIDENCES OF A SOCIETY
POET.

My Confidences: An Autobiographical Sketch. By
FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON. London: Smith, Elder
& Co. 1896.

MR. LOCKER-LAMPSON quoted in the preface to the first edition of his *Lyra Elegantarium* the following sentence from a newspaper reviewer, which, though its reference was to Præd in the first place, seems to have even a closer application to himself.

“His poetry is that of a man who belongs to society, who has a keen sympathy with the lightsome tone and airy jesting of fashion,—but who nevertheless, amid all this froth of society, feels that there are depths in our nature which, even in the gaiety of drawing-rooms, cannot be forgotten. His is the poetry of bitter-sweet, of sentiment that breaks into humour, and of solemn thought, which, lest it should be too solemn, plunges into laughter: it is in an especial sense the verse of society.”

As a writer of such verse, the author of these *Confidences* gained a foremost place by the publication of his little volume of *London Lyrics*, in 1857. These posthumous Memoirs confirm his title to be known also as a man of charming disposition and refined tastes, a genial host, a discriminating collector; in short, a student and lover of the exquisite in letters and life, on whose quiet leisure only the most narrow and crabbed utilitarian could find it in his heart to frown.

The volume of Memoirs, to which he has chosen to give the title of *My Confidences*, is dedicated to his descendants. It was written at different times during the last fifteen years of his life, and was in type on the day of his death, which took place on May 30, 1895. He was anxious that, as he says,

“If any descendant of mine in days far distant should chance to inherit some portion of my fondness for family records,
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however simple, for ancestral anecdotes, however slender, he or she should find something to gratify their humour saved from the fire-grate or the paper-mill."

He cannot trust the care of these records to his immediate posterity, because though, as he quaintly puts it, he has an immense admiration for them, he does not know which is more trying, "their languid endurance of a family history, or their inaccurate repetition of it."

He was born at Greenwich Hospital, very appropriately, for his family had an hereditary connection with the navy. His grandfather, Captain John Locker, enjoyed the distinction for some time of having Nelson serving under him as second lieutenant. The respect which Lord Nelson throughout his career cherished for his old commander is honourable to them both.

"My dear friend," Nelson wrote to him in 1799, shortly before his death, "I well know your goodness of heart will make all allowance for my present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive at the moment. But you, my old friend, after twenty years' acquaintance, know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me how to board a Frenchman by your conduct when in the *Experiment*. It is you who always said, 'Lay a Frenchman close and you will beat him,' and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. Our friendship will never end but with my life."

A few months after this, Nelson attended the remains of his old friend to their last resting place in Addington Churchyard, and wrote to Lady Hamilton, under the depression of spirits to which he was subject :

"I regret that I am not the person to be attended upon at this funeral, for although I have had my days of glory, yet I find this world so full of jealousies and envy, that I see but a very faint gleam of future comfort."

Captain Locker had been appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital. His son, John Locker, was Civil Commissioner of the Hospital, where in 1821 Frederick Locker was born. From his son's description, one con-

ceives him as a superior man, somewhat rigidly and obstinately aware of his superiority, and by no means of facile commerce in his domestic relations. In 1810, he returned from India with his hair in a pigtail, and though that interesting form of head-dress had long ceased to be fashionable, he could not be prevailed upon to give it up, till his brother, "the wag of that generation of Lockers," came behind his chair one day at dinner and cut it off.

His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, an estimable clergyman, and a distinguished philologist.

"My mother," says Locker, "was exceedingly handsome. Tall and slight, she had a remarkably graceful carriage, a natural dignity of manner and movement; and this description held good when she was more than sixty years old. She had an innocent, anxious face. She told me that she was very timid as a girl, and that, when first married to my father, she was afraid of him. She often suffered from nervous lassitude, which made general society, especially in the evening, painful to her. But independently of that, her thoughts and desires centred in home, with husband and children. She took the liveliest interest in many things, a simple womanly interest. She was swayed by her feelings and sentiments more than by any intellectual and logical conviction. She was not what is called a superior person. . . . One of her peculiar attractions was her simple enjoyment of a joke against herself. My mother was as merry as a grig. She had a delightful laugh. As I have said, we were very proud but rather afraid of my father. No one liked a jest more than he did, but it was not the same thing. And I am afraid she spoilt us, for when he was angry she would often and often stand in the gap while we rallied behind her. She had as much of her children's confidence as parents can well have. How little that really is. She was very unselfish, entering heart and soul into our fun and amusements, and even sympathizing with our minor follies."

Such was the domestic atmosphere in which the future poet was cradled. He was a very pretty and precocious, but an exceedingly delicate, boy; and remained all through life physically fragile and sensitive. The Bishop of Norwich, Dean Stanley's father, in an interesting letter published in this volume, describes the home in Greenwich Hospital, in one of the wings overlooking the river, with its moving

panorama of shipping. The writer dwells on the choice collection of drawings and paintings in the dining and drawing rooms, and on the well-selected volumes which filled the oak shelves in the library, and even more on the admirable school connected with the Hospital, and superintended by Commissioner Lockhard, where "one thousand children under perfect discipline were educated and prepared for the sea."

It must, indeed, have been an ideal home for an imaginative child.

"I have faint visitings of nostalgia," wrote Locker, sixty years later, "when I think of my home there. . . . the squares and colonnades which were the playground of my boyhood, the terrace, the five-foot walk, and the abounding river. One of my earliest recollections were the men, mysterious in their enormous boots, who, with a toothless rake, as the tide receded, cleared the mud from the shore immediately in front of our windows. Then, on wintry mornings, there were the river pilots and longshoremen, in their row boats at anchor, taking a fisherman's constitutional, 'three steps and overboard,' and with shrugged shoulders, promoting circulation by beating their arms across their chests. I remember the familiar sounds from the craft in mid-stream, and the cheer of the early collier men as they weighed anchor. Then the garden in the Hospital grounds, which contained a pavilion of pleasure in the shape of a very earwiggy summer house; and the laundry yard, from which *caro luogo* we became a nuisance to our neighbours. We lighted bonfires there; dug caves; kept rabbits, fowls, pigeons and guinea pigs, called after the characters in Walter Scott's novels."

From this infant paradise, Frederick was transferred at seven years old to a preparatory school on Clapham Common, kept by a lady of the scarcely reassuring name of Griffin. A year was spent here, not very satisfactorily either to the child or his parents, and then he went to a private school in Hampshire. We are apt to think that Dickens's picture of the reliance on the suasion of the cane by the middle-class schoolmaster of his day is rather overdrawn; but Locker's reminiscences supply one out of many confirmations of the truth of the great humorist's observation:

"Years afterwards, when I was about eighteen, he came to see my father at Greenwich, and I was amazed to think the

person before me, old and *gauche*, and with a propitiatory grin, was that formidable savage who had once exercised so terrible a sway. We talked of past days, and, as he was rather jocose, I ventured to say that I still felt the tingling of the hazel switches. The miserable creature pretended that he had no recollection of the circumstance. 'It is strange, my dear young friend, but I have entirely forgotten it.' 'Perhaps you have forgotten it, sir, but then, as someone has said, you were at the other end of the switch.'"

Under the rule of the south-country Creakle, young Locker indulged in the usual pastimes of the boy animal; he stole Mrs. Barnett's jams and pickles, cut off and appropriated the buttons of his master's ecclesiastical gaiters, "made free with his lozenges, and ruined his fishing tackle." But, at the same time, the dreamy pensive habit of mind, which he had inherited with his delicate health, asserted itself, and began to give a pervading colour and tendency to his life. "The sense of tears in mortal things, and of the transitory nature of everything took, and has ever since kept, possession of me." There were other school experiences—a year with the Vicar of Drearyboro', a simple, kindly old man; another at "a huge, unregenerate, bullying school" at Dulwich; two years at another day school at Blackheath; none of them very satisfactory.

"It is remarkable," says the writer, looking back on these days, "how systems have changed as regards the treatment of boys. Burney's was not a cheap school; while I was there I cost my father £100 a year—a large sum of money then—and yet we were ill looked after and poorly fed. There were no cubicles; some of us slept two in a bed. We had tea, or milk and water, and huge hunches of bread, spread with butter, for breakfast; for dinner, rice pudding and currant dumpling ('stickjaw'), on alternate days, served on an unsavoury pewter platter, and before our meat; then our beef or mutton, served on the same plate as the pudding, and washed down with inferior 'swipes' in tin mugs; all this inaugurated by a lengthy Latin thanksgiving. The food was coarse in quality, and the washing arrangements, to make the best of them, unpleasant. The system of punishment was a mistaken one; not much caning, and less flogging; but it was often, 'Locker, copy out the Ten Commandments ten times,' or, for a neglected lesson or word forgotten, to write out, perhaps during the best part of a summer afternoon, that particular word a thousand times."

We are apt to forget how very much more comfortable life is for most people than it was fifty years ago—and not only has the standard of comfort been raised, but the means of cheerful and innocent recreation have been enormously multiplied and diffused. The clerk or shopman of to-day may have his grievances, but with his bicycle, his free library, his halfpenny paper, and his cricket or tennis, he has no reason to envy the lot of his precursors half a century ago.

Frederick Locker's school career was so far from being brilliant that, he tells us, his parents, in sheer despair, took him away at seventeen, and sent him to a colonial broker's office. Here he exhibited no particular talent for business, but a "marked turn for quizzing," which was not so much to the purpose. He admits that at this time he was something of a would-be fine gentleman, giving little heed to invoices and warrants, and a good deal to the cut of his trousers. One is not surprised to learn that the elder Mr. Locker was advised to remove him. He held a temporary appointment at Somerset House for some time after this, and, in 1842, became a junior clerk in Lord Haddington's office at the Admiralty. Here he seems to have found his niche, or rather, perhaps, to have outgrown that idle and fantastic phase through which so many clever young men have to pass before they "find themselves" and their true place in life. He was many years at the Admiralty, and his record of the small triumphs and failures of his official career makes very interesting reading.

In 1849 he had an attack of nervous depression, which led indirectly to an important crisis in his life. He had to take leave of absence from his office and went to Paris, armed with various letters of introduction, among others one to Lady Charlotte Bruce, who was then living at 29, Rue de Varennes, one of the fine old mansions in the Faubourg St. Germain. This was his first meeting with his future wife. Her wit, one may presume, attracted him at first; but he soon came to recognise the beauty of a most lovable and lofty character, and he grew to regard her as his "beneficent angel." They corresponded when Lady

Charlotte left for London, and right on till March of the following year, when she came back to town. During a walk in Hyde Park Mr. Locker proposed, in what manner he best can relate :

"We had seated ourselves on a bench and neither spoke. I took her hand. 'This is the prettiest hand in all the world,' said I. 'I happen to know of one that's quite as pretty,' said she. Another silence. Perhaps I was incredulous, but when she put the other pretty hand into mine, I know that we were both very happy."

Mr. Locker's marriage extended the circle, already considerable, of his acquaintance among notable and interesting people. The Queen had a great regard for Lady Charlotte Locker, as she had for her sister, Lady Augusta Bruce, afterwards so well known and loved as Lady Augusta Stanley, and used to command the young couple to the select courts which she held in the earlier years of her widowhood—a coveted privilege. At the house of his mother-in-law, Elizabeth, Lady Elgin, a gifted and distinguished lady with a passion for cold air, of which Mr. Locker makes great fun in these reminiscences, he met several of the most eminent citizens of the Republic of Letters, Browning among others, who used to come to the Rue de Lille to read Keat's poetry to Lady Elgin. "The good fellow never read his own." The sketch of Mrs. Browning is kindly and discriminating—

"I never saw her in society, but at her own fireside she struck me as very pleasing and exceedingly sympathetic. Her physique was peculiar: curls like the pendant ears of a water-spaniel, and poor little hands—so thin that when she welcomed you she gave you something like the foot of a young bird: the Hand that made her great had not made her fair. But she had striking eyes, and we forgot any physical shortcomings—they were entirely lost sight of in what I may call her incomparable sweetness, I might almost say affectionateness: just as while we are reading it, we lose sight of the incompleteness of her poetry—its lack of artistic control. She vanquishes by her genius and her charm."

At the Deanery in Dean Stanley's time, adorned by the gracious presence of his sister-in-law, and also at Lord

Houghton's, Mr. Locker met other leading lights, many of whom are chronicled here in their habit as they lived. He met at the house of the famous giver of breakfasts, Dante Rossetti, who distinguished himself by sitting after dinner with his face buried in his hands. Mr. Locker met him on other occasions and found him pleasant enough, but thought his poetry without charm, and could not reconcile himself to the "congregation of queer creatures,"—ravens, marmots, wombats, and it was even rumoured a gorilla—which used to live in the garden behind the house in Cheyne Walk. Like all nervous, sensitive people, our author cherishes a distinct preference for the cheerful daylight mind; he owns the ability of Rossetti's extraordinary and morbid work, but the morbidness repels him more than the ability attracts. Dickens at their first meeting struck him as possessing "the most animated countenance he had ever seen."

He gives a delightful picture of Anthony Trollope, "hirsute and taurine of aspect, glaring at you from behind fierce spectacles," with his tremendous voice, his bluff, abrupt, but cordial ways, his generous and unselfish nature. There is a bright vignette of Leigh Hunt in his old age, discursive and amiable, fantastically arrayed in a sacerdotal-looking garment, with a bright-eyed, untidy little daughter, rejoicing in the name of "Jacintha," to pour out tea for him. The chronicler regrets Hunt's "incapacity for dealing with the ordinary affairs of existence, such as arithmetic and matrimony." He has some interesting recollections of Carlyle; and his daughter Eleanor, now Mrs. Augustine Birrell, was present when the Sage of Chelsea was presented to Her Majesty, and forthwith, to the astonishment of all the seasoned courtiers present, drew himself a chair with the remark, "I am an old man, and, with your Majesty's leave, I will sit down." His notices of George Eliot illustrate in a delightful manner the sympathetic fibre in his nature that attracted to him people so different as Lord Houghton and Erskine of Linlathen, Gibbs the eccentric print-seller in Newport Street, Leicester Square, and a *grande dame* like Lady William Russell.

"Nature had disguised George Eliot's apparently stoical, yet really vehement and sensitive spirit, and her soaring genius, in a homely and insignificant form. Her countenance was equine—she was rather like a horse—and her head had been intended for a much longer body. She wore her hair in not pleasing out-of-fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face, so hiding her ears; and her garments concealed her outline—they gave her a waist like a milestone. . . . She had a measured way of conversing, constrained but impressive. When I happened to call, she was nearly always seated in the chimney corner on a low chair, and she bent forward when she spoke. . . . Her sentences unwound themselves very neatly and completely, giving the impression of past reflection and present readiness; she spoke exceedingly well, but not with the simplicity and *verve*, the happy *abandon* of certain practised women of the world. I have been told she was most agreeable *en tête-à-tête*; that when surrounded by admirers she was apt to become oratorical—a different woman. . . . She did not strike me as witty or markedly humorous, she was too much in earnest; she spoke with a sense of responsibility, and one cannot be exactly captivating when one is doing that. . . .

"I am sure that she was very sensitive, and must have had many a painful half-hour as the helpmate of Mr. Lewes. By accepting the position she had placed herself in opposition to the moral instincts of most of those whom she held dear. Though intellectually self-contained, I believe she was singularly dependent on the emotional side of her nature. . . . Though her conduct was socially indefensible, it would have been cruel, it would have been stupid, to judge her exactly as one would judge an ordinary offender. What a genius she must have had to be able to draw so many high-minded people to her! I have an impression that she felt her position acutely and was unhappy. . . . She was much to be pitied. I think she knew that I felt for her and would have been glad to do her a good turn; for more than once, when I was taking leave, she said, 'Come and see me soon, Mr. Locker, don't lose sight of us.' And this to an outsider, a nobody, and not in her set."

One of the most delightful of the many delightful sketches in this volume is that of Dean Stanley. The small alert figure, the sensitive refined face, the "eager sweetness" of address—all these traits bear out the impression of singular attractiveness that Stanley made on his contemporaries. Mr. Locker gives a humorous account of an expedition to Fairlight, near Hastings, in company with the Dean and Lord Arthur Russell.

"Augusta," he says, "used always to keep her husband very neat and trim, his black suit and boots being always carefully brushed. . . . That day at Fairlight it happened to be particularly wet and slippery. We had not got far before poor Arthur slid gently down on the flat of his back. Not long afterwards he again slipped and fell, this time face foremost. Then his goloshes got unfastened, and full of clay and water, and, as he was rather helpless, we aided in taking them off. All these misfortunes did not in the least impair Arthur Stanley's serenity, and hardly interrupted the flow of his delightful conversation. However, the figure he cut was indescribably funny. . . . He was a bright brown from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, but it did not discompose him at all. He walked complacently between Russell and myself, each of us carrying a golosh, which, with its mud, was a considerable weight."

Lady Augusta's emotions on welcoming her Dean home again in this disguise may be conceived.

Lady Charlotte Locker died in 1872, and about two years afterwards Mr. Locker married the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson and assumed the name of Lampson in addition to his patronymic. At Rowfant, his wife's home and afterwards his own, he collected round him a charming and varied circle of friends, and was free to indulge the elegant hobby of book-collecting. His celebrated little volume of *London Lyrics*, published in 1857, had given him the *entrée* to the best magazines, such as *Macmillan's* and the *Cornhill*, but only the spur of necessity could ever have made him a prolific writer. He died at Rowfant in the spring of 1895. "Children, love one another," he wrote, "that will be your best remembrance of me." The recommendation is characteristic. Urbanity and a certain pensive grace characterise these Memoirs as they do everything else that he wrote. One feels that had he been a man of robust fibre, he might have made a more decided mark upon his age, but his work would have lost its peculiar *cachet* of delicacy and thoughtful charm, the mood—half smiling, half serious—of a looker on at the game of life.

There is much literary criticism, unpretentious but admirable for delicacy and discrimination, scattered through these pages. Mr. Locker was, one need hardly say, a great

admirer of Jane Austen, and recommends his children to read the story of "Anne Elliott," in *Persuasion*, if they wish to realise the perfection of her art. "Lycidas," with its surpassing melody and unapproachable distinction, he considers as in some respects the finest poem in the language, though he somewhat demurs to the "Pilot of the Galilean Lake." "Cowper," he says, summing up in a phrase one of the essential elements in the poet's nature, "writes so very like a gentleman." He is "enthralled by Wordsworth's rapture, spiritual passion, sane imagination and serenity, and his power of bringing the infinite into everyday life." But, as becomes a "society poet," he gives Pope a very high place. He greatly appreciates Browning's "intellectual momentum" and subtle and spiritual energy; he is hopeful and makes others hope, but "he makes too great a demand on the intellectual vigour of the reader." Locker had much in common with Thackeray, and speaks of him with peculiar sympathy:

"Thackeray," he reminds us, "was a good man. He had a strong sense of religion: he recognises that the human soul requires such a sanctuary and would starve without it. It was Thackeray who spoke sorrowfully of his little Ethel Newcome as going prayerless to bed."

Many people will have been led through these delightful reminiscences to revive their recollections of Mr. Locker's poetry. It belongs essentially to the genus of the *Lyra Elegantiarum*, to the class represented by Suckling and Herrick, by Prior and Gay, by Praed and Thackeray, and Austin Dobson. This class includes the fanciful gallantry of

"When as in silks my Julia goes,"

no less than the chivalrous appeal of Lovelace,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more."

Swift in his savage, and Pope in his venomd, moods are outside the range of it; but when the terrible Dean allows his mood to soften into the delightful, playful tenderness of

his birthday odes to Stella, he vindicates his right to a place in the band as truly as Pope in the famous stanza—

“Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.”

It admits the rollicking fun of Canning's Song from the *Anti-Jacobin*, and the rather more subdued satire of Praed's “Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may,” or “The Letter of Advice,” surely one of the most perfect things of its kind ever written :

“Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
Before we had been there a week;
You gave me a ring for a token,
I wear it wherever I go;
I gave you a chain—is it broken?
My own Araminta, say no.”

This is not much in the vein of the modern *débutante* ; and still less the catalogue of desiderata that follows :

“If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees;
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees;
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow;
If he knows not the language of flowers,
My own Araminta, say no.”

The heroines of “Sense and Sensibility,” or “Northanger Abbey” might have discussed the “not impossible he” much in these terms. Still, in spite of the change in taste, one cannot but admire the delicate light touch of the poet, and the certainty and grace of his handling.

But the most exquisite work done in this *genre* does not depend for its effect on buoyancy and brilliancy alone. All poetry worthy of the name must stir a keener emotion than the surface sense of the ridiculous, must strike a deeper note than that of conventional compliment or social satire. The great humorists—and this is the secret of their power—have this of the poet in them, that they are dominated by a sense

of the contrasts of life: its trivialities and its mysteries, its absurdity and its pathos, lie very close together in their minds. They are beset with the thought of man's fragility in the grip of the awful unknown powers which shape his destiny; his efforts, which seem so futile; his schemes, woven with patient care, only to be brushed away, like a spider's web, by the terrible silent irony of events; his desires, so blindly placed; his labour for that which satisfieth not—all these elements in the human tragi-comedy win them to the smile that is sadder than tears. So Thackeray, before his bowl of bouillabaisse, in "The New Street of the Little Fields," sees at the board about him the ghosts of his old companions, pictures in the seat at his side the form of the one taken from him by affliction worse than death, leaving him to his widowed hearth, and the cup that henceforth there is none to share.

"We bow to Heaven that willed it so."

It is well, we know, for those who can say those words in sincerity—and yet the wonder and the pity of it!

"Why do our joys depart
For cares to seize the heart?
I know not, Nature says,
Obey: and man obeys.
I see, and know not why
Thorns live and roses die."

This is the characteristic note of the poetry that we are particularly considering; this quick and delicate sense of the outward; this brilliant reflection of the movement and tone of social life; and yet, as a constant undertone, "the sense of tears in mortal things," reminding one of the poignant sadness underlying the airy capricious harmonies of Chopin's waltz music. It is the outcome of a nature, constitutionally sensitive, prone to melancholy; tried by domestic reverses, by bereavement, or else by that natural deficiency of animal spirits, that inborn lack of joy, which is the heritage of anæmic and nervous natures. The first was Thackeray's case, the latter is more like the case of Frederick Locker. As a child, he was a creature of strange morbid

moods ; and though he seems to have outgrown his tendency to hypochondria, yet his nerves were always too much "on the surface" for his own comfort ; and, like the fairy prince who could hear the grass grow, the inevitable miseries of life pressed on him all through what most people would have called a fortunate existence. The gentle gaiety which charms one as well in his poems as in these reminiscences, gleams on an *arrière fond* of pensive reflection.

The sum of work which he has left to the judgment of posterity is not considerable, and it is hardly possible yet to decide how much even of that small amount will live. But the writers of delicate and fanciful "society verse" in English are not so many that the reader can ever, we think, afford quite to forget him. Mr. Austin Dobson himself would find it difficult to surpass the airy grace of pieces like "Geraldine and I," or the charming stanzas on "Gerty's Glove." The dainty sportiveness of these trifles is slightly tinged with a delicate pensiveness, not sufficiently profound to spoil the "Dresden china" effect—with a touch of tender sentiment like the scent of pot-pourri in an old-fashioned drawing room, where spindle-legged tables encumber your progress, and the sampler-worked shepherdess of a hundred years ago smiles down at you with the roses scarcely faded on her worsted cheeks. Witty to any marked degree, our poet is not ; but he abounds in a humour that reminds one of Thackeray's, only that it is less piercing and poignant, more allied to the sentiment and less to the tragedy of life. You can see the twinkle in his eye, as in his "Lines on a Skull" he couples the whimsically discordant names of this audacious stanza :

"It may have held—to shoot some random shots,

Thy brains, Eliza Fry or Baron Byron's,

The wits of Nelly Gwyn or Dr. Watts,

Two noted bards, two philanthropic sirens" ;

and the demure air with which he introduces each to its ill-assorted partner. There is another poem of his in which he narrates how

"As I walked to the club and was deep in a strophe,
Which turned upon all that's delightful in Sophy,"

he was accosted by a mendicant, and then follows an amusing picture of the most tender-hearted of bards emitting the severe, if salutary, sentiments of a member of the Charity Organization Society, and winding up with the reflection that

“Always one's heart to be hardening thus,
If wholesome for beggars, is harmful for us.”

But perhaps after all the pieces in which he appears to the greatest advantage are those in which the graver tone predominates over the gay—in such a one for instance as the little poem called “It might have been.”

“Again I read your letter through,
‘How wonderful is fate's decree,
How sweet is all your life to you,
And oh, how sad is mine to me.’

I know your wail: who knows it not?
He gave: He taketh that He gave.
Yours is the lot: the common lot,
To go down weeping to the grave.

Dear bird, blithe bird, that singst in frost,
Forgive my friend if he is sad;
He mourns what he has only lost,
I weep what I have never had.”

One might almost assert on the bare authority of those two last lines that Locker had the gifts of insight and expression that make the poet. But the volume that we have just laid down shows us that he had more than that. It is no small power to have been able to attach to yourself a character so pure as Arthur Stanley's, or personalities so marked in diverse ways as those of Marian Evans, Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson. That he had the virtue and the charm to do this was his gain while he lived; it is our gain now that he is gone. Surely we owe a debt of no small gratitude to this charming writer and kindly-spirited gentleman, for that before he passed for ever from the stage of this life, he left this legacy of pleasant and helpful memories for his descendants and for us.

ART III.—THE GROWTH OF BRITISH POLICY.

The Growth of British Policy. An Historical Essay.
By SIR J. R. SEELEY, Litt.D., K.C.M.G., formerly
Regius Professor of Modern History in the University
of Cambridge, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College,
and Honorary Fellow of Christ's College. Two Vols.
Cambridge University Press. 1895.

THE appearance of this latest work from the pen of Sir J. R. Seeley has already been welcomed by the British public, not only as the final production of a writer of undoubted historical genius, but as a new venture in the field of historical research. The personages are familiar, and the events well known : it is the grouping of both that is novel. The commonplaces of history are dealt with, but in a manner the reverse of commonplace. Never was there a better illustration than in these volumes of the Roman poet's adage—

“Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.”

The contents are not mere chronicles. The doings of monarchs and the succession of dynasties, the triumphs of arms and the progress of society, the epochs of literature and the development of constitutions, all these have been fully described in other histories. But the mutual action of state upon state ; the reason why each influenced its neighbours, favourably at one time, prejudicially at another, and not at all at a third ; and, in particular, the external causes which have contributed, no less than internal, to raise the State of Britain to its present greatness ; these things are discussed in the present pages with a fulness and continuity not to be found elsewhere.

The essays do not profess to be complete, but they lay the foundation for further good work to be attempted by competent hands ; and they set a fashion of philosophic

thinking which will be of the greatest advantage to our rising public men.

The period covered by this book begins with the accession of Elizabeth, and closes with the demise of William III. The reason for the selection is thus stated by the author :

"I regard British Policy, that is, the policy of the modern Great Power, as beginning about the close of the seventeenth century, but I see beyond that commencement a period of growth, during which British Policy may be said to have been in the making. This is a period during which the three Kingdoms (England, Scotland, and Ireland) were drawing together and acquiring stable mutual relations, while the complex whole was taking up a secure position with respect to the Continental Powers. The history of the Great Power cannot be understood until the process of its growth has been studied."

Before entering on a brief outline of this important discussion, it may be well to remind our readers that in all such studies a judicious use of the historical imagination is a first necessity. The changes of the last three centuries are many and great. The names of the countries of Europe, even those whose geographical boundaries are unaltered, do not represent the same political facts. The titles of dignitaries, such as Pope and Sultan, Emperor and King, do not carry the same connotation. The governing ideas of the period, for the most part the heritage of earlier times, have been forgotten ; or if any such ideas still influence the thoughts and feelings of the present generation, it is more through traditional reverence than through energetic conviction. The ideas of feudalism, embodied in a loose, disjointed collection of states, owing allegiance to a common head, but retaining each its separate individuality ; the ideas of a universal Headship inherent in the Roman Pontiff, and intermeddling with every department of life ; the ideas of a common danger to Christendom from the Ottoman Power ; the ideas of adventurous enterprise and exploration in a New World only just discovered beyond the ocean, and of all the possibilities of wealth and power connected therewith ; the ideas of the Renaissance, bringing up the buried treasures of the Old World to match the marvels of the

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New ; the ideas of the Reformation as a movement of thought awakening enquiry on subjects hitherto fenced off from rational investigation ; and, lastly, the ideas of science as of an infant Hercules of unknown might and unfathomable mystery ; all these must be borne in mind if we would rightly appreciate the cycle of change through which the world has revolved since the Virgin Queen ascended the English throne.

The work before us is divided into five parts. Of these the first, third, and fifth are named from the principal personages that figure in them—Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William III.—as the makers of British Policy ; while the second and fourth represent the reaction under the earlier and later Stuarts. Were we required to sum up the whole treatise in one sentence, we should have to say that in the first four of these sub-periods the nation, or rather the leaders of the nation, oscillated between a national and a dynastic view of foreign policy ; while in the fifth the two tendencies were blended into one, with a preponderance of the national over the dynastic, *i.e.*, of the interests of the Commonwealth over those of the reigning family.

In the first chapter of the first part we encounter the family idea in its typical form, but not in connection with Elizabeth. The living embodiment of it is Charles V. Fortunate royal marriages leading to vast political aggregates had never been seen on such a scale as in this notable scion of the House of Habsburg. Not by warlike energy in their people, nor by ruling genius in themselves, did his progenitors secure to their descendant of the earlier half of the sixteenth century the splendid inheritance that fell to him. To the luck of domestic alliances alone was his greatness due. They were numerous and influential. By the marriage of Maximilian I. with the heiress of Charles the Bold, Burgundy and the Netherlands had been united to Austria and the Tyrol. Philip the Handsome, the offspring of this marriage, still further aggrandised his estate by espousing Juana, daughter and heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella, by whose own union Castile and Aragon had

already become one kingdom, with Naples and Sicily for an appanage. The son of Philip and Juana was Charles V. Thus "the same Power to which Columbus had so lately given a world beyond the ocean, would now rule the Mediterranean on one side and the North Sea on the other," with a good deal of Central Europe to boot.

If any doubts existed as to the strength of this unwieldy dominion, they were soon set at rest by such events as the battle of Pavia and the sack of Rome. At the culminating point of Charles's greatness, the question began to be agitated in this country which issued in the divorce by Henry VIII. of Catherine of Aragon, Charles's aunt. More than any other circumstance, the fact of this relationship of Catherine to Charles V. precipitated the emancipation of England from its bondage to the Papal See. On the other hand, only the preoccupations of Charles in the various parts of his vast empire made it possible for him to overlook so serious an insult as Henry's daring repudiation of his relative.

The success of the Habsburgs in their matrimonial ventures set a pattern which other royal houses were not slow to copy. Family alliances were seen to bring rich inheritances with them, or at least state alliances of an equally profitable kind. Two remarkable instances, deeply affecting the welfare of this country, are the marriage of the Prince of Spain, afterwards Philip II., to Queen Mary of England, and the marriage of the Dauphin of France, afterwards Francis II., to Mary Queen of Scots. It is true that both these marriages were childless, and that the early deaths of Francis II. and Queen Mary frustrated some of the consequences which seemed likely to follow. But their influence was powerful, both while they lasted and long after they came to an end.

In the case of Elizabeth, the marriage question took precedence almost of every other, as soon as she came to the Throne. And, although in her case no marriage was ever consummated, yet the prospect of it, and of the marriage (for the fourth time) of her great rival, constituted,

throughout the first half of her reign, one of the most important factors of the political problem. One phase of the situation is presented in the following passage :—

“ And now let us put ourselves at the point of view of Elizabeth. She found herself in the perilous position of a Queen-regnant of England, unprecedented but for that sister who, in five years, had shown how near to ruin England might be brought by a female reign. She had a questionable title, and, in the midst of a people which had returned into the bosom of Catholicism,* she represented Anne Boleyn! Her position was not much unlike that of Lady Jane Grey. And yet she was still nominally a Catholic, and even at heart she was scarcely a Protestant. At this moment she was offered the greatest marriage, involving the greatest alliance, in the world. Philip was now a much greater man than he had been when he married her sister, for Charles (V) was gone, and had left him ruler of half the world, and in this position he had had military triumphs. Moreover, England was at war with France, and had recently lost Calais. It was not difficult to see that to reject Philip at this moment was to throw him into the arms of France. The hand that she might refuse would be given to a Valois princess. She might find herself confronted by a great combination of the Habsburgs and the Valois; and with the Valois went Scotland, and the claims of the House of Stuart (through Mary Queen of Scots), upon England.”†

How far Elizabeth was conscious of the vast importance of the issues now laid before her and her people, it is impossible to ascertain. The immediate dangers besetting either alternative could not but have been present to her sagacious mind :

“ she took a course visibly full of danger, a course in which success, if it came, might be splendid, and might raise the nation itself to greatness. The course she declined had also its dangers, though at the moment it might have relieved her of much trouble; but it was a course in which success could only be success for herself alone, success gained at the expense of her people.”‡

That is to say, national considerations prevailed with her over those that were merely personal and dynastic. The

* That is, in so far as Queen Mary's course of action had been sanctioned or tolerated by the people.

† Seeley's *Growth of Policy*, vol. i., pp. 39, 40.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 41, 42.

boldest course was the best. The rejection of Philip's hasty offer of marriage to his deceased wife's half-sister, announced to all the world that the daughter of Henry VIII. preferred power based upon the wishes of the people to power supported by foreign help, and made it plain that she did not wish to sue for a dispensation to marry from that same Papal power which, by denying her father a dispensation of divorce, had brought on herself the stigma of illegitimate birth.

The question of marriage was not done with, however, when Philip received, through his ambassador Feria, the news of this unexpected and astounding rebuff. The hope of attaching England to Spain was not to be let go so lightly. The proud monarch did not, indeed, renew his suit: he soon after concluded a marriage with Elizabeth (or Isabel) of Valois, thereby giving another turn to Continental history. But a match was sought for the Island Queen in some other Prince of the Habsburg house. When this dream was dissipated, French candidates came forward. First Charles IX. (in 1563) would marry her, then (1570) his brother Anjou (afterwards Henry III.), and finally (1572) Alençon. In the case of the last-named, negotiations went so far as a visit of the suitor to the English court, accompanied by the exchange of rings. The prolongation of this courtship seems to point rather to the political than to the personal interest of Elizabeth in it. But the death of Alençon in 1558 closed all expectations from this quarter.

The temporising tactics spread over all these years were as effective for Elizabeth's purposes as the decisive act which preceded them. By their means she was able to play off France against Spain without committing herself to either. But the success of these feints cannot be understood without regard to the forces they were intended to hold in check. Philip's marriage with Isabel of Valois might have been expected to bring about a cordial alliance between France and Spain, and then the one could not have been played off against the other in this easy fashion. But the very ascendancy Spain had gained, through the aggregation of so

many heritages under one sceptre,* rendered that country an object of distrust to her neighbour.

Nor was this all. The working of what is known as the Counter Reformation tended rather to widen than to heal the breach. At first sight this seems an improbable assertion. For what was the Counter Reformation? It was a movement originating in the new impulse given to Catholicism by the holding of the Council of Trent, and by what may be termed the Christianisation of the Papacy in the persons of Paul IV., Pius IV., and Pius V. Its avowed object was to unite the Catholic Powers in a common effort to extirpate Protestantism. Under the influence of this movement what was to be expected but that France and Spain should combine against England? That such a powerful combination failed to take place was due, not to any lack of zeal, but to the fact that these two Powers were estranged by mutual jealousy and distracted by internal disaffection:

“throughout this period (the first half of her reign) Elizabeth has owed her security to the fact that her turn to be swallowed up cannot come till the rebels of the Low Countries and the French Huguenots have been devoured and digested by the Cyclops, Counter Reformation.”

To the same influence Elizabeth owed her security from a danger nearer home. Scotland, though still a separate kingdom, had a link of connection with this country through the marriage of Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., to the Scottish king, James IV., and was thus brought into close but embarrassing relations with England. A Stuart Pretender to the English throne preceded as well as followed the Stuart dynasty in this country. For nearly thirty years Mary Queen of Scots, daughter of James V., with more or less constancy maintained this position, beginning almost immediately after Elizabeth's accession, and before she herself became Queen of France. From that time onward

* The eastern part of the Habsburg inheritance was allotted to Ferdinand, but the western, which was conferred on Philip (including as it did Burgundy and the Duchy of Milan), was still a vast dominion.

Elizabeth's position began to be very critical. It was so still when in 1560 her rival, now a childless widow, stepped down from the throne of France and entered on her inheritance as Queen of Scotland. That princess's influence, weakened on the Continent, seemed likely to gather strength in her own country. It was backed by the whole force of the Counter Reformation. But in Scotland, as on the Continent, the conspiracy against Protestantism overreached itself. The strength of the new religion in its northern fastnesses was altogether underrated by Mary, the result being that, through a series of miscalculations extending over several years, she found herself at last a captive in the land she had hoped to enter as a conqueror. Intending to unite England to Scotland under a Catholic queen, the steps she took had ultimately the effect of uniting Scotland to England under a Protestant king, her own son, James I. and VI.

Into any questions as to the characters of the two Queens and the part taken by the one in the tragic fate of the other, we cannot enter. In regard to policy, it is now clear that Elizabeth's persistent abstinence from marriage was as wise when English or Scotch nobles became candidates for her hand as when French or Spanish princes played that perilous game. Any Scotch or English marriage would have compelled her to take sides in a huge Continental imbroglio, and would at the same time have stirred up a host of malcontents at home. It is easy to denounce her support of Protestantism as half-hearted, and her state diplomacy as vacillating. By keeping clear of alliances she kept clear of combats. What was more, she gained time. As years rolled on, her authority took root in the land, and her people increased in numbers, wealth, and prowess. So it came to pass that, at the decisive moment when the issue could no longer be postponed, she was able to strike blows of terrible force, blows which determined once for all Britain's side in the religious conflict of the age and Britain's place among the nations of the world.

Were we to draw some sort of comparison between the

England of to-day and the England of the sixteenth century, and to infer that isolation under Victoria would be as effective a policy as was isolation under Elizabeth, we should be doing injustice to both periods. As we have seen, Elizabeth's isolation was only possible through the jealousies and troubles of Foreign Powers, and it was possible only for a time. When that time was past, she was compelled to take up a definite position and to act with vigour. The interval of quiet had been turned to good account: without that, certain failure must have been the result. Even as it was, the preparation was all too scanty for the work that had to be done. In 1588 the mighty Armada threatened our shores. When it came, our seamen were ready. Their pluck and prowess, disciplined by many a sharp encounter in the western seas, accomplished a great deal. But these alone would have been found unequal to the emergency. Had not "the stars in their courses fought against" the modern Sisera, the modern Deborah would not have so easily "led her captivity captive."

The greatness of Elizabeth's later years we cannot further trace. Its chief characteristics are summed up in the following quotation:—

"Happiness and glory, when they occur in history, ought to receive due attention. This is the period when the English genius unfolded itself with the greatest vigour, as though braced by sea breezes. It had conceived a great self-confidence, it gazed upon a boundless prospect. It was full of audacity and originality, and showed as yet none of the defects of which at later periods it has been accused, no narrowness or frenzied party-spirit, no conventionalism or pharisaism.

"By abstaining from all foreign connections and by strengthening our connection with Scotland, Elizabeth made our state for the first time truly insular. She gave us that frontier which has hitherto proved impassable. She thus roused us to a position of self-sufficing security which few states enjoy, so that since her time Englishmen have seldom felt their country to be really in danger. Insularity has its intellectual and moral disadvantages. And soon after Elizabeth's time we remark that the English people begin to be careless and ignorant of the affairs, the interests, and thoughts of the Continent. They became too much wrapped up in themselves. But Elizabeth's

reign introduced another innovation, which did much to counterbalance this evil. For, as she withdrew us from the Continent, she introduced us to the Ocean and the New World. We by no means ceased to have interests outside our own island. Rather we became for the first time explorers, colonizers. And whereas the Spaniards, while possessing half the globe, had contrived to keep their minds intensely narrow, and to learn as little as possible from the new things they saw, we grasped the New World in a more curious and sympathetic way, acting as individuals and traders rather than as mere officials. In the first generation of our truly insular life we seem to have rather gained than lost in breadth of intelligence by the transition."*

With the opening of the seventeenth century, a new era dawns. A strong monarch is succeeded by a weak one. James understood neither England nor Europe. Yet at the outset the chances were all in his favour. He put himself forward as a peacemaker, and actually succeeded in making peace where Elizabeth had failed. With the establishment of peace came the expansion of English ocean trade. Spain's maritime monopoly was broken up, and England and the Netherlands started almost simultaneously on their career of commercial development.

But James was not content to be a peacemaker: he would also be a matchmaker. In 1613, his daughter Elizabeth married Frederick, the Elector Palatine, from whom our present Brunswick dynasty has sprung. A marriage was also long contemplated for Charles, Prince of Wales, with the Spanish Infanta. The former of these alliances involved this country later in all the entanglements arising out of the Thirty Years' War. The latter, had it been consummated, would have committed its royal author to a precisely opposite Continental policy. The weakness of James I. is nowhere more conspicuous than in the ambition he cherished to found family alliances at once with the greatest Protestant and with the greatest Catholic Powers in Europe.

Though the projected marriage of Charles with the Spanish

* Vol. i., page 246.

Infanta never came off, yet negotiations were continued so long as to produce some, at least, of the effects of an actual match. Concessions were demanded from Spain, but they were more than counterbalanced by those demanded in return from England. The chief demand of James was the restoration of the Palatinate to his son-in-law, the Elector Frederick, a thing much easier to promise than to perform. The ascendancy gained by the Emperor Ferdinand, head of the eastern branch of the House of Habsburg, was altogether overlooked by our royal matchmaker. He fell into the error of "trying to settle the German question at Madrid instead of at Vienna." Meanwhile, the concessions James was asked to make and disposed to grant were such as touched a vital part of our national life. They included freedom of religious worship for Charles's bride, and the bringing up of the children of the marriage in the Roman Catholic faith. Together, these two things meant nothing less than the restoration in this country of the Roman Catholic ascendancy. The eventual marriage of Charles with a French princess brought evils enough in its train. A Spanish marriage would have brought more and greater.

So much for James's mistakes as to the religious convictions of the English people. Their political views were no better understood. James's peace policy abroad should have suggested a different course at home. "Constitutional questions came into the foreground because the greatest foreign questions had been settled." To suppose, however, that the discussion of them, which occupied the first half of the seventeenth century, was unconnected with foreign policy, would be a mistake. The discussion began during the peace of James, but was accentuated during the wars of Charles. The war with Spain, consequent on the breaking off of the Spanish match, and the war with France, strangely consequent on the marriage with Henrietta Maria, though both popular at first, were both unfortunate. The high-handed way in which they were commenced and carried on by the King's favourite, Buckingham, together with the means adopted to raise supplies for them without the sanction of Parliament,

gave sharpness to the edge of Eliot's fiery denunciations, and led to the impeachment of Buckingham (1626), and to the Petition of Right (1628). With the assassination of the favourite in 1629 came a change in Charles's policy, and a return to the peace principles of his father. But the peaceful line, as pursued by Charles I., was not less disastrous for him than the previous warlike one. Negotiations abroad for the good of the Elector Palatine, and, therefore, ostensibly for the good of Protestantism, went on side by side with the oppression of Protestant subjects at home, through the instrumentality of Laud and Strafford. Political difficulties were thus again complicated with ecclesiastical, and the two together brought on the Great Rebellion.

The lesson impressed by these two reigns is the same as that taught by Elizabeth's, but in an opposite form. They furnish abundant illustration of the moral truism, that a selfish policy, in the long run, cannot fail to be a disastrous policy. A system of family aggrandisement resulted in national dishonour, and that in its turn brought on family disgrace.

Meantime, the Thirty Years' War, which desolated Northern Europe, was the means, under Providence, of protecting England from her enemies. That war coincided in point of time with the long struggle of the Stuarts against the nation. This fact furnishes the answer to one or two important questions. Whence came it that the foreign potentates, with whom the Stuart kings had allied themselves by marriage, did not interfere at this juncture of their history? How did it happen that England was allowed to pursue her career of domestic change unmolested? Not because no sympathy was felt for the English royal house by their relatives abroad, but because throughout this period those relatives had other work on hand.

During these years of intestine strife, anything like a national foreign policy had been for this country in abeyance. But, when the reins of government passed into the strong hands of Cromwell, and that keen-eyed soldier-statesman had leisure from home affairs to look out upon the field of

foreign politics, he found Europe in course of transformation. In 1648, a few months before the execution of Charles I., the Thirty Years' War had been brought to a close by the Peace of Westphalia. For a whole generation, Germany, aided by Sweden and France, had been in arms against the Emperors Ferdinand II. and III., aided by Spain. The same Peace of Westphalia—for there were two distinct sections of it—closed the war which Spain had been waging for eighty years with her own provinces in the Netherlands. What was the result of these conflicts? Spain lost her ascendancy, and France was preparing to step into her place; while Austria rose to the influential position she has retained ever since. France did not, however, gain the ascendancy without a struggle. While the central and eastern parts of Europe entered on a period of comparative tranquillity, France still had her own quarrels to adjust, both external and internal:

"her war with the Spanish monarchy taxed her efforts much more, left much deeper traces on her organisation, and had much greater historical results, even than the great war in Germany. It lasted on till 1659."

This period (1648-1659) coincides almost exactly with that of Oliver Cromwell's power, including his campaigns in Ireland and Scotland, and his formal Protectorate.

England now steps forth once again from her isolation, and enters as a principal actor on the stage of European politics. This change it is customary to attribute to the genius and energy of her great leader; and it must be admitted that, apart from these, such a complete revolution in our attitude could not have taken place. But here again the circumstances of France and Spain must be taken into the account:

"It was a critical moment for both these Powers, and therefore both were nervously careful not to offend England. The government newly set up in England was assuredly warlike; it had a fleet and an army; and neither France nor Spain could face the thought of seeing British ships and men placed at the service of her antagonist."

In due time Cromwell was to throw the weight of his sword decisively into one of the two scales.

Meanwhile, attention was diverted to another quarter. An acute crisis, for which Cromwell was in no way responsible, occurred in the relations of England and the Netherlands, a crisis illustrating the common adage that no quarrel is so bitter as that between near kinsmen. A friendly mission in 1651, the object of which was to unite the two States on the basis of Republicanism, failed ; and the failure, like that of Charles's suit to the Spanish Infanta, was quickly followed by war. In truth, the English demands were exacting. A country "strongly devoted to the House of Orange, and therefore strongly inclined to the House of Stuart,"* was invited to become incorporated with a country that had just dethroned the Stuarts. At this juncture, Royalist sentiment in Holland was stronger than Republican principle. The fate of her father awakened sympathy with the Princess Royal of England, recently become a widow through the death of the Prince of Orange, and with those members of the English royal family, including the Queen, who had taken refuge at the Hague. When, therefore, the invitation to become part and parcel of the English Commonwealth was followed by a demand for the extradition of the refugees, the reply of the States of Holland was, "We cannot banish from our soil all persons who are banished out of England." The Navigation Act of the same year was our Parliament's harsh rejoinder. It excluded the Dutch from the carrying trade of English commodities, and in the year following (1652) Blake and Tromp were exchanging broadsides in the Channel. The fortunes of this sea-fight need not be traced in detail. The advantage ultimately lay with the British. And thus, by a policy drawn up on the lines of the narrowest Protection, the foundations were laid of that world-wide commerce whose topstone is Free Trade.

Commerce, however, was not the interest dearest to Cromwell's heart. Two principles underlay the policy of

* In 1641 the Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I., married William, son and heir of the Stadtholder, Frederick Henry : from this marriage sprang our William III.

the Protectorate, neither dynastic nor insular, but civil and religious, viz., the union of all the Protestant Powers under the leadership of England, and toleration for Protestants in Catholic countries. The latter, be it observed, was only half a principle, and did not, in Cromwell's thinking, involve toleration of Catholics in Protestant lands. Out of the former of these two principles sprang peace with Holland, and, later, war with Spain; out of the latter, friendship with France, which at that time contained a powerful Protestant element.

It was in pursuance of these two ideas that Cromwell took part in the duel now going on between France and Spain. But the issue of his intervention was far other than he dreamed of. The fate of Spain, though he knew it not, was sealed already: only the shadow, not the substance, of power had to be combated there. But while helping on the downfall of one political ascendancy, Cromwell was unwittingly building up another, an ascendancy which it would cost his country a century and a half of arduous struggle to keep within reasonable bounds. For this Cromwell was hardly to blame. He could scarcely be expected to gauge the real value of the compromise between the two religions now striving for the mastery in France, any more than to discern the tendencies to absolutism already powerfully at work in a country so long torn by faction. He had seen the transformation of France under Richelieu, and he formed an alliance with the second of the great cardinals, Mazarin. But he did not foresee the greatness of Louis XIV., who was growing up to manhood under his own eyes: he did not anticipate the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Had Cromwell lived longer, the distinctively Protestant bias of his Protectorate might have influenced more decisively the religious fortunes of Europe. It would undoubtedly have influenced those of this country, anticipating by a generation the work of William III., though in a less comprehensive form. The New England States suggest the mould into which religious and national life might have run,

whether with advantage to the world or not. But it was not to be. A more fiery furnace than the Great Rebellion was to work upon the crude mass of society in Western Europe before England's national policy assumed its final shape. Meanwhile, however, the Puritan crucible had its own part to play, and a rough cast was taken of the future image before the metal had time to cool. As our author says :

"under Cromwell the modern British Empire appears for the first time in a transient form. Under him the union of the three kingdoms was for the moment realised, and as the country chanced to have not only a powerful fleet but a disciplined army and a habit of war, the new Britain took the lead of all states, and seemed on the point of succeeding to the ascendancy so recently forfeited by Spain. At this moment Cromwell died (1658), and forthwith the prospects of Britain were altered."*

After the brief interval of Richard Cromwell's rule comes the Restoration of the Monarchy in the person of Charles II. The very mode of that Restoration involved a momentous change of policy, taking place as it did, not at the instigation of the Royalist party, but as the result of a combination between two sections of the party hitherto opposed to the king. Charles would have had no objection to add to his legitimist pretensions the irresponsibility and despotic power of the Protectorate. But no such thought was in the mind of the Parliament that recalled him. In the very bosom of the army General Monk proclaimed that henceforth the Army must be subject to the State. Disbandment was the necessary sequel. And so it came to pass that, at the very moment when in France military power was acquiring an unrivalled organization, in England the military power was dissolved. The one military despotism this country has known thus practically passed away with its creator. The naval power remained. But this could not be used without money. With the absolutist notions natural to a Stuart, Charles II. wished to be as little dependent as possible on Parliament. And, since the age of forced benevolences was now over, the only alternative was servility to France.

* Vol. ii., p. 103.

Externally, our foreign relations did not appear to have undergone a great change. The sale of Dunkirk* to France, in 1662, might be a mere mercantile transaction, which got rid of a useless and dangerous Continental possession. The second Dutch war (1664-7) might be only a continuation of the first, an incident, though a disastrous one, in our contest for maritime and commercial supremacy. The junction of France with Holland against us in the course of this war did not suggest, perhaps, the abandonment by this country of an independent position. Rather, the formal adhesion of England to the Triple Alliance (with the States General and Sweden) against France in 1668, and the consequent submission of Louis XIV. to the humiliating Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, seemed to augur a revival of Cromwellian prestige. But the ink on these documents was scarcely dry when Charles declared to Louis his readiness to form an offensive and defensive alliance with him. The meaning of this was made plain at a secret assembly of leading Catholics early in 1669, when Charles announced himself a Catholic, and desired their advice on the best means of establishing the Catholic religion in this country. In 1670, by the secret treaty of Dover, Charles "offered to proclaim himself a Catholic,† and to join France in an attack on Holland, if Louis would grant him a million francs a year."

In that compact was sown the seed of the Revolution of 1688: in its secret articles the clue is found to all the tortuous procedure of Charles II. and James II. The third Dutch war (1672-4) was apparently but a renewal of the second, with the object of wiping out the disgrace incurred by the Dutch appearance in the Medway. In reality it was the first act in a new plot against civil and religious liberty:

"It seemed to seal the doom of the United Provinces that the other Sea Power, England, declared war against them at the

* Captured by Cromwell in 1658.

† This purpose was not carried out. Charles found it profitable to trade on his supposed Protestantism, as against his brother's openly avowed Catholicism.

same time as France, or rather without declaration of war, fell suddenly upon their commercial fleets. Except in the Napoleonic age, no such crushing attack has been made with such suddenness upon a great state. A new Prince of Orange now appears upon the scene."

Along with semi-Protestant France, England did her best to annihilate the foremost Protestant nationality and only free state on the Continent of Europe :

"What a change since 1651 ! In that year there had been a republic in England, a republic in the United Provinces, and a republican movement which seemed not unlikely to succeed in France. Now, monarchy had risen higher than ever in France, had been definitely restored in England, and entered the United Provinces in a more threatening form than ever. . . . And this new monarch was nephew to Charles II. of England." (Vol. ii. p. 197.)

In keeping with Charles's foreign policy, thus beginning to be unfolded, were all the sinuosities of the home policy of both the later Stuarts, from the Declaration of Indulgence of Charles in 1672 to the Declaration of Indulgence of James in 1687. The opposite half to Cromwell's half principle of toleration, though not formally avowed, was steadily kept in view. Catholicism was to be not only tolerated but established in England. And this policy very nearly succeeded. Only the untimely decease of Charles at the age of fifty-five hindered the accomplishment of his designs. "His death at the very moment of his triumph saved English freedom."

Under James II. England would have become a still more abject vassal of France, had he possessed the astuteness of his brother. But James's rôle was that of the fanatic, whereas success required that of the conspirator. And so it came to pass that the nation which had been so slow to believe in the machinations of monarchs against the liberties of their subjects found itself a second time undeceived.

What lay at the bottom of this long course of intrigue, extending over the greater part of a quarter of a century ? Not conscientious conviction. James II. was sincere, no [No. CLXXIII.]—NEW SERIES, VOL. XXVII. NO. I. D

doubt, but only as a man may be sincere in whom stubbornness of purpose is joined to singular lack of insight. Still less can anything like conviction be attributed to his profligate predecessor, for whom honour and infamy were words without meaning, and whom it is an altogether undeserved compliment to compare to Henry IV. of France, his maternal grandfather. With the later as with the earlier Stuarts, it is family influence that dominates the situation. In the later it took an even intenser form. Their mother was Henrietta Maria, daughter of that Henry IV. of France who forsook the Huguenots when he mounted the throne. Their sister was Henrietta Anne, wife of Philip of Orleans (brother of Louis XIV.), who was present at the secret Treaty of Dover and egged on Charles to its signature. Their brother-in-law by marriage and their cousin by birth was Louis XIV. himself. Exiled to the Continent at the most impressionable period of life, they had witnessed the triumph of absolutism and of the dynastic principle in the very person of the Grand Monarque. The servility of courtiers, envied abroad, was exceedingly grateful when paid to them at home. The rejoicings at their accession they interpreted as a plenary indulgence, not only for past failings, but for future follies and sins. Cromwell had congenially impressed them, but more by the unscrupulous steps that gained him power than by the patriotic use he made of it when gained. That was a lesson lost on them. The school of their early training was Versailles. What could be expected but the surrender to selfishness and sensuality that actually took place, and the preference of personal aggrandisement to the interests of the people over whom they were called to reign?

Had the Stuart designs succeeded, England might have become as subservient to France as Spain became, and subservient to Rome in a way that France never was. But the unscrupulous plotters overreached themselves. By a just retribution, the very Prince of Orange whom Charles had helped to the Stadtholderate in the third Dutch war was brought over to this country to establish its independence

on more stable foundations. Those foundations were laid, partly in the limits set to the power of the sovereign, partly in the union of the three kingdoms under one monarch, partly in the securing of the Protestant succession and the strengthening of the Protestant alliance against the Catholic Powers.

From the accession of William and Mary in 1688 dates, not only the constitutional government under which we have lived ever since, and the gradual consolidation of the three kingdoms into one, but also the adoption of a truly national foreign policy—never at variance with the interests of the dynasty, but never subordinated to or confounded with them—a policy which, with more or less consistency, has been pursued ever since. Three leading principles may be said to characterise it. First, maintenance of the balance of power among European nations; secondly, sympathy with struggling causes and oppressed nationalities wherever found; thirdly, acquisition of wealth and influence by means of the development of commerce. To what a height the pursuit of such a policy was destined to raise these realms was hidden from the eyes of the great statesman and sovereign who was chiefly instrumental in inaugurating it. But to his credit, and to the credit of the English people who passed through the struggles of the seventeenth century, it must be said that one of the greatest political achievements of all time was the outcome of their sagacity and patience.

It was not a perfect settlement. The staunchest Conservative of the present day will not laud the arrangements by which Ireland was made subject to the English yoke. The most ardent admirer of representative administration will hardly proclaim government by party a panacea for all the ills the body politic is heir to. Nor will the Churchman speak in more rapturous terms than the Nonconformist of the ecclesiastical bonds which the Act of Settlement left uncanceled. But the freeing of our foreign relations from the family interest that made them so frequently the catspaw of personal ambition; the downfall of the notion, handed on

from feudal times, that a nation is the natural inheritance and birthright of its titular head ; the substitution for the maxim, "the people for the prince," of the maxim, "the prince for the people"; these results, which in France were only established, if established at all, after another century of misgovernment and oppression, after a Reign of Terror of unparalleled severity, and after many forms of unstable government, were in this country accomplished within the three half-centuries from 1558 to 1702, and mainly by the three illustrious personages, Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William III., that chiefly figure in them.

The work, of which we have here presented to our readers a bare outline, as it was the last, is also the greatest of Sir J. R. Seeley's contributions to the study of history. We could have wished he had been permitted to carry on the investigation through another hundred years—a purpose distinctly hinted at in this essay. But the hand of death has withdrawn the master mind, gifted with such power to fathom the thoughts of astute statesmen, and to unravel the web of political intrigue. As it is, however, we have the earlier works, the *Expansion of England*, and those on Napoleon and Stern, which do in a fragmentary manner carry on the story to our day.

The appearance of the book we have been reviewing at this time is especially opportune. Ours is an age of swift evolution. Events move with bewildering rapidity, crisis succeeding crisis as scene melts into scene in a series of dissolving views. Nothing is more important than that decisions affecting the whole future of the nation should be based upon comprehensive estimates of its genius and character, and upon accurate surveys of the route by which it has reached its present position. If this be true of the eventful century which has seen so many political transformations, it is pre-eminently true of its closing decade, and of the middle point of that decade which is just passing away from us. Within the last twelve months the British Empire has been the mark of many archers : words have been spoken, and deeds done, that might easily have plunged

us into more than one deadly war. The sharp experience should teach us many lessons. And chief among them should be the one taught on every page of these volumes, viz., that we can never safely ignore our connection with the vast political network whose threads are so inextricably interwoven with those of our own social and national life. The struggles of this country in former times must be diligently studied, if we are intelligently to understand either the mighty upheavals in the midst of which this century opened, or those in the midst of which it promises to close.

ART. IV.—DR. HORT AND THE CAMBRIDGE
SCHOOL.

1. *Life and Letters of Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.* By his Son, A. F. HORT, Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 1896.
2. *Two Dissertations.* By F. J. A. HORT, D.D. 1876.
3. *The Way, The Truth, The Life.* The Hulsean Lecture for 1871. By F. J. A. HORT, D.D., Lady Margaret's Reader in Divinity in the University of Cambridge. 1893.
4. *Judaistic Christianity.* By F. J. A. HORT, D.D. 1894.

TWO hundred years ago a group of eminent scholars and theologians shone like a constellation of "bright, particular stars" in the University of Cambridge. The "Cambridge Platonists," as they are generally called, left their mark upon the closing years of the seventeenth century, and their light has not faded yet. Benjamin Whichcote, John Smith, Henry More, Ralph Cudworth are

names too little known in these degenerate days, but every student of historical theology knows their importance in the history of religious thought in this country. The mantle of a somewhat earlier Oxford school of divines, represented by Chillingworth, Hales, and Jeremy Taylor, fell in some sense upon them; and, as Professor Tulloch has well shown in his history of the period, during the latter part of the seventeenth century Cambridge was the chief centre of a liberal theological movement which laid, broad and deep, the foundations of a truly Christian philosophy. According to the light of knowledge then accessible, and following the methods then prevalent, these broad and liberal theologians discussed questions which lie at the foundation of all religion, investigated the relations of reason and revelation, and urged with the quiet power of calm, wise, and comprehensive thinkers, the essential identity of rational and Christian theology. Their learning is antiquated, some of their methods are obsolete, the atmosphere of thought which they breathe is alien and remote from that of our day; but their principles abide, the foundations on which they built were broad and firm, and to read them now, in contrast with characteristic productions of nineteenth century haste and heat, is to pass from the glare of a crowded, gas-lit room to the quiet of the eternal hills and the silent company of the stars. The Puritan and the High Churchman, for different reasons and from different points of view, distrusted the exercise of reason in religion and sneered at "the New Latitude men," while sceptics like Hobbes and the voluptuaries of the Restoration period, were not likely either to understand or to sympathise with any kind of lofty religious thought and teaching. But in other days besides his own Whichcote's memorable saying, so characteristic of the school, deserves to be pondered in all its manifold bearings:—

"This I dare defend against the whole world, that there is no one thing in all that religion that is of God's making that any sober man in the true use of his reason would be released from, though he might have it under the seal of heaven."

History never quite repeats itself. But this slight reminiscence of a bygone "Cambridge school" is appropriate for more reasons than one in a study of the life of so typical a Cambridge scholar as Dr. Hort, and the theological work of that ancient University in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Sixty years ago there was an "Oxford movement," the story of which writers seem never tired of telling, and readers are not easily tired of hearing. Has a "Cambridge movement" been progressing during a succeeding generation, much more silently and modestly, but perhaps not less potently in its influence upon thought and life? The words "school" and "movement" are perhaps somewhat out of place in this connection. In the nineteenth, as in the seventeenth century, Cambridge has done its own work in its own way. There has been no organisation, no eager propaganda, no "Tracts for the Times" have been written, no "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament" formed. The Cambridge Platonists thought and wrote, and were content that the current of their thought should melt and flow into the broad stream of national thought and feeling, and practice in matters of religion. The name "Broad Church" was not invented in their time; if it had been, they would have disliked it as much as certain well-known leaders of thought in our own day. The best and most enduring influence is that which disappears, because it is so thoroughly assimilated and transmuted. Great organisers leave permanent walls and fences between the fields, great thinkers fertilise the land. None the less it has been the good fortune of the University of Cambridge at two notable epochs in its history to possess and foster the influence of a group of scholarly theologians, whose work has been distinctive, and whose indirect influence is likely to be enduring. We are too near the time of the later Cambridge school to estimate its precise significance and value; one of the most distinguished members of it is, happily, still living. Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort—the use of bare names, without style and dignity, is intended as a mark of respect—form a noble triumvirate,

whose influence upon younger scholars at Cambridge has been both deep and lasting. They have not founded a school, they never formed a party; they have done infinitely more, because they were content to do so much less. They have moulded men, they have influenced religious thought after a fashion, which it is the more interesting to trace because its operation has largely been indirect and beneath the surface. The publication of the life and letters of the least known, but not the least remarkable of this distinguished band of thinkers and teachers, seems an appropriate occasion for drawing the attention of our readers to the life of Dr. Hort as a man, and his work as a typical member of what may be described as the modern Cambridge school of theology.

Fenton John Anthony Hort was born in 1828 and died in 1892. He was of Irish descent and passed his early years in Ireland and at Cheltenham. He was trained at Rugby, under Arnold and Tait, and the influence of both headmasters upon the growing youth was considerable. Before he left Rugby, at the age of eighteen, he had made up his mind to take holy orders. A remarkable letter, dated Easter Sunday, 1846, announces this intention to his parents in terms which show how early the boy had come to maturity. A self-consciousness, not altogether pleasing, marks this and other letters of the period; but that which in many boys would have been mere "priggishness," in this exceptional case indicated an unusual ripeness of thought and feeling, and a deep natural piety, which had not yet fully learned how to express itself. At Cambridge, Hort's career was brilliant throughout. He gained a scholarship at Trinity College in 1849, in 1850 he was bracketed third in the first class of the Classical Tripos, and in 1851 was placed in the first class in the newly constituted triposes of Moral Philosophy and Natural Science. He was a member of the small and distinguished society known as "The Apostles," and Mr. Vernon Lushington records that at its meetings he was noted as "the most remarkable figure of our time." In 1852 he was elected Fellow of Trinity,

in company with Lightfoot, and in the same year was elected President of the Union. He studied botany with the same eagerness and success which marked his classical and theological work, and in 1893 an eminent botanist wrote that "forty years ago Hort might have been styled one of the rising hopes of the Cambridge school of botanists."

Still, theology—understood in its widest and most complete sense—was Hort's chief care and delight from almost the very first to the very latest period of his life. As soon as he began to think, his mind turned to religious subjects, and in very early manhood he had fixed upon the two great lines of study which, with their many ramifications, occupied his powerful and active mind to the end—the Text and Interpretation of the New Testament and Early Church History in the widest sense. He had been brought up, like so large a proportion of his contemporaries, under the influences of the old Evangelical school of theology, but, like so many others, he passed beyond its pale. Mr. A. F. Hort describes his father as "outgrowing the Evangelical teaching, which he came to regard as sectarian, but he did not throw himself into any opposite camp." At the same time, "all that was best in those first lessons had become part and parcel of himself." During the next stage of his history he was deeply influenced by Coleridge and Maurice, and associated with Kingsley as a fellow disciple, though the two pupils of "the Master" learned somewhat different lessons and put them very differently into practice. Hort's mind was singularly receptive, yet singularly independent.

"Yet," says his biographer, "and the reservation is extremely important—he was no dispassionate eclectic, balancing opinions with the cool judgment which comes of deficient enthusiasm . . . The intensity of his feeling was at least as remarkable as the balance of his judgment."

From the Oxford Tractarian school he learned to emphasize churchmanship much more strongly than might have been expected from the general habit of his mind.

In 1858 we find him writing words which were true of him to the last,

"I have a deeply-rooted agreement with High Churchmen as to the Church, Ministry, Sacraments, and above all, Creeds, though by no means acquiescing in their unhistorical and unphilosophical treatment of theology, or their fears and antipathies generally."

Many years afterwards he wrote to Dr. Lightfoot—"You know I am a staunch sacerdotalist, and there is not much profit in arguing about first principles." Yet he could not be classed with High Churchmen, or with any existing school of thought; the convictions which most strongly moved and most entirely possessed him can better be described in the sequel. In politics he was a Liberal, up to the time when the question of Irish Home Rule divided the followers of Mr. Gladstone; but he held his Liberalism in politics, as well as in theology, in his own way, and was in this, as in all else, a man whom it was impossible to characterise, label, and classify with others in any conventional category.

It is impossible and unnecessary to describe in detail the outline of Dr. Hort's outwardly uneventful life. In 1857 he married and accepted the College-living of St. Ippolyt's, near Hitchin, where he lived for fifteen years. During this time he worked incessantly and under the unremitting strain his health seriously gave way, and for the rest of his life he felt more or less the burden of physical weakness. In 1872 he returned to Cambridge as Divinity Lecturer at Emmanuel College; six years afterwards he became Hulsean Professor, and in 1887 Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. He was Hulsean Lecturer in 1871, but his lectures were not published till after his death, more than twenty years later. In 1876 he published the only volume which appeared as his own separate work during his lifetime, the *Two Dissertations*, which he had presented as theses for the degrees of B.D. and D.D. The titles of these indicate the bent of his mind:

1. On *μονογενὴς θεός* (John i. 18) in Scripture and Tradition;
2. On the "Constantinopolitan" Creed and other Eastern

Creeds of the Fourth Century. Hort's *magnum opus*, as everyone knows, was produced in collaboration with his life-long friend, Dr. Westcott. In 1851, when he was only three and twenty, he felt the need of a new critical edition of the Greek Testament, and in 1864 he had finished a first draft of that famous "Introduction," the publication of which constituted an epoch in the literature of the subject. But the book itself did not appear until 1881, and it seems tolerably certain that it would not have appeared then but for the pressure put upon Dr. Hort by the necessity of publication before the appearance of the Revised Version.

For, as a matter of fact, no characteristic of Dr. Hort's mind appears more unmistakably in the story of his life than his enormous power of acquisition combined with a reluctance or unreadiness to publish the results of his labours. This was so characteristic of him and illustrates his mental habitudes on so many different sides, that it is necessary to linger a little upon it. In conversation and correspondence this eminent scholar was brilliant, ready, fertile; but in the preparation of sermons and in formal composition for the press he was singularly slow, and it was painful to him to deliver himself even upon subjects in which he was an acknowledged master. To a still greater extent he was unwilling to speak, lest he should utter only a portion of the truth, which to him seemed little better than falsehood. Preaching was to him, especially in the later part of his life, an exceedingly painful effort; one sermon at Cambridge nearly caused an illness, whilst the one which, after a long struggle, he consented to preach at Bishop Westcott's consecration, seriously contributed to the breakdown of his constitution, which ended in death two years afterwards.

"Extreme fastidiousness," says Mr. A. F. Hort, "was in part the cause of this remarkable *aphasia*, a habit of mind which, while it secured that nothing from his hand should see the light which he might afterwards wish to recall, yet deprived his hearers of much which they would have welcomed, even in what he considered an imperfect shape, since the perfection at which he aimed was always indefinitely beyond his present achievement."

The same words might have been used of Dr. Hort as an author. His projected works were numerous; the actual achievements must appear meagre to all who judge by currently accepted standards. The Hulsean Lectures do not reach to two hundred small pages, yet twenty years of toil upon them did not suffice to fit them, in his judgment, for publication. An edition of Winer's New Testament Grammar was begun, but progressed very slowly and was abandoned when Dr. Moulton's work appeared. A Church History of the Ante-Nicene period was another project, but "six popular and comparatively slight lectures on the Ante-Nicene Fathers, delivered many years later at Cambridge, were the only fulfilment of this scheme." In 1860 the three friends—Lightfoot, Westcott and Hort—projected a Commentary upon the New Testament, to be undertaken between them: Dr. Lightfoot to take St. Paul's writings; Dr. Westcott, St. John's Gospel, Epistles, and the Apocalypse; and Dr. Hort the Synoptic Gospels, St. James and St. Peter. The two former writers accomplished, at least in considerable measure, the work proposed, but Dr. Hort's share is represented only by the slim volume on Judaistic Christianity, which contains a portion of the material he had prepared. A number of articles for *Smith's Dictionary of Christian Biography*, chiefly on Gnostic writers, were prepared with characteristic care and thoroughness, and a few slight papers and lectures, some of which were published posthumously as *Prolegomena to St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians*, complete the list of his works. Yet his theological knowledge was encyclopædic; one of the men best qualified to judge, said, "Nothing seemed to have escaped him that had been done in any branch of theological research."

One reason why Dr. Hort produced so little was that he was so lavish in helping others. Some of the published letters are like little treatises. But he did not for the most part furnish this kind of assistance. He supplied a staff, not a crutch.

"He would sacrifice hours," says Professor Armitage Robinson, "to provide a younger scholar with a list of

references which no one else could supply, but would rarely provide him with a ready-made opinion. He seemed to regard the formation of opinion as a very sacred thing; he refused to prejudice by arguing with one who was beginning the study of a subject."

But the chief reason of all was his passion for truth. And by the truth he always meant the whole truth, knowing that a fact apart from its setting is no fact at all. Hence he could hardly speak of a flower in the crannied wall, without knowing it "root and all, and all in all," and such a process is well-nigh endless. This often led to his being misunderstood. On the great debated questions of our time, the high controversies concerning religion and science, the Bible and criticism, in which speech was so important, he kept silence. Dr. Sanday rallied him in friendly fashion, comparing him to Achilles in the tent, and calling upon him to descend into the battle and wield a spear which no one else could lift. The biographer says, "The public appeal, which was backed up by an earnest private letter, touched him nearly. With bitter pains and tears he sought to vindicate himself in a pathetic letter, part only of which is preserved." But it was as difficult for this master to speak, as for the sciolist to keep silence. The Hulsean Lectures, in such shape as they could be given to the world, are almost the only record of his attitude towards these great questions; and of them the biographer says "they give his mind, but not his whole nor his latest mind."

This silence is greatly to be regretted. It was, however, characteristic of the man, and as one of his friends said, those who knew him best would not have him other than he was. He regretted his own unproductiveness; "I chafe at it incessantly and increasingly as the tale of remaining years swiftly lessens." In explaining it to Dr. Sanday, Dr. Hort gave for once so full an account of his life aims, that it should be given in his own words.

"It is only by accident, so to speak, that I have had to occupy myself with texts, literary and historical criticism, or even exegesis of Scripture. What from earliest manhood I

have most cared for, and what I have at all times most longed to have the faculty and the opportunity to speak about, is what one may call fundamental doctrine, alike on its speculative and on its historical side, and especially the relations of the Gospel to the Jewish and Gentile 'preparations,' and its permanent relations to all human knowledge and action. . . . But the time has never yet come when there has been a quiet space of at once tolerable vigour and tolerable undistractedness for completing even these unpretending little discourses (Hulsean Lectures), unmolested by imperious claims of more pressing pieces of work; and so the sheets and slips lie imprisoned in a box. Perhaps it would have been less difficult to try to complete them but for an increasing sense that, as things now are, they could help little if unaccompanied by a thorough discussion of problems needing a different kind of treatment; and that would be a task still more hopeless to attempt without some considerable pause from distraction. While every year seems to bring some fresh reason for wishing to try to speak, every year brings also fresh responsibilities in regard of speech." (ii. 406, 407).

And so life passed without the much needed words being spoken. Dr. Hort could never be persuaded that in such matters the half was more than the whole. When he partially spoke in his Hulsean Lectures after his death, it was with so much concentration and in such condensed fashion, that comparatively few will be at the trouble to master his pages, and of those who do, only a portion will perceive their full weight and meaning. "A mistake, greatly to be regretted," is the natural, inevitable, but perhaps wholly mistaken comment. Any fool can rush into print nowadays, and if Dr. Hort did not help others by means of the printed word, he was helping every day, as no one else could, those whose business it was to translate his lessons into language that all could understand. He was not precisely like Browning's "Grammarian," anxious chiefly to "settle *Hoti's* business," properly base *Oun*, "give the doctrine of the enclitic *De*, Dead from the waist down." But Dr. Hort not only maintained a high and apparently impracticable ideal, he exemplified it. In his own words, used as a motto to the Life, he recognised that "a life devoted to truth is a life of vanities abased and ambitions forsworn." He was content to forswear even the ambition

of speaking out his mind to his contemporaries on certain great questions, till the time should come when he could speak it fully and accurately. That time never came and Dr. Hort's life, like that of the imaginary grammarian, is to be vindicated only in the light of the very highest views of life.

“Was it not great? did not he throw on God
(He loves the burthen),
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.”

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that Dr. Hort's work on the New Testament Revision Company, and his share in the critical edition of the Greek Testament—both parts of one great work—constituted a life task of great value and importance. His college and professional lectures also, models of their kind, were a training in method to scores of disciples who now are treading in his steps, some with distinguished success. Surely a *man* is greater than a book or a hundred books: and the influence of the great scholar, but little appreciated at first, came at last to be “a kind of cult” among the younger workers at the University. “There was doubtless,” says Professor Armitage Robinson, “an occasional exaggeration in our talk about him. But he had so seldom failed us that we felt as if he knew everything.” Professor Ryle gives the following graphic picture of the external man:

“The familiar sight of the man with the quick nervous step, the left arm folded across books and papers, the right swinging vigorously across the body as he hurried down Trumpington Street, past Peterhouse and the Pitt Press to St. Mary's, or to some meeting in the Divinity School, or as he rounded at full pace some buttress of books in the University Library, clings to the memory: or again, as he starts up from his chair where he is sitting before his papers and at his books, and comes out from behind the great revolving bookcase with the cheery welcome and the warm clasp of the hand; you see him before you, the wonderful blue eye piercing keenly beneath the

pent-house of bushy brow, the worn, emaciated cheek, the noble forehead; you hear the bright glee of his merriment, you catch the tremendous energy of his purpose in all he says, his noble loyalty to his friends, the noble scorn of meanness."

As may be imagined, Dr. Hort was not a popular lecturer. His subjects and his methods were alike unattractive to the average undergraduate seeking what would pay best in examinations. "The term was generally nearly over before he had got beyond the outskirts of his subject, since his prolegomena took nothing for granted." But his lectures fascinated the few who understood what they implied and felt the needs they were calculated to meet. Writers in the *Cambridge Review* often have little respect for dignities, and the following extract, taken from a series of somewhat flippant "Letters to Lecturers," is therefore the more significant in the testimony it gives to Dr. Hort's power and influence.

"There is something mysterious about those lectures. I do not think there is anyone in Cambridge whose lectures are so utterly simple as yours are—language, ideas, reasoning, everything is simple in them. One does not at the time feel that there is any particular depth in what you are saying, and yet, when the hour is over, and the note-book is shut, and we are out in our silly world again, we find that at least one point you have been telling us about has become a sort of living creature in our minds, has made itself a home in us, and will not leave off talking to us. The one childishly simple idea runs on in a whole 'chain of beautiful thoughts' that illustrate and explain everything we come across for days and months." (ii. 377.)

These words were probably written by one of the few whose mind was good ground to receive the lecturer's good seed. But we should like to emphasize the last line of the extract. Every one who has taken the trouble to read the Hulsean Lectures carefully will have observed that some of its pregnant sentences, well pondered and worked out, will "illustrate and explain everything he may come across" in certain familiar but ill-understood regions of thought, for some time afterwards. Some teachers give their disciples bread, and some thin slices of bread and butter. Others

give only seed-corn ; Hort is one of these. Those who do not care for the trouble of sowing the corn and growing the wheat will naturally turn from his pages ; to others their value is beyond price.

Space will not permit of detailed description of Dr. Hort's theological views. They come out incidentally in these letters, some of which, to Maurice, to Lightfoot and Westcott, or to younger men seeking advice and guidance, are of great value and interest. Far too many letters, in our judgment, are published. A single volume containing carefully selected letters would have stood a better chance of securing the kind of attention which the best of these communications—some of them small treatises—deserve. If some characterising adjective must be used to indicate Hort's theological position, we suppose it must be the word "broad" or "liberal," but, as already said, the men best worth studying cannot be labelled. On the subject of Inspiration he writes to Dr. Lightfoot in 1860 :

"If you make a decided conviction of the absolute infallibility of the New Testament practically a *siné qua non* for co-operation, I fear I could not join you, even if you were willing to forget your fears about the origin of the Gospels. I am most anxious to find the New Testament infallible, and have a strong sense of the Divine purpose guiding all its parts ; but I cannot see how the exact limits of such guidance can be ascertained, except by unbiassed *a posteriori* criticism."

The context, however, of this passage and other letters show that the writer is simply making room for the possibility of reverent but free criticism of the documents, unfettered by *a priori* assumptions. He declined to take part in *Essays and Reviews*, but was not inclined to condemn the action taken by the writers. He drew up a suggested declaration to be signed by clergymen, part of which ran as follows :

"Believing that the suppression of free criticism must ultimately be injurious to the cause of truth and religion, we especially regret the adoption of a harsh and intolerant policy, which tends to deter men of thought and learning from entering

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into the Ministry of the Church, and to impel generous minds into antagonism to the Christian faith."

On the question of the early chapters of Genesis he writes as follows: (The sentences occur in a letter which covers more than a dozen closely printed pages, in answer to the question "What does subscription involve?"—a letter of great importance for the elucidation of Dr. Hort's views and position.)

"The authors of Article IX. doubtless assumed the strictly historical character of the account of the Fall in Genesis. This assumption is now, in my belief, no longer reasonable. But the early chapters of Genesis remain a divinely appointed parable or apologue setting forth important practical truths on subjects which, as a matter of history, lie outside our present ken. Whether or not the corrupted state of human nature was preceded in temporal sequence by an incorrupt state, this is the most vivid and natural way of exhibiting the truth that in God's primary purpose man was incorrupt, so that the evil in him should be regarded as having a secondary or adventitious character. Ideal antecedence is, as it were, pictured in temporal antecedence." (ii. 329.)

In the notes and illustrations to the Hulsean Lectures, we find the following detached sentence bearing on the same subject:

"Criticism is not dangerous except when, as in so much Christian criticism, it is merely the tool for reaching a result not itself believed on that ground but on the ground of speculative postulates; while such postulates, though they may be suggested by a multitude of facts (*sc.*, the irrelevant facts), yet draw their strength rather from the temporary feeling of an age, in other words from a masked authority or tradition, or because an individual mind feels them needed for its own inner repose, and will not be disturbed by new facts."

This is very suggestive to those who understand how such an abstract principle bears upon current controversies, and it forms one among many proofs of Dr. Hort's willingness to act up to the maxim he so often quoted, to "prefer things true to things accustomed."

The degree of Hort's variation from supposed orthodoxy must not be exaggerated. In 1871 he writes to Dr. Harold

Browne, then Bishop of Ely, who wished him to become one of his examining chaplains, that he feared he did "not sufficiently conform to any of the recognised standards to be a fit person for the special post you offer me." But it was the hesitancy of a sensitive conscience. All he could say against himself was that he had been led to doubt whether the Christian faith is adequately or purely represented in all respects in the accepted doctrines of any living school.

"I have, I trust, a firm and assured belief in the reality of revelation, the authority of Scripture, the uniqueness and supremacy of the Gospels, the truth and permanent value of the earlier creeds (if I value the 'Athanasian' symbol less highly, it is certainly not from any doubt or indifference about the Holy Trinity), the Divine mission and authority of the Church and her institutions and the like."

When the Bishop questioned him particularly about the Atonement, his answer was perfectly satisfactory to a prelate noted for his cautious orthodoxy. Dr. Hort strongly asserted the reality and importance of an Atoning Sacrifice.

"But it does not seem to me any disparagement to the sufferings and death of the Cross to believe that they were the acting out and the manifestation of an eternal sacrifice, even as we believe that the sonship proceeding from the miraculous birth of the Virgin Mary was the acting out and manifestation of the eternal Sonship. So also the uniqueness of the great Sacrifice seems to me not to consist in its being a substitute which makes all other sacrifices useless and unmeaning, but in its giving them the power and meaning which of themselves they could not have. Christ is not merely our Priest, but our High Priest, or Priest of priests; and this title seems to me to give reality to Christian, as it did to Jewish priesthood; both to the universal priesthood of the Church and to the representative priesthood of the Apostolic ministry, without which the idea of priesthood vanishes into an empty metaphor."

The influence of Maurice is visible here, but Hort was never a blind disciple of any one, and he accepted Maurice "with a difference." The last clauses of the extract lead us to the remark that with all his breadth of view, Dr. Hort was much more of a High Churchman than might have

been expected. We have already seen that he describes himself as "a staunch Sacerdotalist," and in relation to the Evangelical Alliance, he says, in 1866 :

"My own feeling is decidedly for cultivating sympathy with foreign Protestant Orders, as well as the Greek and unreformed Latin Churches. But it is not easy to take part in public proceedings for the one without being in antagonism to the others ; and any surrender of our Catholic position would seem to me a fatal mistake."

To Dr. Hatch, twenty years later, whilst conceding the need of practical tolerance and brotherliness between sister Churches, he is disposed to contend that "there are some elements or principles of organisation which cannot anywhere be cast aside without injury," and that in this sense "a *jus divinum* may be brought to light by history and experience." The abstract principles thus gathered from the letters were illustrated in Dr. Hort's practice. He was more than friendly with Dr. Moulton, the Headmaster of the Leys School in Cambridge ; they were co-labourers united in intimate fellowship for many years. Several interesting letters in these volumes were addressed to Dr. Moulton, whose work on the New Testament Revision Company and close collaboration in the Revision of the Apocrypha, was highly valued by Dr. Hort as a colleague and friend. Yet when Dr. Moulton, as President of the Wesleyan Conference, wished for the presence of Bishop Westcott at one of the Centenary Meetings to commemorate John Wesley's death, and Dr. Hort acted as friendly intermediary in the matter, it is clear that his heart was only half engaged in the task he had undertaken. The meeting in City Road Chapel was not to be a religious service, but a public meeting, and the Bishop was expected merely to deliver an address. He declined, and his friend Dr. Hort evidently sympathised with him. He speaks in his letter of the refusal being "a bitter disappointment" to Dr. Moulton, and adds, "the true reason had never occurred to him." Rather, however, does it appear that Dr. Hort did not understand the true reason of Dr. Moulton's disappointment.

The question at issue was whether views concerning Church organisation and the supposed requirements of ecclesiastical position were or were not too strong to prevent the manifestation of sympathy with Evangelical truth and Evangelistic effort as represented by the Wesleyan community. The attitude of Bishop Lightfoot, Bishop Westcott, and Professor Hort in their official capacity could not fail to be a bitter disappointment to all who hoped the best things for the Church of England. Dr. Hort says, "the whole incident is depressing. I had hoped for better things from the middle-aged Wesleyans and from their instrumentality reaching beyond their own communion." The language might well be reversed by all who prefer the interests of Evangelical truth to the forms of Church organisation. We should be disposed to reply, the whole incident is depressing. We had hoped for better things from men who in private express their high appreciation of the work of men who are as truly ministers of Christ as themselves, but whom an ecclesiastical theory prevents from uttering even the slightest word in public. For fear of injury to their "Catholic position," they decline to recognise in any way a community which had "saved religion in England," and for more than a hundred years had been successful almost beyond precedent in evangelising the poor, and ignorant, and sinful among their fellow-countrymen.

If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? The error and mischief of a false ecclesiastical theory are even more patent when it is held by a Lightfoot or a Westcott than when it is urged by the *Church Times* or Mr. Gace. That a truly Christian man should hold a theory concerning the Church of Christ which virtually excommunicates so many millions of converted and upright Christians in both hemispheres, is sometimes incredible, sometimes distressing.

"Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

But we are leaving our main subject, and we return to it

with a sense of inexpressible relief. Our object is not to discuss Dr. Hort's ecclesiastical position, nor—what is much more important—his life-work in the revision of the text and Authorised Version of the New Testament. If a monument of Hort's patient and unremitting toil be needed, it is in this direction that it must be sought. Whether the text of the New Testament now known by the symbol W.H. (Westcott and Hort) does or does not continue to hold its own as the nearest available approach to the original autograph, there can be no question that its publication forms an epoch in the history of textual criticism. The "genealogical method" is now securely established, whatever modifications may be found necessary in its use and application. But the subject is a large one, and its discussion would involve technical details with which we are not at present concerned. We desire rather to enquire into the general influence upon religious thought of the little band of distinguished scholars who represent and embody the theological tendency of Cambridge University during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Were these men mere scholars, or, as some would say, pedants, occupied with the study of words and minute accuracy in unimportant details, to the neglect of the great questions of the time, tithing mint and anise and cummin in theological research, but careless about those weightier matters which most deeply concern the faith of a generation? Is it to be said that whilst Oxford can move the country with stirring thoughts, Cambridge is occupied with words and phrases, the barren pedantries of philological scholarship?

Some such complaint has been made, but nothing can be further from the truth. The influence of the Cambridge school of theology, as represented by the three great names we are considering, is of the soundest and most healthy kind. The three men differ, as is natural, while they have enough in common to be thus classed together. Lightfoot was a commentator—perhaps *facile princeps* as an interpreter of St. Paul—and an able and beloved administrator of a diocese; Bishop Westcott's subtle and delicate mind

has made St. John's writings live again in the thoughts of this generation, whilst in theology, and to some extent in practical affairs, he has proved himself a mediating influence of a powerful though quietly pervasive kind. Dr. Hort would to many appear to be more of a mere scholar and less of a philosopher, than either of his friends ; we are inclined to think that his was the most powerful mind of the three. Such comparisons, however, are useless and out of place ; each has splendidly filled a place of his own, and all together have done a work for modern theology, the value of which we propose briefly to show.

Dr. Hort has characterised Lightfoot in an admirably-written article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and he has also very happily described him in a few lines written to Bishop Westcott soon after his death, which deserve quoting, and will prepare the way for subsequent comment.

"Lightfoot's mental interests lay almost exclusively in concrete facts or written words. He never seemed to care for any generalisation. No one can with advantage be everything ; and he gained much by what was surely a limitation. He gained by it in clearness and force for thought and word ; and he gained by it enormously in ready access to English people of all sorts, owing to its correspondence to the prevalent English habit of mind. But would it not be a pity to seem to suggest that the region which had little attraction for him is, in itself, a barren cloudland, as so many people assure us it is ?"

It is easy for the shallow mind, content with large and loose speculation, to despise the patient scholar who appears to waste his time upon gaining accuracy in a number of petty verbal details. But the habit of mind formed by and illustrated in the detailed work is all-important in the formation of judgment concerning general truths. "All accuracy," says Davenant, "is of the noble family of truth." A scholar may fritter away his strength over mere pedantries, but that was not the case with these Cambridge leaders, and especially with Dr. Hort. He was a thinker as well as a scholar, though but for his Hulsean

Lectures, many would hardly have guessed it. On this subject Mr. Hort says of his father :

"Truth of all kinds was precious in his eyes, but the attainment of truth in matters of historic or linguistic fact was to him always not an end, but a means. The Hulsean Lectures (or rather essays), even in their imperfect form, give a remarkable picture of a mind both scholarly and philosophic, wide in its grasp, though minute in its investigation of details. In form they are an exposition of St. John xiv., of which they contain a wonderfully fresh exegesis, noteworthy for the scrupulous fidelity with which every word is interpreted. Language often regarded as figurative is shown to be only intelligible when boldly construed in its literal sense. This belief in the trustworthiness of language was a leading principle in Hort's, as in his friend Westcott's, exegetical method; it was a principle which each had learned at school from a distinguished teacher. Of the inner teaching of the book this is not the place to speak. Not the least remarkable feature in these compressed and difficult discourses is the absence of overt allusion to the works of theologians, scholars—English and foreign—and men of science, while yet a familiar acquaintance with and appreciation of 'the best that has been thought and said' on the great and various subjects dealt with can be read between the lines of almost every page" (ii. 53, 54.)

It is quite impossible to convey in a few words a just impression of these remarkable Lectures to one who does not know them at first hand. They are not easy reading; they were not written easily. They glow with the inward heat of compressed thought and suppressed feeling, but the brightness does not appear on the surface, and only prepared minds are likely to catch fire as they read. Yet there is to be found in these pages the solution of many a difficult present-day question; or, rather, the reader who is familiar with such questions will find himself quietly set upon a road which will lead him, if he will take the pains to travel upon it himself, "with toil of heart and knees and hands," to those "shining table-lands, to which our God Himself is moon and sun." Here is no arm-chair philosopher, prescribing "parmaceti for an inward bruise." He knows well the needs of the present generation who thus puts his finger upon the sore place and indicates the only radical and abiding cure.

"The easy belief, the easy disbelief, the easy acquiescence in suspense between belief and disbelief, which infest those other multitudes upon whom the burden of asking themselves whether the faith of the Church is true or not true, has been laid, are manifestations of a single temper of mind which ought to cause Christians more disquiet than the growing force of well-weighed hostility. Owing to the deceptiveness of words, credulity is popularly imputed to those only who laud themselves on the Christian side; though the same impatient indolence of investigation, the same willingness to choose and espouse or neglect evidence in obedience to proclivities of outward association, may lead equally in different temperaments to any one of the three positions. But it is from the credulity of Christians that the Christian faith suffers most in days of debate; and it is well when any who might have helpfully maintained its cause among their neighbours, had they not been disabled by too facile acquiescence, are impelled to plunge into the deep anew. . . . Truth cannot be said to prevail where it is assented to on irrelevant or insufficient grounds; and the surest way to evoke its power is to encourage the strenuous confronting of it with personal life and knowledge."

Brave words, these; the more courageous and convincing because the life of him who uttered them was, to a degree, almost incredible in these hasty and superficial days, one long, patient, untiring search after truth, at the cost of much which to the scholar and thinker is especially dear.

Reverence, candour, courage, indomitable patience—these were characteristics of Dr. Hort's spirit and temper, qualities all too rare in their separate excellence and beauty, but seldom indeed found, as in him, in harmonious and complete combination. The picture given of him by one of his students before the beginning of each lecture is characteristic :

"the bowed head covered with his hands, as we sat waiting for the commencement of his lecture, made us feel that we trod with him on sacred ground; and his whole bearing was at all times that of one who realised a Higher Presence."

The following description of his method reveals him on another side :

"As an expositor, he had a unique power of taking a phrase to pieces and tracing the whole course of the history of each of its significant parts, first singly and then in combination with

one another. Having thus helped his class to an understanding of the wealth of association that had gathered round each phrase by the time the author came to use it, he would then replace them in their context, and it was often surprising to note the richness of meaning which this truly 'historical method' of treatment brought to light in passages that might otherwise have been passed over as commonplace and unimportant."

These words of the Rev. J. O. F. Murray may be supplemented by the testimony of Dr. Moulton, who knew Dr. Hort perhaps more intimately than any one, save his life-long friends Lightfoot and Westcott.

"My impression of his life and work during twenty-two years of close and familiar fellowship is of one harmonious and beautiful whole. It is a picture in which I can find no flaw. I can present to myself no higher ideal of a generous and affectionate friend. I have never seen any one who was more manifestly free from all selfish aims and conditions. . . . He was always ready to give up a cherished opinion at the bidding of decisive evidence. In the Preface to the work to which Dr. Lumby has just referred, he says: 'I have tried to do justice, in argument as well as in mind, to every tangible suggestion adverse to my own conclusions,' and to this principle he was always faithful. In forming his conclusions, as we all know, he sought for the whole body of available evidence, and considered the whole subject from every point of view. He united in a wonderful degree that microscopic examination which reveals intimate structure with the distant and larger view which presents a subject in all its relations."

These are not the words of mere panegyric; the name of the speaker is sufficient guarantee of that, and their lofty testimony is borne out by the experience of all who knew Dr. Hort well, whilst the lesson they contain is enforced on almost every page of these interesting and instructive letters.

The same characteristics appeared, as is more generally known, in all Bishop Lightfoot's work. So unprejudiced a witness as Professor Harnack pronounced that work to be "of imperishable value." He styled Lightfoot "a free and independent scholar," not only in relation to the Church of England, but "in the absolute sense," one who never upheld tradition for tradition's sake. His *Essay on the Christian Ministry* is by itself enough to illustrate this. The

qualities thus displayed by the three leaders of this band of Cambridge scholars are happily being illustrated by many disciples, of whom Professors Ryle and Armitage Robinson, Mr. M. R. James, and others, are noteworthy examples. Surely in the habits of mind, the critical methods, the characteristics of scholarship, the views of truth, the attitude towards science, the mode of dealing with doubt and perplexity, manifest in Dr. Hort and those whom he represents, we find the outline of a very noble picture. Such a "Cambridge School" is an honour to any country, to any Church. Its influence cannot be confined within the bounds of Church and nationality; its sound goes out into all lands, the lessons it teaches serve for all who are anyway engaged in the quest—often toilsome and perplexing enough—after truth which shall satisfy the cravings of heart and mind and life. In our generation, as in the seventeenth century, there stands on the one side the Traditionalist, on the other the Sceptic; on the one hand are those who bow abjectly before authority, and on the other those who despise and flout it. These Cambridge teachers are found in neither band. Fearless, devout, accurate, patient; content slowly to build up a structure which cannot safely rest either upon the loose stones of traditional dogmas or the shifty quicksands of Rationalistic speculation: these scholars are a pattern and a help to all who in these days themselves need guidance, or who are trying to furnish guidance to others.

To end where we began. It would not be difficult to find several links of connection between the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. On the subject of reason alone, let the sentence of Whichcote, quoted at the beginning of this article, be matched by the language of Hort at the end.

"It may be urged that the right, or rather duty, of personal verification of truth here maintained is in effect to set up the authority of reason in matters of faith. So be it. There can be no surer sign of decrepitude and decay in faith than a prevalent narrowness about naming and commanding reason, an unwilling-

ness to allude to its existence under wrappings of language which suggest that it is but a necessary evil. The faith of ordinary people would be far more clear and sure if they had been freely instructed in the responsibilities of reason."

Such lofty instruction is given not only by Dr. Hort's teaching but by his life. The full significance of that noble life of unselfish devotion to truth should be studied at large, in the pages of Mr. Hort's biography, but it can hardly be better summed up than in the words of the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Hort's life-long friend, the chief living representative of a "Cambridge School," which we trust will live on from generation to generation.

"A life so lived, however prolific in literary achievements, is more fruitful by what it is than by what it does. It is not lost when it ceases to be seen. It passes into the spiritual atmosphere which sustains the highest life. It confirms by a fresh testimony the belief in the unity of truth and being by which our ancient Universities are enabled to welcome and assimilate every increase of knowledge with untroubled joy. In times when we are distracted by rival cries or overwhelmed by transitory sorrows, it helps us to 'win our souls by patience,' according to the promise of Christ which reveals to us the way and the end of faithful service."

Following such leaders, not in the sense of agreeing with all their opinions or merely echoing any of their words, but of imbibing their spirit and treading in their steps, many perplexed and anxious seekers will find it easier to walk in the narrow way of truth, and find for themselves Him who is Way and Truth and Life for evermore.

ART. V.—LIFE AND LETTERS OF OLIVER
WENDELL HOLMES.

1. *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* By JOHN T. MORSE, JUNIOR. In Two Volumes. London : Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1896.
2. *Oliver Wendell Holmes.* By WALTER JERROLD. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 29th, 1809, in the picturesque gambrel-roofed house of which he often spoke with affection in after years ; he died suddenly at Boston on October 9th, 1894. Mr. Morse's memoir is in many respects an admirable piece of work, though we are not able to give it unqualified praise. It cannot be said to err on the side of undue condensation. There is much superfluous comment where the biographer might well have been content with simply telling his story. The arrangement of the book lends itself to repetition. Groups of letters to Lowell, Motley, and Mrs. H. B. Stowe of great illustrative interest, instead of being woven, as they should have been, into the course of the narrative, are relegated to the end. But we complain chiefly of the character of the section dealing with "the religious teachings" of Dr. Holmes, in which we have not so much the opinions of "the Autocrat" as those of Mr. Morse, who does, we fear, serious injustice to his friend. But notwithstanding these defects, the volumes are full of the brightness and fragrance of the attractive personality of Dr. Holmes. They enlarge our knowledge of the man without in any wise diminishing our respect and esteem for him. Indeed, he stands out in these pages more genial, more beneficent, more wise and lovable than ever ; more impressive, too, in that singularly irradia-

ting genius, which, distinguishing him from his New England contemporaries, is as original in its way as that of Sir Thomas Browne or Lamb, with both of whom he has been compared.

Dr. Holmes came of the best New England stock, of "the Brahmin caste" of the Great Republic, not of the "untitled nobility which has the dollar for its armorial bearing," of which he was prone to speak contemptuously.

"We are forming an aristocracy," he says, "which floats over the turbid waves of common life like the iridescent film you may have seen spreading over the water about our wharves—very splendid, though its origin might have been tar, tallow, train oil, and other such unctuous commodities."

He was proud of an honourable ancestry of Puritan settlers and State-governors and professional men; of sturdy Dutch burghers, also, whose arms were emblazoned on ancient church windows in the Low Countries. Above all, he was grateful for an inheritance of "good instincts and a good name, and a bringing up in a library." His father was pastor of the first Congregational Church in Cambridge; a Calvinist of the old school, whose teaching was modified and shorn of severity by his naturally sunny and hopeful temperament, and by the influences which we must call humanizing, which were already, in his time, softening the theology of New England Puritanism. His mother was a charming woman, a good angel in helpful deeds, withal fond of reading and caring assiduously for her children. Religiously, she was caught in the stream of the reaction from Calvinism to Unitarianism. In "the Autobiographical Notes," which Mr. Morse incorporates, scanty and disappointing though they be, and enveloped in a sort of hazy indistinctness, we get some interesting reminiscences of his childhood. His first schoolmaster, a humorist, an able man, too, but stranded and left high and dry by the tide of culture which had sought other shores than those with which he was familiar—one day, passing, tapped the little lad on the forehead with his pencil, and said "he could not help it if he would do so

well,"—a compliment which was never forgotten. But there was nothing special to mark him off from other children, save, perhaps, his love of books. He was wont to stray into his father's study and browse in that congenial field on any pasture he found to his taste. Here were the great English classics, historians, poets ; above all, here was Rees' Encyclopædia, in which he found a considerable part of his reading.

"My father intended," the doctor says, "to keep me from all books of questionable teaching. I remember that many leaves were torn out of a copy of Dryden's Poems, with the comment *Hiatus haud defendendus* ; but I had, like all children, a kind of Indian sagacity for contraband reading."

The religious climate, so to speak, in which he grew up was not a healthy one. It was infected with unreality ; it was electric with change. Truth was made to assume kaleidoscopic aspects to the sensitive, open-minded lad, bewildering him, and rendering the growth of faith well-nigh impossible. Some of the clergymen who from time to time occupied his father's pulpit were "pleasant old men who had a cheerful look and smile ; others were of sad and despondent mien whose presence lent gloom to the Puritan solemnity of the holy day." They were "dreary and repulsive." Some were sternly, unbendingly Calvinistic ; others were orthodox, but "weak in their theological joints." The mother, to whom the father handed over the duty of teaching their children the Westminster catechism, "sobered her pleasant face," and sat down to hear her boy recite doctrines toward which her own attitude was, by the necessity of her bringing up, more or less sceptical, and from which, as we might have expected, the mind of the child early revolted. The Unitarian atmosphere which he breathed had the effect of making him regard the doctrines of the catechism as "mere jargon." His "instincts were shocked and disgusted beyond endurance" by the terrible character of the God, from whom all fatherly traits were absent, proclaimed by the extreme Calvinists. Untold injury was wrought in the nature of the thoughtful youth.

No wonder he felt in after years that to remove impressions like these, when they have captured the citadel of the susceptible spirit, is a herculean task for any man. "He may conquer them," to quote his words in extreme old age as he looks back to the period of his life to which we are referring, "but the wrenches and sprains which his victory has cost him leave him a cripple as compared with a child trained in sound and reasonable beliefs." We can hear the sob of human agony in these words.

In due time he went to Harvard College, the principal seat of New England learning, and, in 1829, graduated. Here he made many friends, contributed humorous verses to the *Collegian*, and was chosen "class-poet" of the famous "class of '29," for the annual dinners of which he was to write so many poems in after years. In his letters to his boy friend Phineas Barnes, he gives some vivid glimpses of American University life in those days. Studies of philosophy, language, and natural science were interpolated, not simply with frolic, but with scenes of unseemly, and, by no means, harmless conviviality. Festive gatherings became occasions of license and drunkenness. The lad from the quiet parsonage was plunged into a whirlpool of temptation. The language used would have borne chastening with advantage. Wine was freely drunk without fear, and without reproach from the pulpit or the platform.

"I remember," Dr. Holmes says in the *Reminiscences*, "on the occasion of my having an Exhibition that, with the consent of my parents, I laid in a considerable stock, and that my room was for several days the seat of continual revelry."

But it must not be imagined that there was not a better side to the life of Harvard in those days. There were many self-respecting, hardworking students who passed the ordeal, which reckless mirth imposed, unscathed. And it is certain that Holmes, though among the liveliest of his set, suffered no harm. He ever had, like Lowell, "a Puritan conscience," and an exacting ethical standard.

In 1830 he commenced the study of law at the Dane Law School, but not with any great ardour. The seductions of

verse writing drew him away from more solid tasks. The lyric passion seemed to haunt him, and, during this year, found vent in a poem which went far towards securing for him national fame, and produced results of which he little dreamed when he gave it voice. It happened on this wise: the frigate *Constitution*—a name to conjure with—now an old battered hulk, lay in the way in Charlestown naval dockyard. The mandate dooming her to destruction had gone forth by order of the department concerned, and was about to be carried out, when Holmes lighted by chance on the tidings in the newspaper. His indignation was aroused, and he sat down and scribbled, at headlong pace, on the first scrap of paper that came to hand, some stanzas instinct with defiant and outraged patriotism, called them "Old Ironsides," and sent them to the *Daily Advertiser*, of Boston. Like fire on the prairie, the verses travelled far and wide, fanned by the breath of the multitude whose enthusiasm they had kindled. The nation demanded that the order should be cancelled, and cancelled it was; and the *Constitution's* "tattered ensign" was not torn down. But a new star had appeared in the nation's sky; and the name of the new poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, lilted in musical labials from the tongues of young and old. Now he came under "the intoxicating pleasure of authorship." He had been tempted into print, had his first attack of "author's lead-poisoning"; and there is "no form of lead-poisoning," he remarks, "which more rapidly and thoroughly pervades the blood and bones and marrow than that which reaches the young author through mental contact with type-metal." It was a disease he never quite got rid of. At the end of the year, he resolved to abandon law for medicine, scarcely knowing why; but "the Providence that shapes our ends" was in this choice. After attending two courses of lectures in the private school of Dr. James Jackson, a wise teacher, who "never talked of curing a patient except in the true etymological sense of caring for him," Holmes crossed over to Europe, and pursued his studies in the medical schools and hospitals of Paris, with a view to the

most thorough equipment attainable for his profession. He had no wish to be merely "a rural dispenser of powders and pills." In Paris, among a crowd of students from many lands, he worked with tremendous energy. He was determined to excel. "I am," he writes his father, "more and more attached to the study of my profession." He was resolved to give his "country one citizen among others who has profited by the advantages offered him in Europe." He was occupied from morning to night, and would not spare an hour even to write for the *New England Magazine*, though his friend Sargeant, the editor, did his best to tempt the young student to grasp the pen which his fingers were tingling to use. He fatigued himself with incessant toil in the dissecting room, in the hospital, in the lecture hall, and at his books, and he kept his life right by keeping his mind busy.

His letters during this period reveal a strenuous youth, alive in every nerve, receptive, quick-witted, and not without conceit, making rapid growth in intellectual power and in knowledge. They contain pictures of the life of European cities, with many a shrewd observation. He found time for brief travel in the Low Countries and Italy. More than once he came to England, saw something of the hospitals, and visited Scotland. Neither the English people, nor English medical science, impressed him favourably, "after the paradise of Parisian life." The English are "a nation of sulky suicides." In the hospitals he sees only "manifestations of the English spirit of quackery." The Bishop of Gloucester preaches "a stupid sermon" in Westminster Abbey. Edward Irving is a "black savage, a saturnine, long-haired Scotchman, with a most Tyburn-looking squint." The Princess Victoria is "a nice, fresh-looking girl, blonde, and rather pretty"; but "the King looks like a retired butcher." St. Paul's "is very fine"; but, whilst taking "two-pence worth of the magnificence," he is severe on the "banditti" who require such extortionate fees. "The triumphal flags are no great things, and the statue of Nelson is rather a poor concern." In his old age, when he came to be feted and honoured, he thought

there were no people so kind and magnanimous as the English. He had grown wiser, and his heart opened to the warmth of John Bull's welcome as the flowers to the sun.

In the autumn of 1835 he returned home, enamoured of the French people and their literature—and especially of his Parisian teachers. Half-a-century later he brilliantly etches some of these men; and there are few things finer in Mr. Morse's volumes than these word-portraits. Of the famous Louis he says that he was "modest in the presence of nature, fearless in the face of authority, unwearying in the pursuit of truth, a man whom any student might be proud to claim as his teacher and his friend." And Louis seems to have been Holmes's ideal as a Professor in after years. Holmes now put out his sign and commenced to practice medicine in Cambridge, but, in spite of his European equipment, good fortune eluded him. Probably the episode humorously related of "the Professor" is symbolic, if not autobiographical:

"Behind the pane of plateglass which bore his name and title burned a modest lamp, signifying to the passers by that at all hours of the night the slightest favours (or fevers) were welcome. A youth who had partaken freely of the cup which cheers, likewise inebriates, following a moth-like impulse, very natural under the circumstances, dashed his fist at the light, and quenched the meek luminary."

It is certain, at any rate, that few customers came; and the brilliant career of the popular doctor he had pictured to himself never began. The reasons for his comparative failure as a practitioner are not difficult to divine. He did not find the routine work of a country doctor much to his taste, though his duties were performed with perfect conscientiousness. He was so sympathetic that suffering in his patients gave him great pain. He really never concentrated his powers on his business, and was too proud to woo success. "Furthermore, it was a hindrance to be a wit and a poet. The wise world has made up its mind," Mr. Morse says, "that he who writes rhymes must not write prescriptions." And the crowning proof of his utter unfitness for

the work which he essayed to do was the publication of a small volume of poems—mainly “a sort of rosary of the gayest kind of jokes,” but along with the jokes were strung some verses of rare beauty and of high promise—transparent gold among amber.

As he could not be idle, in default of practice, he busied himself in competitive essay-writing on medicine, and carried off the Boylston prizes in two successive years, astonishing the judges by the masterly ability displayed in his treatises; one of which, on “Intermittent Fever,” still retains unique value. Following on this was his appointment to Dartmouth College as Professor of Anatomy, a post for which he was well-fitted. He was better adapted by nature and by training for the academic than the practical work of his vocation. In 1847 he passed to Harvard as Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, a position which he held until 1882. Already he had begun to distinguish himself in the literature of medicine, not only by the essays just referred to, but by more important papers, some of which were addressed to the profession—papers characterised by tireless research, by lawyer-like skill in marshalling evidence and presenting his case, by a style that flashes and cuts like a Damascus blade, and by courage and enthusiasm. The immediate result of an epoch-making treatise on “Puerperal Fever” was virulent abuse. Medical authority and prestige were offended at this upstart. But the doctor could afford to keep his temper. “There was no epithet,” he tells us, “in the vocabulary of slight or scorn that could reach his personal susceptibilities in such a controversy.” He might lose his post; but better twenty professors should be unseated than one life should be sacrificed to stupidity or indifference. He passionately begged those who held the keys of life and death to listen to him for this once. Many years after he recalled with great satisfaction this incident:

“When, by the permission of Providence, I held up to the professional public the damnable facts connected with the conveyance of poison from one young mother’s chamber to

another's—for doing which humble office I desire to be thankful that I have lived, though nothing else good should ever come of my life—I had to bear the sneers of those whose position I had assailed, and, as I believe, have at last demolished, so that nothing but the ghosts of dead women stir among the ruins."

An earlier paper on "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions" gave huge offence, and its brilliance may be gathered from a few sample sentences. He admits that some patients might have been "actually benefitted through the influence exerted on the imagination," but "the argument founded on this occasional good would be as applicable in justifying the counterfeiter of giving circulation to base coin, on the ground that a spurious dollar had often relieved a poor man's necessities." Again,

"the thoughtlessness which can allow an inference to be extended from a product of disease (*e.g.* vaccine) possessing this susceptibility of multiplication when conveyed into a living body to substances of inorganic origin, such as silex or sulphur, would be capable of arguing that a pebble may produce a mountain because an acorn can become a forest."

It had been shown that "the tenth trillionth part of a drop of septicæmic poison would kill a guinea-pig"; and this had been used as an argument in favour of the homœopathic dose. Dr. Holmes answers that "the argument from the effect of animal poisons in small quantities to medicinal substances in general is like saying that, because a spark will set a city on fire, a mutton chop will feed an army."

For thirty-five years Dr. Holmes held his professorships at Harvard, never growing "somnolent, lethargic, or comatose." If ever man was alive to his finger-tips from youth to extreme age, it was he. He proved himself to be eminently qualified for the task of teaching young men. He was an ardent anatomist, loving the science as a mother her child; he was clear-sighted, reverent in the presence of the grandeur of the works of the Almighty; accurate, patiently entering into detail, going over the same ground again and again so that the dullest scholar might grasp the lesson. His character was of the highest type,

strangely magnetic, warmly sympathetic, winning not only the respect but the sincere affection of his pupils, whom he was wont to sway to laughter, to wonder, to reverence like his own, or to tears. His choice literary style and his wide culture, as well as the magic of his wit and his pathos, added their charm. Mr. Morse gives us a picture of the professor at work in the charnel house of dissection. On the demonstrating table lies a portion of the human frame, insensate, stark, but covered from the curious eye by a white sheet. "Respect for poor humanity and admiration for God's divinest work is the first lesson and the uppermost in the poet-lecturer's mind." The room is thick with tobacco smoke. The leaden light of a dull winter's day falls through the uncurtained window on to the leaden floor. Three hundred noisy students crowd the amphitheatre eager for the lecture. Dr. Holmes enters and is greeted with a mighty shout and stamp of applause.

"Then silence, and there begins a charming hour of description, analysis, simile, anecdote, pun, which clothes the dry bones with poetic imagery, enlivens a hard and fatiguing day with humour, and brightens the details of a difficult but interesting study."

The essential tender-heartedness of this man, whom a child's cry of pain afflicted, marks his professional life. He could not endure to chloroform a rabbit. He was wont to leave the room when any creature was being killed for the purposes of the lectures. Whilst recognising the necessity of vivisection, he himself eschewed it. It was not for him to lay bare the throbbing nerve and exact that torture which nothing could justify but the hope of learning how more effectually to alleviate suffering. Not that he was accustomed to wear his heart on his sleeve and make his face a mirror of his deepest feelings. He had the quiet, cheerful look, "the imperturbable mask of serenity" which he exhorted his medical pupils ever, for the sake of their patients, to wear. But under the calm face there was, with the closer study of disease and pain, even deepening sensibility in regard to the sufferings of others.

Literature had been, during this period, gradually making greater demands on him. At the same time, his work in the Medical School was perfecting the instrument of style, the vehicle of facile wit, and shrewdness, and knowledge, with which he was to win his greatest triumphs. He held the faith that the study and practice of medicine were morally elevating; that no student of the art that cares for men and seeks to heal their maladies "could by any possibility have outraged all the natural feelings of delicacy and decency as Swift and Zola have outraged them." We cannot doubt that, in the case of Holmes, the duties of his calling had on his spirit the effects of which he speaks.

Poems had appeared at intervals; pathetic, humorous, sublime poems, which had brought him some notoriety. He was known among his friends as "a merry wit, delightful in a chance encounter, not to be surpassed at the dinner-table." But it was not till 1857, when he had reached "the five-barred gate" of years, that what Mr. Morse calls "the unexploited value of Dr. Holmes" was discovered. James Russell Lowell had been invited by an influential firm of publishers to accept the editorship of a new magazine. He accepted the post on condition that Dr. Holmes should be the first contributor engaged. Holmes, who had given himself to other studies and aims, looked, we are told, at his old portfolio and said to himself, "Too late! too late. This tarnished gold will never brighten, these battered covers will stand no more wear and tear; close them, and leave them to the spider and bookworm." But Lowell persisted, and Holmes yielded, fortunately. He gave the title to the magazine—*The Atlantic Monthly*. In the first number appeared an article, the beginning of a series, headed "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Fame came almost immediately to the writer; and it was not ill-deserved. For here was a man of striking individuality, a healthy, gaily-wise, gravely-tolerant man, addressing his fellows on themes of perennial interest. Here was the practical philosophy of brother Jonathan at his best, linked to melodious English; here were the sedatest counsel winged with the airiest frolic,

and laughter uncharged with bitterness but shrill with not unkindly satire. Men were compelled to smile at their own limitations and follies, and to ponder the deeper things which the abundance of wit is never permitted to obscure. Here was a rich garden of discursive talk, a garden of a thousand different fruits, and not an apple of death among them—not a sneer at holiness, not a sin-steeped emotion, not a crabbed thought, not an idea but what is flushed and ruby-painted as by immortal suns. Here religious feeling breathes freely, and pathos weeps, and ideals of character rise as cedars in their stateliness and fragrance; and here the poet of earlier days has attained to stronger vision and sees the things "afar off," and to wider, more flexible wings that carry him up into the eternal light.

On *The Autocrat* followed *The Professor* and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*. In 1859 Dr. Holmes wrote his first work of fiction. It appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* as "The Professor's Story"; afterwards it was published in a volume as *Elsie Venner*. It stands almost alone in literature, and is worthy of careful study as dealing with "the question of automatic agency in its relation to self-determination." The novel is based on a supposed case of ante-natal snake poisoning, the effects of which are traced in the nature and will of the child born under such a condition. Profound psychological questions in relation to heredity and moral responsibility are dealt with, as he writes Mrs. H. B. Stowe, "in the fear of God and in the love of man." The story is one of unusual power, subtle, horribly beautiful, fascinating as the snake-eyes that look out of it; but it cannot be called satisfactory. Indeed, the problems of the book are probably insoluble. Later appeared other prose works which we need not name as this article is not a bibliography.

The enduring foundation of his fame as an original writer is, we venture to think, the "Breakfast Table" series. These volumes have been admitted into the category of the classics of *belles lettres*. They have that rare distinction of form and substance and spirit which certify longevity if not immortality. They have, no doubt, the New England tone

and tang, "the odours of sweet herbs in New England." "It was this special flavour that pleased my palate," said Lowell. But if the outlook is not wide, life is contemplated from many points of view; there is everywhere "the touch of nature"; and wherever the English language is spoken the men of his race will for long years to come read with great enjoyment the pages of the genial "Autocrat." "Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

As to Dr. Holmes's place as a poet, he would seem to rank higher than any of his American contemporaries except Lowell, perhaps. When Whittier read the "Chambered Nautilus" in the Autocrat's fourth paper, he said it was "booked for immortality." This poem is his high-water mark. "In writing the poem," Holmes tells us, "I was filled with the brightest mental exaltation, and the most crystalline clairvoyance, as it seemed to me, that had ever been granted to me." But the average level of his verse is much lower, though in "The Last Leaf," in "Musa," in "The Voiceless," in "The Living Temple," and other lyrics he approaches his best. Perhaps, if he had been less a humorist he would have been esteemed a better poet. His humour, harmless (we had almost said useful) as it is, is too obtrusive in his more serious verse; the rapid changes from grave to gay are sometimes undignified and unnatural, lowering the effect of the poem, creating in the reader not the looked-for laughter, but surprise at the sudden descent to the trivial, and at the freakish and meaningless character of the transition. On the other hand, his purely humorous poems are inimitable. Lowell, in his *Fables for Critics*, says—

"There's Holmes who is matchless among you for wit,
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit
The electric tingles of hit after hit."

Dr. Holmes is not a rhyming buffoon, or a mechanical versifier whose wit trips along on smooth lines which are perfectly innocent of the divine fire. Like Hood, he is an

inspired singer, endowed with a bright perception of the fantastic and the ludicrous, a humorous poet whose genius plays round "the changing facets of egoism, absurdity, and vice as the sunshine over the rippling sea or the dewy meadows." And he is as great a master of pathos as of humour, the pathos and the humour interlacing like the light and shade that dance their fairy dance, and weave their dainty patterns, and flicker and frolic on the sward beneath forest trees. But at times he strikes deeper chords, rending the very heart and breaking the fountain of tears. His religious hymns are soaring, ethereal, jubilant. If we may not credit him with the possession of the creative imagination, or even the sounding-line of profound insight which goes down into the fathomless places of sadness in the spirit afflicted by sin; if he has not the sweetness of Longfellow, the intense humanness of Whittier, the *verve* and vigour and grandeur of Lowell at his best, yet he has precious qualities of his own. Who can match his delicate fancy, his lightsome touch? And he is a singer of unflagging hopefulness in an age when too many poets have espoused a brooding, bitter pessimism. He loves the morning; the lark carols in his verse. The dawn is high, and the sunshine warms us as we listen. The day that grows about us is full of the promise of a fair future. He seems the embodiment of the affirmation voice in Tennyson's "Two Voices." He is by no means a monotonous bard; he has "Songs in Many Keys;" some soothing us like a charm, others stirring our pulses as with a war clarion; and not a few commending in ardent strain the Gospel of Love. The wealth of imagery that marks his poetry is perhaps the most striking thing about it. He is a discernor of analogies between the moral and physical worlds. He freely embodies his ideas in the natural phenomena which correspond to them. Similes apt, beautiful, unlooked for, shine star-like from his pages. Truth looks out of many a vivid picture, and we see the virile thought in the natural fact or appearance answering to it. The form of grace and loveliness, or it may be of homeliness and daily use, becomes a sacrament.

We have only to open at random his volumes of poetry for abundant illustration of this. His method of work he reveals to us—

"In poetical composition I stand as on the bank of a river, and hold myself very still, watching the thoughts that float by on the stream of association. If they come abundantly and are of the right kind, then there is great excitement, sometimes an exalted state almost like etherization, incompatible with any sense of fatigue while it lasts."

As a writer he was not a spendthrift with his material. He regarded his wit and wisdom as his stock-in-trade, and did not believe in wasting what could be turned into literature. The best things in his talk and letters were, according to Mr. Morse, usually repeated in print. Only of puns was he munificently profligate. His letters sparkle with *mots*.

We must spare a paragraph to speak of the celebrated "Saturday Club," to which all writers on Emerson and Hawthorne and Lowell refer. It was started about the same time as the *Atlantic Monthly*, though unconnected with that magazine. It consisted at first of Emerson and a few of his admirers, but grew in size until it included nearly all the most notable men in New England at that period. Holmes had a great love for the club. Its meetings gave him undiluted pleasure, and he attended them until, in his extreme old age, all his friends having passed away, the club became defunct. Seldom has such a set of men of genius met in conclave. Think of a gathering of such men as Emerson, with his seer-like intellectual gleam, and power of correct expression; and Hawthorne, "a dark, silent figure, but more of a gnome than a sylph," sounding the subtle depths of motive and passion, loving glamour and mystery more than a Celt loves them, and reflecting them in the clear English of his passionless style, as so many shadows in a lonely lake; and Longfellow, the most lovable of poets; and Lowell, scholarly, versatile, a satirist of the first degree, a man of affairs; and Motley, with his historic imagination and graphic pen, and Protestant soul; and Whittier, dominated by deep

religious feeling, the patriot's poet ; and Agassiz, characterised by

“* * * firm benignity of face,
The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,
The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips;”

and Charles Sumner, staunch as an oak, loving freedom with all his heart ; and many others of kindred spirit,

“While Holmes's rockets curve their long ellipse,
And burst in seeds of fire that burst again
To drop in scintillating rain.”

(Lowell's *Agassiz*.)

Holmes was the most brilliant talker of this illustrious company, “taking up every challenge, capping every anecdote, rippling over with an illumined cascade of fancy, humour and repartee.” We are sure our readers will agree with Mr. Morse in his deep regret that talk of the character of Dr. Holmes's has not been preserved. Alas! there was no Boswell to jot down his rich and beautiful things.

Some remarks on the religious opinions and teaching of Dr. Holmes must bring this article to a close. And let us say that the biographer might with advantage have exercised a little more self-restraint. That Mr. Morse should assume the rôle of a theologian, and presume to criticise both Calvinism and the Evangelical faith in the interest of his hero, will surprise many of Dr. Holmes's friends. We are obliged to say that his somewhat violent strictures show that he understands neither the one system nor the other. His usual good taste quite forsakes him when he tells us that the Puritans of New England “took Christ out of the Bible and put Jonathan Edwards in” ; that “they made hell of immeasurable spaciousness, and overcrowded it, and they made heaven hardly as big as a modern hotel,” and so on *ad nauseum*. It is perfectly true that Dr. Holmes revolted from certain parts of the creed of Calvin in which he was educated, but he was not blind to its nobler side. He was proud of his Puritan ancestors, and, in a passage which Mr. Morse quotes, says : “They were ready to do and to

suffer anything for their faith; and a faith which breeds heroes is better than an unbelief which leaves nothing worth being a hero for." For himself, Holmes

"* threw away the worse part of it,
And lived the purer and the better half."

He never committed himself to the negations of New England Unitarianism. What he called "the rational ice-chest at Cambridge" never held him. He would have found it difficult to formulate his creed—and we cannot acquit him of inconsistency in his expressed opinions—but he was much nearer the Evangelical view of the Christian faith than his biographer allows. His letters, and especially those to devout Christians like Mrs. H. B. Stowe and Mr. Kimball, show us an earnest seeker after truth, hampered by many difficulties which were ministered to by his intellectual fearlessness and candour, by his intense conscientiousness, and by the deep-wrought conviction of the untenableness of the doctrines which he had long ago abandoned. But he delights in the New Testament conception of the Divine Father, and of His righteousness and mercy. He believes that, as "we ought to love *crippled souls* with a certain tenderness which we need not waste on nobler natures," even so God loves them. He adored Christ in his sublime hymns, though there are things in his books that seem to show that he assigned to Him a place lower than absolute Deity. He is ready to ascribe to the Holy Spirit the work of human regeneration. To Mr. Kimball he says :

"I wish you distinctly to observe that I recognise sudden changes of character as one of the means by which the Spirit of God reclaims those who have wandered from the path in which they have been, or should have been, brought up."

At the same time he adds that the finest characters, the noblest souls, he has ever met have not been through any such "*technical process*." Many Evangelicals would agree with him as to the technicality of the process, but it is not clear that he apprehends what are Evangelical views of conversion, and he is much nearer to them than he

thinks. His letters of condolence to the bereaved, and of counsel to the troubled, overflow with the tenderness of Christ. No one had a firmer belief than he in the need of the special grace of Heaven to subdue and sweeten human nature. He was a regular worshipper with the Christian congregation in the house of God on the Lord's Day. "There was a plant in his heart," he said, "called reverence, which wanted to be watered about once a week." And he loved his fellow-men, and was loved again.

The following extract from a very fine letter to his friend Phineas Barnes, who had written him in a time of great anxiety, illustrates some of the preceding remarks. Referring to his calmness and faith, he proceeds :

"It is trust in something better and wiser than we are, whether it comes to us in the inner light which we believe is the direct gift of the Infinite Spirit, or takes the human aspect in the person of Him who brings the Divine as it were face to face with us ; or whether with deeper than even Christian humility we stretch forth our arms 'like an infant crying in the night,' and implore the Being who gave us life to give us even the crumbs of faith which fall from the table of the unquestioning and triumphant believer. To this we must all come—if we have a Father He will care for us and do what is best for us ; and, if He is as good as even our earthly fathers have been, will judge us not by our poor stumbling acts and short-sighted views, but in the light of His own magnanimous, forgiving, loving nature. Add to this view of our need and His sufficiency such a view of the manner in which His grace is imparted as we believe the Spirit of God has taught us, and we are ready, so far as our limitations will let us be, for all that may be sent us. We must all soon cast anchor, if we have one, and mine is TRUST IN GOD."

Dr. Holmes will be esteemed more highly even by those who have admired him for many a year, when they have read these interesting volumes in which he stands out in the nobility and grace of his strong and attractive manhood.

ART. VI.—ENGLISH CHARTERED COMPANIES.

The Early Chartered Companies (1296-1858). By GEORGE CAWSTON, Barrister-at-Law, and A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S.
London : Edward Arnold. 1896.

THE troubles in the Transvaal, and the part played in them by the British South Africa Company, have once more called attention to the principle of Royal Charters, and to the history of chartered companies. Pending the issue of the report of the approaching Parliamentary Inquiry, it will be wise, if not imperative, to suspend one's judgment on the recent conduct of the Company in question, but that need not prevent the study of the wider questions which have been revived.

By chartered companies in the largest sense is meant those groups of persons, corporations or associations, to whom the Crown has granted certain privileges and immunities. Guilds, boroughs, banks, insurance offices, trading companies, colleges, universities, all sorts of societies for almost all sorts of purposes, have been created by Royal Charters at various periods, and numbers of them have survived from ancient times. But the term is often used in a more limited sense. It is popularly and usually employed to designate those corporations which have been created to explore, exploit, and govern the outlying regions of the globe, with a view to their becoming eventually an integral part of the dominion of the Crown by whom the Charter was granted ; and it is with this restricted meaning that we shall use the term.

In thus limiting ourselves we shall not be able to follow the authors of the interesting volume named above in their description of such chartered bodies as the Hanseatic League, the Staplers, the Company of Merchant Adventurers, or the Russia, Eastland, Turkey, Guinea Companies. These and similar associations had little in common with the

chartered companies of our time. Their history, therefore, although full of interest on other grounds, affords but little help in estimating the advantages and disadvantages of this particular instrument of expansion and of empire. Whether in the form of "regulated" companies, in which every member traded solely on his own account under the regulations of the association, or in the later form of joint-stock companies, in which the individual was largely merged in the corporate body, these organisations existed chiefly for the purposes of trade. Ostensibly, the charter was granted to them for the purpose of encouraging exploration and promoting the general interests of the nation; but at the time little could be seriously expected from them in this direction. When most of them were formed, the country had but recently emerged from the Wars of the Roses, and it had neither men nor money to spare for extensive enterprise abroad. Nor did the agents of these early companies attempt to settle in the lands to which they went. By force of circumstances, one or two of the older associations—notably the East India Company—were gradually transformed from mere trading companies into powerful political organisations; but, as a rule, they added no territory to the nation. Their function, and their glory, was to lay the foundations of our foreign trade and of our maritime supremacy, to open up the way for our Colonial Empire, to leave to us the record of "a manful struggle long sustained against adversity, and a rich inheritance of noble deeds and memories that will not readily be forgotten."

The operations of most of these predominantly commercial companies were confined to the Old World, to Europe, Asia, Africa. In the New World the English chartered companies were from the first endowed with large political powers, and were expected to annex and settle all the countries they discovered and explored. It is in America, therefore, rather than in Africa or even in India in the earlier years, that we shall find analogies to current circumstances and events. The only exception to this rule is to be found in the charter granted to the Cabots by King

Henry VII. That thrifty monarch has not yet received the credit due to him for enterprise, far-sightedness, and deep political sagacity. He has often been accused of covetousness and niggardliness, but it is now clear that the treasure he amassed was not accumulated for his own aggrandisement, but was laid up from patriotic motives of the wisest and noblest kind. His was an age of beginnings, and he was looking into the future with a more discerning gaze than any of his subjects. He saw that the true path to empire lay through trade. He therefore watched over the commercial interests of his people with unsleeping vigilance. Merchants were his chosen counsellors; he sought information from them of what was going on in other lands. Not only did he conclude the famous treaty with Flanders—the *Intercursus Magnus*—by which free trade was established between the two countries, but he was the first of our English kings to cast his eyes towards the West, and when, in 1496, he granted his charter to the Cabots he showed a truly liberal and enlightened mind. That famous instrument is sufficiently comprehensive to admit of any amount of settlement and colonization, but as it led to nothing more than half a century of voyaging and exploration in Atlantic waters, we need only quote from it for purposes of information and comparison. All power and authority is given to the Bristol merchants—

"To find out, discover, and investigate whatever islands, countries, regions, or provinces of Gentiles or Infidels in whatever part of the world they may be situated which have hitherto been unknown to all Christians, with power to them to set up our said banners in any town, castle, island, or continent of the countries so to be discovered by them. And most of the said towns, castles, or islands so found out and subdued by them to occupy and possess as our vassals, governors, lieutenants, and deputies, the dominion, title, and jurisdiction thereof, and of the *terra firma* or continent so found out, remaining to us, provided that of all the profits, emoluments, advantages, gains, and produce arising from this navigation or expedition, the said Cabot and Sons shall be obliged to pay us . . . after all needful costs and charges are deducted, one-fifth part of the whole capital gain, either in merchandise or money," &c.

[No. CLXXIII.]—NEW SERIES, VOL. XXVII. NO. I. G

Much more fruitful in immediate results than this vague and roving commission was the charter granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1584, to found a colony in North America, and the double charter granted by James I., in 1606, to Bartholomew Gosnold, who was the first to sail direct across the Atlantic instead of following the usual course by the Canaries and the West India Islands. How large the grant to Raleigh was may be gathered from the fact that at first the colony (named by the Queen Virginia) was understood to comprise the whole seaboard from Florida to the St. Lawrence, or even to Labrador; and how exclusive was the charter is apparent from the clauses which give possession for ever to Sir Walter, and others, of such remote heathen lands as they should discover in six years, reserving to the Crown the fifth part of all gold and silver ore found therein, with power to seize to their proper use all ships with their merchandise that should without leave plant (settle) within 200 leagues of this intended settlement. "The association is also empowered to make bye-laws" not repugnant to the laws of England. Unhappily, Elizabeth did not live long enough to foster this ambitious enterprise, and her successor sent Sir Walter to the Tower, not, however, before the charter granted by the Queen had been transferred in substance to the London Company formed by Gosnold in 1606. The area assigned to this company comprised the region answering to the present States of the Carolinas, Georgia, Virginia, and Maryland. Hakluyt, the famous Prebendary of Westminster, was one of the principal directors. Soon after its formation the Company established a colony at Jamestown, near the mouth of the Powhatan (James) River in Chesapeake Bay. Associated with this enterprise were some memorable names, among which may be mentioned Shakespeare's friend the earl of Southampton, and Lord Bacon, who on the occasion wrote his essay on "New Colonies." To the other company formed under the same double charter—the Plymouth Company—was assigned the region covered by the existing States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New

York, and the whole of New England. The two regions were called South Virginia and North Virginia respectively.

The London Company only lasted eighteen years, when it was somewhat arbitrarily dissolved by James I., but in that brief period it had wrought wonders in the way of settlement and development. Politically it had been only too successful if we may judge from the proclamation issued in 1625 by Charles I., when South Virginia was turned into a Crown Colony :

"That whereas in his royal father's time the charter of the [London] Company was by a *quo warranto* annulled, and whereas his said father was, as he himself also is, of opinion that the government of that colony by a company incorporated, consisting of a multitude of persons of various dispositions, amongst whom affairs of the greatest moment are ruled by a majority of votes, was not so proper for carrying on prosperously the affairs of the colony; . . . we ordain that the government of the Colony of Virginia shall immediately depend on ourselves, and not be committed to any company or corporation, to whom it may be proper to trust matters of trade and commerce, but cannot be fit to commit the ordering of State affairs."

The Company had granted the colonists a large measure of self-government. A House of Burgesses, consisting of twenty-two members chosen by the people—the first legislative assembly constituted in the New World—met for the first time in July, 1619. The Governor and Council took part in the deliberations, and the laws edicted had to be sanctioned by the Company in England ; but no measures emanating from the King were to be considered valid unless ratified by the House of Burgesses. Hence the *quo warranto* of the father, and the still more Stuart-like deliverance of the son.

The history of the Plymouth Company is chiefly interesting from its connection with the Pilgrim Fathers. They had originally intended to emigrate to South Virginia, and had actually obtained the consent of the London Company to settle there in 1617. Dissensions having arisen in the Company owing to the opposition of the Church party, the Pilgrims applied directly to the King and obtained his patent

to establish themselves in North Virginia where, as is well known, they founded their first settlement in 1620. In 1627-8 they obtained from the Council of the Plymouth Company two patents for the purpose of extending their territory in the direction of Massachusetts Bay, in order to find room for their Puritan brethren, who were now streaming into the country in ever-increasing numbers.

"Under these patents a stimulus was given to emigration by the remarkable agreement that money was to be furnished by the Company, while the emigrants were in return to give their entire services for seven years, these services at the same time to constitute their stock in the association. . . . Much difficulty, however, was experienced in determining the respective rights of the Crown, of the Chartered Company, and of the settlers, some under contract service, some in the enjoyment of their self-framed constitution, which had actually been drafted in the cabin of the *Mayflower* before they landed. The confusion was increased by the concession of privileges to other societies for exclusive trading purposes within the limits of the Plymouth Company. . . . But, by thrift and industry, the Pilgrims not only triumphed over all difficulties, but in the course of a few years found themselves wealthy enough to buy up the whole stock of the Company. This stock, and the land, were equitably divided amongst all the settlers in such a way that every member of the community became the holder of a freehold plot of ground. Being thus released from control in local matters, the colonists formed a government on liberal principles, at least in civil affairs, and down to the year 1640 the whole adult male population elected their Governor, whose power was limited by a council of five."

That section of South Virginia which corresponds to the present States of North and South Carolina and Georgia was first made into a separate province under the name of Carolana in 1629, when it was granted by Charles I. to Sir Robert Heath (the King's Attorney-General), and "his heirs for ever." The whole province was afterwards surrendered by Sir Robert to the Earl of Arundel, who had begun to plant several parts of it when progress was arrested by the Civil War. A proper charter was not issued until 1663, in which year Charles II. granted the whole of this magnificent domain, extending from 36° to 31° north latitude, and "from the Atlantic westwards to the Pacific

Ocean," to eight Patentees, including Lord Chancellor Clarendon, the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Ashley, Sir George Carteret, &c., "in absolute propriety, with all royal mines, fisheries, &c., paying a quit-rent of 20 marks yearly." But even this estate was not enough, and in 1665 they obtained from Charles a second charter extending its southern limits to 29° north latitude. The object of this extension was, no doubt, partly to include the Mississippi Delta, and thus anticipate the French, who already had their eye on that rich region. But the main object seems to have been to secure some of the silver mines away to the West. The King, at all events, while granting the province "to be held in free and common socage as of our manor of East Greenwich in Kent," secures to himself "the fourth part of all gold and silver ore found within their limits, besides the yearly rent of 20 marks." The political constitution established under these charters, though framed by philosophers so famous as Lord Shaftesbury and John Locke, and styled the "Grand Model," was soon found to be unworkable. The tendency of it was to place all power in the hands of the curious aristocracy that had been formed out of the first great planter-landowners, and to fix the bulk of the colonists in their position as perpetual tenants, a position differing little from a state of villenage for ever. Many of the small farmers refused to pay quit-rents to the feudal lords; they regarded themselves as freeholders, having purchased their lands from the natives. They afterwards refused to pay duties or taxes in any form, holding themselves independent alike of king and proprietors; and "when the Governor, Colleton, attempted to collect rents and taxes, in 1671, the settlers captured his secretary, impounded the provincial records, and openly defied his authority." Religious feuds were also rife.

"Two-thirds of the people were Nonconformists (Presbyterians, Quakers, Huguenots), who deeply resented the tyranny of the licentious 'Cavaliers and ill-livers,' as the ruling party were called."

The charter came to an end, and the province was

converted into a regal government in 1715, on the petition of the people themselves. When the matters in dispute were brought before Parliament—matters in connection with the Indian wars of 1712-15—the proprietors were declared to have forfeited their charter. Seven out of eight of them surrendered their privileges for £17,500 rather than make themselves liable for the cost of the wars. The eighth proprietor, Lord Carteret (afterwards Earl of Granville) declined to part with his share, and a special clause was inserted in the Act of 1729 which effected the conversion of the Carolinas into two Crown Colonies, reserving to

“his lordship, his heirs, &c., his right, title, &c., to one undivided eighth part or share of the said provinces, &c., notwithstanding which the government of the whole is hereby made entirely regal.”

With this unique transaction in the records of politico-commercial chartered rights, we quit reluctantly the history of the chartered companies which lapsed and merged into the colonies that formed the nucleus and the framework of the United States. Much is to be learnt from the history of these companies, and not the least from what General Booth would call the “over-sea colony” established by General Oglethorpe for philanthropic purposes in Georgia.* But the subject in its bearing on the general history of England, and on the development of the continent of North America, has long since been treated so exhaustively that it need not here be further opened out.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the “scramble” for America occupied in the international rivalries of Europe a position similar to that which the scramble for Africa has taken in our time. India also was a prize which, consciously or unconsciously, lit up and fed the flames of this imperial strife. In both cases chartered companies played a prominent and instructive part. Whatever may be thought of “Empire-making by devolution” as a deliberate national

* The best account of this experiment is Southey's, in his *Life of Wesley*.

policy, and as prosecuted in the changed conditions of our time, it will not be disputed that the bulk of our vast Empire has been gained by the exertions and the enterprise of the two great chartered companies to which we now turn. The story of the East India Company, and of the Hudson's Bay Company, has so often been repeated that it needed special knowledge, and an eye to what is germane to the coming controversies, to impart to it the freshness and the interest given to it in this instructive book.

In commenting upon the condition of India at the commencement of the present reign, Sir Henry Maine observes* that in 1837 the system of administration by the East India Company had already begun to look strange, but that two centuries earlier,

"in the early days of maritime adventure, the agency of a company had been the favourite method of conducting intercourse with remote, but settled, populous, and wealthy countries, as distinguished from lands peopled by barbarians or savages."

Why Sir Henry should have made this distinction is not clear. His remarks apply to all the lands marked out for British enterprise.

"Such a body," he continues, "was formed with a fixed capital in the ordinary corporate form of the day, and, in consideration of some advantage to the Government (generally a heavy subsidy), it was invested with a monopoly of trade, and for the purpose of conducting it, it was expected to establish factories and to make small territorial acquisitions by favour of the local prince or ruler."

The peculiarity of the East India Company among all the companies started by European governments for trade with India was, as this great jurist notes, that it grew into an empire. The Company received its charter from Elizabeth on the 31st of December, 1600, and, amid endless transformations and vicissitudes, continued its operations until 1858, when its charter was withdrawn and its functions transferred to the Crown. Its chequered political history

* *The Reign of Queen Victoria.* Edited by T. H. Ward. 1887. Vol. i. p. 463.

has never been more briefly outlined than in these condensed and pregnant sentences from the chapter cited, by Sir Henry Maine :

"The Company began its operations when the Mogul Empire was just reaching its largest expansion, and soon witnessed the utter anarchy into which that empire fell in its decay. Amid this confusion, and after a prolonged contest with one energetic European competitor, France, it ultimately became the most powerful sovereignty in the cluster of provinces to which it restored order and peace. These conquests brought upon it an addition to the mechanism of its government which greatly increased its apparent complexity. The British Parliament (in the last decades of the eighteenth century), which had itself not long ceased to be the most corrupt public body in the whole world, had its attention more and more attracted to the Eastern possessions of the East India Company by rumours of great abuses, and by its own awakened sense of responsibility; and at last, after a violent struggle between the two English parties, a system was created long known as the Double Government of India. The East India Company, which governed India in theoretical subordination to the Crown, was itself controlled by a Board of Commissioners, which was a department of the Home Government. . . . The Double Government was superseded, in 1858, by Her Majesty's direct authority, under circumstances which made the change the most momentous event in British Indian history."*

From the first the Company had permission to "purchase lands without limitation," and, from this and other clauses in its original charter, it was evidently contemplated that this trading association would grow into a powerful State subordinate to the Crown of England, to which all its directors were "bound to take the oath of fidelity." All its provisions tend in the same direction—

"on the one hand to strengthen the corporation against foreign aggressors, and enlarge the sphere of its usefulness to the realm; on the other, to enable the State to control its action, thereby making itself directly responsible for the Company's policy and proceedings. So wisely framed was this first charter of rights by the Queen in Council! It may be added that the Company started with a modest capital of £72,000, the original shares subscribed being £50 each. It was with such humble

* *Op. cit.*, p. 465.

beginnings that England—somewhat vicariously, no doubt, but still England—began that career of expansion which has ended by constituting her the mightiest and most beneficent of Eastern powers.”*

Among the provisions of Elizabeth’s charter, the Company’s naval forces were fixed at “six good ships and six pinnaces with 500 mariners, unless the royal navy goes forth.” After the charter was made perpetual in 1610, the Company began to build those big ships which not only enlarged their facilities for commerce, but enabled them to acquire that naval supremacy in Indian waters which afterwards contributed so largely to the successful issue of their struggle with the French for the supremacy on land. In his *Memoirs*, lately published, Barras, the famous Member of the Directorate, has a passage which confirms what Captain Mahan, in his *Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire*, was the first to note.

“In vain,” says that ignoble but keen-sighted Frenchman, “did Bonaparte, amid a mass of sophisms, the children of his lively imagination, assure us that, once master of Egypt, he would establish connection with the potentates of India, and with them attack the English in their possessions; all that I knew of India, from personal experience, confirmed me in the belief that the English Government was unassailable in that portion of Asia as long as it remained master of the seas.”†

The very first trial of strength between France and England in India, during Dupleix’s governorship of Pondicherry, was determined mainly by the naval tactics of Admiral Boscawen, who anticipated the French general’s designs on the strong position of St. Thomé, near Madras, by occupying that place on behalf of the English Company, once more illustrating the saying of Cicero to Atticus—*qui mare tenet eum necesse est rerum potiri*—“who holds the sea must needs be master.” Incidentally, and not too relevantly, although in connection with Cromwell’s complex conduct towards the Company, our authors tell a story new to us, and not without a curious

* *The Early Chartered Companies*, p. 89.

† Barras’s *Memoirs*, vol. iii. Translated by C. E. Roche. London: Osgood, MacIlvaine & Co. 1896.

interest now that arbitration, like some other ancient novelties, is "in the air." In 1652, it seems, the Dutch had seized some English ships and goods. Two arbitrators from each Commonwealth met in the Goldsmiths' Hall, in London, and were directed

"to proceed without respect or relation to either State, and unless they agree upon sentence before the first of August, 1664, the aforesaid arbitrators shall from that day be shut in a chamber by themselves without fire, candle, meat, drink, or any other refreshment, till such time as they shall come to an agreement."

It is needless to add that, under these drastic conditions, arbitration proved a speedy if a somewhat stringent remedy. Though at all times prompt to vindicate its claims, especially against aggressive foreign Powers, Cromwell was at heart no friend to the East India Company. In him was embodied that sturdy English individualism which from the first had been opposed to the monopoly which all the chartered companies enjoyed, and which found utterance in the Declaration of Rights and the doctrine of Free Trade. As to whether Cromwell actually "declared the navigation and commerce to the East Indies to be free and open to all English subjects," there appears to be some doubt, but there is no question that, in 1655, he practically annulled the Company's charter by countenancing and encouraging "interlopers" in every possible way. Again and again we find the English merchants and manufacturers, outside the shareholders, complaining that the country was flooded with manufactured goods "made in India," and in 1680, not content with backing the petition of the London silk-weavers against the Company's trade, Mr. Pollexfen besought the House of Commons to pass sumptuary laws against the wearing of East India silks, "Bengals," and Eastern fabrics of all kinds. How completely the Company's actions had become identified with the action of the Government within a century of Cromwell's time, and how thoroughly the national interests had been bound up with those of the Company, is seen in the permission they received in 1773 to export tea free of duty to the North American Colonies, the

concession being made to indemnify them for losses incurred in other directions.

"The Colonists, now ripe for rebellion, drew no distinction between the Company's and other British merchandise, and the cargoes of tea thrown by the people of Boston into the harbour were, in fact, the property of the Company, which had thus the distinction of giving the first direct incentive to the American Revolution."

Summing up the expert verdict on this great association Mr. Cawston and his colleague, Mr. Keane, write :—

"So long as it existed, all intelligent statesmen felt that its commercial and military successes or reverses were of public concern, and that the only intelligible policy of the State—natural heir to all its triumphs—was to control and not to crush, to encourage, not to paralyse, its latent energies ; not, indeed, to countenance, but to deal leniently with errors, from which nothing human is exempt, and while censuring wrongdoing not to forget the really preponderating good and brave deeds, in the credit of which the whole nation might legitimately share."

That the Company had outlived its usefulness and that it should have been absorbed into the Empire at the beginning of the century "when England became undisputed mistress of the seas, and when the trade of India consequently should have been thrown open to the world," is an opinion shared by the authors with Sir John Seeley, but opposed to that of Mr. J. S. Mill. Students of the comparative advantages of government by Parliament and government by means of chartered companies would do well to note, however, that these two distinguished writers based their judgment on widely different grounds. Curiously enough the historian was determined by economic and the economist by political considerations. In his *Expansion of England*, Sir John Seeley set himself to prove that there had been no correspondence in time between the increase of trade and the advance of conquest in India. In spite of all our conquests our trade there continued to be insignificant until about 1813, and it began to advance with great rapidity after 1830.

"These two dates," he writes, "point to the true cause of progress in trade, and they show that it is wholly independent

of progress in conquest, for they are the dates of the successive Acts of Parliament by which the East India Company was deprived of its monopoly. The trade became great and at last enormous, when India began to be governed for itself and trade considerations to be disregarded. . . . About the former date, as MacCulloch shows in his edition of *Adam Smith*, the trade between England and India was of little more importance than the trade between England and Jersey or the Isle of Man, but now instead of comparing our trade with India to that with the Isle of Man we compare it with that between England and the United States or France, and we find that though we receive from India much less than from them, yet India comes next to them as an exporting country, and, on the other hand, India heads France and all other nations except the United States as an importer from England."

Mill's words, quoted later in this article (p. 113), sound a little academic after Seeley's facts, but they are not less deserving of remark.

From India, with its teeming races and its tropical luxuriance of vegetation, to the thinly peopled glacial waters, gloomy woodlands, storm-swept steppes of Arctic North America, is a change as great as could be well experienced on earth; but as we trace the history of English chartered companies, and lose sight of fabled lands, and gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples to traverse the regions opened up and won for us by "The Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," we find that contrast in environment does not imply great change in economic and political relations. The battle for supremacy between the French and English here was waged with equal pertinacity and with the same result—a vast imperial domain bequeathed in perpetuity by a trading company to the Anglo-Saxon race. From its incorporation in 1670 to the surrender of its claims and interests to the newly constituted Dominion of Canada in 1869, the Hudson's Bay Company had little peace. Its million square miles of territory came to it little by little, but the whole of it, from that time vaguely designated Rupert's Land, was handed over to it from the first. Not only was the right of exclusive trading granted, together with "the fishing of all sorts of fish, of whales, sturgeons, and all other royal fishes," and

"all mines royal of gold, silver, gems, and precious stones"; but the Company, at the head of which was Prince Rupert, son of Charles II., and "seventeen other persons of quality and "distinction" were to be deemed the true and absolute Lords and Proprietors of the same territories" on the usual terms of fealty and allegiance to the Crown. For the first few years the Company was undisturbed. It lived on friendly terms with its French neighbours in Canada. The impression in England, fostered by the Company's agents, was that the country was useless except for hunting and for fishing. Of territories which are now among the finest arable lands in the world, it was declared that—

"in so wretched a country there can be no plantations properly so called, and much less any towns or villages. Our people must, of course, be supplied from England with bread, beef, pork, flour, and other necessities."

Yet all the time the Company's servants were raising cereals and prosecuting a remunerative trade. When the truth leaked out, the envy of their fellow-countrymen was excited, and the *entente cordiale* with the French was broken. As in India, the French were the aggressors.

"In 1682, while the two countries were at peace, two ships fitted out in the St. Lawrence sailed into Hudson Bay and suddenly appeared before Port Nelson, where a fort was in course of erection. No attack being expected, no preparations had been made to defend the place. It had, accordingly, to capitulate unconditionally, and all the Company's servants were carried prisoners to Canada. Such an unprovoked attack in profound peace raised a great outcry in England, and the piratical expedition had to be disowned by the French king, who even promised satisfaction to the Company. But no adequate indemnity appears to have been made."

This was but the first of a series of raids by sea and by land, in peace and in war, until by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, the French surrendered to Great Britain, in full right and for ever, the whole of the Hudson Bay territory. The boundaries between that territory and Canada were never determined, though commissioners were appointed for the purpose, but this was not of serious consequence, inasmuch

as, within the next half century, the French had retired from the scene, and left their rivals in possession of the northern continent. The fall of Quebec, followed by the reduction of Canada in 1763, was the turning point in the history of the Company. Up to that time it had done little to extend its trade and develop the resources of the country, but no sooner had the splendid French-Canadian trappers become British subjects than the Company, enlisted their services, and was enabled effectively to exploit the boundless territories covered by its charter. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Laurentian "height of land" to the Frozen Ocean, it could now pursue its policy of friendly intercourse and peaceful commerce with the various tribes of Indians sparsely scattered through the borders of "the great lone land." So successful were its operations that during the next French war (1778-83), when its factories were again surprised by a squadron under Lapérouse, in 1782, it could afford to lose £500,000. The expedition, hardly noticed by the ordinary historian amid the stirring events of the war, is very instructive, illustrating as it does once more the influence of sea power. The object of the expedition was mere havoc and plunder, and in this it was eminently successful. But

"no attempt was made to seize territory, or to permanently hold those stations, which would have been impossible after the naval supremacy of England had been established in the American waters by the brilliant victories of Rodney, Hood, and Drake in the West Indies."

This was the last time the French appeared in Hudson's Bay. The Company's troubles, thenceforth, were with our own kith and kin.

With the natives it never had any quarrels. Its dealings with them through two centuries "present a picture of harmony and good fellowship absolutely unique in the records of international relations." The United States have spent over £100,000,000 on their Indian wars. Not a half-penny was expended, either by the Company or by the British Government, in subduing or keeping in subjection the

numerous tribes beneath their sway. The northern aborigines were, no doubt, on the whole, less fierce and warlike than the southern tribes, but this does little to account for a phenomenon so marked. Much more was due to the policy adopted from the first, both by the Company and the Crown, towards "Our American Subjects," as the natives, in official documents, were called.

"It was the practice to train white hands for the administrative part of the service, and these were duly impressed with the standing orders, that the Indians were not to be cheated or harmed in any way, but, on the contrary, relieved in their distress, even when there were no great prospects of returns. In case of misdeeds they were to be treated leniently, and not shot down indiscriminately for every petty theft or act of violence. Other much more effective means were adopted to maintain order and foster a feeling of confidence amongst the natives. . . . This certainty of punishment acted upon the savage mind with all the power of a superstition. Felons trembled before the white man's justice as in the presence of the Almighty."

Widely different was the effect of the policy pursued by the rival associations which sprang up in Canada after 1763. "The Indians were demoralised body and soul by the abundance of ardent spirits with which the rival traders sought to attract them to themselves; the worst passions of both whites and natives were inflamed to their fiercest," and it was only after many years of internecine and destructive warfare that in 1821, the companies, mutually exhausted, amalgamated, and obtained a further charter of exclusive trade for one-and-twenty years. The monopoly, which by the Declaration of Rights had been invalidated was now made absolute, and remained unchallenged till 1859, when it was declared illegal. Ten years afterwards the Company gave up its shadowy rights to the Canadian Government in return for an indemnity of £300,000 and an absolute grant of seven million acres in the most fertile portion of its territories, together with large blocks of land round all their forts and trading stations. Since 1869 the Company has had no other advantages except its character

and its organisation. Of all the great historical chartered bodies, this is the only one that has survived the surrender of its privileges. Its interests are still promoted sedulously by "a loyal and well-trained corps of considerably over a thousand servants and agents, comprising many English, Scotch, and French Canadians, besides the half-breeds of English and French speech, who still constitute the dominant element." Throughout the "Great Lone Land" their influence is paramount, being based, our authors add, "upon their traditional just and humane treatment of their servants and native 'American Subjects.'" This great association has sometimes paid enormous dividends, at other times it has paid no dividend at all; but, on the whole, and in the midst of all its fortunes, it has proved that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."

For more than two centuries after the incorporation of the Hudson's Bay Company, the system of chartered companies was in abeyance. No new company was formed between 1670 and 1882, when the British North Borneo Company was founded on the Royal Charter issued in the previous year. This was followed by the Royal Niger Company in 1886, by the the now defunct Imperial British East Africa Company in 1888, and by the British South Africa Company in 1889. The period of monopolies appeared to have passed away. The economists, with the exception of John Stuart Mill, and with the earlier but doubtful exception of Adam Smith, had declared against the principle of chartered companies. The latter did not object to temporary monopolies. They might be vindicated

"upon the same principles upon which a like monopoly of a new machine is granted to its inventor, or that of a new book to its author. But upon the expiration of the term, the monopoly ought certainly to determine; the forts and garrisons, if it was found necessary to establish any, to be taken into the hands of Government, their value to be paid to the Company, and the trade to be laid open to all the subjects of the State."^{*}

^{*} *Wealth of Nations*, Book V. chap. i.

Mill, in his *Representative Government*, published in 1861 (p. 138, People's Edition), is more pronounced.

"A free country which attempts to govern a distant dependency, inhabited by a dissimilar people, by means of a branch of its own executive, will almost inevitably fail. The only mode which has any chance of tolerable success is to govern through a delegated body of a comparatively permanent character, allowing only a right of inspection, and a negative voice, to the changeable administration of the State. . . . It is of no avail to say that such a delegated body cannot have all the requisites of good government. . . . Real good government is not compatible with the conditions of the case. There is but a choice of imperfections. The problem is, so to construct the governing body that, under the difficulties of the position, it shall have as much interest as possible in good government, and as little in bad. Now these conditions are best found in an intermediate body."

Whether this problem has been solved, and whether these conditions are being fulfilled in the constitution and administration of existing chartered companies, and especially in the British South Africa Company, is the great question of the controversy gathering round us, and in which we hope to take our part.

ART. VII.—WOMAN UNDER MONASTICISM.

1. *Woman Under Monasticism*. Chapters on Saint-Lore and Convent Life, Between A.D. 500 and A.D. 1500. By LINA ECKENSTEIN. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1896.
2. *Matilda and the Cloister of Hellfde*. Extracts from the Book of Matilda of Magdeburg. Selected and Translated by FRANCIS BEVAN. Nisbet & Co. 1896.
3. *The Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne*. Eighth Volume of the Formation of [No. CLXXIII.]—NEW SERIES, VOL. XXVII. NO. 1. H

Christendom. By THOMAS W. ALLIES, K.C.S.G.
Kegan Paul & Co. 1896.

4. *Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin Catherine of Siena.*
Dictated by her, while in a State of Ecstasy, to her
Secretaries, and completed in the year of our Lord 1370.
Translated from the Original Italian, with an Introduction
on the Study of Mysticism. By ALGAR THOROLD.
Kegan Paul & Co. 1896.

MISS ECKENSTEIN has a subject of unusual interest, and has collected and combined together such a multitude of details that her book will have permanent value for all students of Monastic life. This is by no means its only merit. No one can understand the mental and moral growth of Western Europe who does not study the ten centuries that preceded the Reformation. Unprejudiced and well-informed students of history are agreed that Monasticism favoured some tendencies which were among the most peaceful and progressive of the Middle Ages. Women especially found some of the best sides of their intellectual, moral and emotional life fostered by the convent; although it must be admitted also, as we shall presently show, that some of them found in convent life temptations and opportunities for the display of violent and ill-regulated passions which developed the worst characteristics of their sex. The Reformation brought to light so many abuses in the religious houses of the time, that it is generally forgotten how fully, during several centuries, the monk and the nun enjoyed the esteem and regard of the general public. The convent was a congenial home for the new woman of the Middle Ages, where she secured that right to self-development and social responsibility which, in a more active and advanced form, her more favoured sisters are demanding to-day.

Women played a large part in the social and tribal life of the early ages. Folk-lore, philology, and surviving customs all indicate that in that prehistoric period, which is sometimes

spoken of as the mother-age, women held positions of authority in their tribes. The practice of tith and agriculture, the domestication of some of the smaller animals, and the invention of weaving and spinning, were probably due to women.

"In matters of policy and sex the mother-age established the paramount importance of the woman; it is she who regulates the home, who notes the changes of the seasons, who stores the result of experience, and treasures up the intellectual wealth of the community in sayings which have come down to us in the form of quaint maxims and old-world saws. As for family arrangements, it was inside the tribal group and at the tribal festival that sex unions were contracted; and this festival, traditions of which survive in many parts of Europe to this day, and which was, in its earliest forms, a period of unrestrained license for the women as well as the men, was presided over by the tribal mothers, an arrangement which, in various particulars, affords an explanation of many ideas associated with women in later times."

What has been spoken of as the father-age marks a distinct step in advance. Transient sex unions, which had been the rule, were gradually eliminated by capture and retention of wives from outside the tribal group. Blood sacrifice was checked, and a higher moral standard brought in. But, meanwhile, woman's social influence had waned. When Christianity came in contact with the German tribes, women were chafing against their loss of liberty. The love of domestic life had not penetrated so deeply as to make all content to live as wives and mothers "under conditions formulated by men." The convent opened a new field for their activities. As nuns and abbesses women here found a sphere open to them, and used it in such a way as to command respect, and sometimes even superstitious reverence, in the outside world. We meet frequent instances of lawlessness in these female communities, for the very love of independence ran to riot, but they furnished a home and a career for women who were not willing, or perhaps were unable, to take up the burdens and duties of family life.

The Christianity of the early ages had to face two types

of heathen womanhood in Germany, the priestess and the tribal mother divinity. The heathen priestess finds her later representative in the "wise women" who attracted so much superstitious reverence. One prophetess made a triumphal entry into Verdun in 547, drawing crowds after her and pretending to reveal the future. She defied ecclesiastical censure, and went on her way to the court of the Frankish Queen, Fredegund. In the ninth century the Church had become stronger, and a wise woman, who came from Switzerland to Mainz, was publicly scourged. Yet the people persisted in believing in these women. Witchcraft was the last survival of the mother-age.

"The women who devised love-charms, and brewed manifold remedies for impotence and for allaying the pangs of child-birth, who pretended to control the weather, and claimed the power to turn the milk of a whole village blue, carried on traditions of a very primitive period."

The women saints, like St. Gertrud of Nivelles, whose cloak was hung round those who wished to become mothers, and St. Gunthild, of Biberbach, who was invoked to avert the cattle plague, are in some respects survivals of the heathen priestess. The Virgin Mary herself became heir to the tribal divinities. Her fame increased till the Church crowned it by concessions to the demands of popular faith, which turned public veneration into this new channel. Pope Sergius (687-701) expressly decreed that Mary's festivals should take place on heathen holy days, in order that Pagan celebrations might become associated with the Virgin. "Our Lady" thus gathered to herself the surviving traditions of the heathen age. Her worship was associated with cave, tree, fountain and hill-top, all sites of the primitive cult. Other Bible characters were invested with the emblems of heathen saints.

"The craving for local divinities in itself was heathen; in course of time the cult of the saints altogether remoulded the Christianity of Christ. But the Church of Rome, far from opposing the multitude of those through whom the folk sought intercession with the Godhead, opened her arms wide to all."

Miss Eckenstein supports this position with a wealth of detail which makes it one of the most suggestive sections of her book.

We must now turn to the beginnings of convent life among the Franks. When these fierce and warlike people poured into Gaul they found themselves in the presence of new ideals of life. During the preceding centuries the Church had appropriated the remains of Roman organization. St. Martin of Tours had formed a number of monastic settlements for men, and in the early part of the sixth century a settlement of nuns was founded in the south by Caesarius, Bishop of Arles. He placed it under the care of his sister Caesaria, and drew up a set of rules for the guidance of the community, marked by good sense and a high moral tone.

"Since the Lord," he said, "has willed to inspire us and help us to found a monastery for you, in order that you may abide in this monastery, we have culled spiritual and holy injunctions for you from the ancient fathers; with God's help may you be sheltered, and, dwelling in the cells of your monastery, seeking in earnest prayer the presence of the Son of God, may you say in faith, 'we have found Him whom we sought.' Thus may you be of the number of holy virgins devoted to God, who wait with tapers alight and a calm conscience, calling upon the Lord."

Those who joined the convent were to live on terms of strict equality, without property or servants of their own. The community had none of that enthusiasm for the spread of education which marked the religious houses of a later age. Children under six or seven were not to be received, "nor shall daughters of noble parentage or lowly-born girls be taken in readily to be brought up and educated." Singing filled a large place. The chanting was kept up by relays of the sisters, so that it scarcely ceased night or day. There were classes for reading and writing, whilst domestic occupations, such as cooking, were performed in turns. The nuns wove hangings for churches and made their own garments. They were not allowed to provide dinners and entertainments for churchmen and friends, but might show

hospitality to women from other religious houses. Vows were not to be taken by mere girls. At the Synod of Agde, where Caesarius was present, it was even decreed that no nun should receive the veil before her fortieth year.

The Southern nuns were content to be controlled and protected by men. It was only when the bishops had to do with German women that difficulties as to jurisdiction arose. The nunnery of Poitiers waged quite a war with the Bishop of Bordeaux and his suffragans. It had been founded by Radegund, whose father was leader of the Thuringians, and her mother grand niece of the Gothic king Theodoric. Radegund was captured when a child by King Clothacar, and at the age of twelve was married to her captor. She was devoted to her charities, and often kept Clothacar waiting for his meals, to his intense disgust. If a man of learning came to the Court she would neglect the king to devote herself to him. His majesty declared that he might as well be married to a nun. When her younger brother was put to death by her husband, she turned completely against him. She was not the woman to hesitate. She had once calmly confronted a popular uproar caused by her having set fire to a sacred grove. She went to Noyan, where she cast herself on the protection of its influential bishop. Medardus hesitated to draw down on himself the king's anger, but Radegund's importunity prevailed. "If you refuse to consecrate me, a lamb will be lost to the flock." She was made a deaconess, and offered her embroidered clothes, her jewellery, and her girdle heavy with gold in the Oratory of St. Jumer. The queen was altogether free from that love of magnificent clothes which marked Frankish royalty in those days. She gladly put on the undyed woollen dress of a nun, and settled at Sais, between Tours and Poitiers, where she devoted herself to the relief of all kinds of distress. She was a woman of real practical genius, and shrank from no disease, not even from leprosy. When she saw how much need there was for such work, she formed a settlement for women just outside Poitiers. It had a wall round it, and looked like a fortress. When it was finished, the sisters

marched out in procession, whilst crowds watched them from the roofs of Poitiers. Clothacar came with his son to fetch Radegund home, but she declared that she would die rather than return. At last she was allowed to have her way.

One of her pupils was chosen abbess, but Radegund was the real mistress. Her influence in State affairs had by no means diminished with her departure from Court, and in the stormy times that followed she played a considerable part as peacemaker. She taught her nuns to pray for the king's safety, and sent letters to the chief men urging them to work together for the good of the land. Fortunatus, a fashionable man of letters, had been driven from Ravenna when the Longobards captured that city in 568. He wandered from place to place, entertained by prince or bishop, and paying his bill by his complimentary verses. Passing through Poitiers, on his way to the shrine of St. Martin at Tours, he met Radegund, whose intellectual force and simple mode of life greatly impressed him. He recalls the holy women of the past, and says :

"She exemplifies whatever is praiseworthy in them. I come across deeds in her such as I have only read about before. Her spirit is clothed with flesh that has been overcome, and which, while yet abiding in her body, holds all things cheap as dross. Dwelling on earth, she has entered heaven, and, freed from the shackles of sense, seeks companionship in the realms above. All pious teaching is food for her."

This is high praise from the man whose hymns "*Pange, lingua, gloriosi,*" and "*Vexilla regis prodeunt,*" became famous throughout Christendom. Fortunatus adopted the religious life, and was in constant communication with Radegund and her abbess Agnes, whose society helped him to forget the land of his birth. He sends them flowers to deck the altar of their church ; they supply him with milk, prunes, eggs, and tempting dishes. We can still read his thanks for a meal of several courses which came from their well-stored table. He calls Radegund and Agnes his mother and sister, and tells them they each possess one half of him, and that Radegund is "the light of his eyes."

"My dear mother, my sweet sister," he writes, "what shall I say, left alone in the absence of the love of my heart? May a good night enfold my mother and my sister; this brings them the good wishes of a son and a brother. May the choir of angels visit your hearts and hold sweet converse with your thoughts. The time of night forces me to be brief in my greetings; I am sending only six lines of verse for you both!"

This friendship forms a pleasing picture of convent life before it had lost its freedom. Radegund was a practical woman, but she had a fine taste and a keen love of literature. Her death in 587 was a painful blow to her settlement, which now numbered two hundred nuns. Gregory, of Tours, who buried his old friend, tells how they crowded round her bier bewailing their loss.

Agnes, the first abbess, died two years later. The convent chose Leubover to succeed her. But Chrodiel, one of the inmates, relying on her near relationship to King Charibert, persuaded forty nuns to take an oath to remove Leubover and appoint her as abbess. A daughter of King Chilperic was also in the house and she joined the revolt. The party actually withdrew from the monastery to lay their complaints before their royal relatives. They appealed to Gregory at Tours, then Chrodiel went on to the court of King Guntchram. When she came back to Tours to wait for the Convocation of Bishops who were to decide her appeal, many of her followers had disbanded, of whom some had married. The arrival of the bishops was delayed so that the women retired to Poitiers, where they took possession of the basilica of St. Hilary. Many adventurers and criminals cast in their lot with these royal ladies, who said, "We are queens, and we shall not return to the monastery unless the abbess is deposed." The bishops met and called on the women to come into the house, but they stoutly refused. The prelates came to the basilica and urged them to comply, but in vain. The ban of excommunication was now pronounced. For answer the contumacious women and their disreputable followers attacked the prelates. Bishops and clergy fled helter-skelter, and

one deacon was so terrified that he rode straight into the river, not even taking time to go down to the ford. The redoubtable Chrodiel now conceived a plan for bearing off the abbess. An armed band entered the convent by night. The abbess, who had a gouty foot, had been carried on the first alarm into the Oratory, and laid in front of the Holy Cross. One of the villains was about to kill her with his sword when a companion stabbed him. Meanwhile, the prioress and some of the sisters spread the altar cloth over the abbess and put out the candles. The prioress was herself carried off in mistake. The sky grew lighter on their way to the basilica, so that the mistake was discovered. She was released, but the abbess was secured and imprisoned. Then the marauders returned to the abbey and plundered it. Chrodiel was now triumphant. Before long the tide turned. She was attacked by a strong force and her followers severely chastised. The bishops found the charges against the abbess frivolous, and the two royal termagants went off to the court of King Childebert. Basina afterwards sought forgiveness and was permitted to return to the convent. Chrodiel was of sterner stuff. She went to live at a country residence granted to her by the King, and thus the woman that had for two years defied peers and prelates passes from the field of view. Within a year we find another lady who had been disappointed of the succession as abbess making trouble at Tours. "She did so much evil," says her contemporary Gregory, "it were difficult to tell of it all."

Women who were "vowed to God" did not always live in monasteries but sometimes stayed at home. Even in a religious house they were not always safe from being captured and thrown into subjection. The whole system was as yet unfixed. Benedict, of Nursia, published his famous "Rule" about the same time as Caesarius drew up his at Arles. During the first centuries there had been many attempts to formulate some scheme for "an ideal existence outside the pale of social duties and family relations, in which piety, work, and benevolence should be blended in

just proportions." Benedict's "Rule" came nearest to the ideal standard. It spread rapidly, and served as a model for reforming the life of existing settlements. The rules drafted by various leaders of monastic thought were not at first regarded as mutually exclusive. St. Columban, who came from Ireland at the close of the sixth century, founded a number of convents in Elsass, Switzerland, and Germany. In later times these became obnoxious to Rome. Ireland claimed independence of the Papal See. The houses founded by Irishmen also claimed their freedom, and remained separate from those which accepted the rule of Benedict. But if there were many unsettled questions, the monastic houses were growing more numerous and were amassing vast wealth. At one time two-thirds of the soil of France was in the hands of the representatives of "religion." King Dagobert, who ascended the throne in 628, made the abbey of St. Denis the richest in his realm. His son, a prince of feeble intellect, was also a great patron of monasticism. His wife Balthild belonged to one of the noble families of Wessex, and favoured all religious settlements which were in direct connection with princesses of the Anglo-Saxon race. She had been sold as a captive slave in Paris. Her great beauty and attraction made the king's chief officer eager to marry her. But she hid herself and escaped. The king made her his wife, and when he became imbecile through his excesses, she and the house-mayor governed France in the interest of her little sons. She is said to have administered "the affairs of the kingdom masculine wise and with great strength of mind." Her bitter experience made her an energetic opponent of slavery, and she forbade the sale of Christians in any part of France.

When free from royal cares Queen Balthild lived in a palace near the convent of Chelles, which she had founded and frequently visited.

"A fond mother, she loved the nuns like her own daughters, and obeyed as her mother the holy abbess whom she had herself appointed; and in every respect she did her duty, not like a mistress but like a faithful servant. Also with the humility of a strong

mind she served as an example ; she did service herself as cook to the nuns, she looked after cleanliness,—and, what can I say more !—the purest of pearls, with her own hands she removed filth's impurities."

She sent her royal girdle, a mass of gold and jewels, to one abbess, and she and her sons gave the site for the great monastery at Jumièges. She died about 680, and was enrolled among the saints, as were all the women of this period who founded religious houses. Bede tells us that Englishwomen frequently went abroad to Frankish convents, and sometimes settled there for life. Not a few princesses of Kent and East Anglia became abbesses on the Continent. Brie was ruled successively by three English princesses. In our own country a great proportion of the women who founded religious houses belonged to reigning families. A princess received a grant of land from her husband on her marriage. She was at liberty to dispose of this and the property she inherited from her father by will. She often availed herself of this opportunity to found a religious house, where she established her daughters and herself sought retreat during her husband's life or after his death. Eadbald, of Kent, settled a piece of land at Folkestone on his daughter Eanswith, and there, about 630, she founded what is regarded as the first religious settlement for women in England. It is said that after she went to live at Folkestone, a heathen king of Northumbria wished to marry her. The princess said he must first prevail on his gods to lengthen a beam. The suitor exerted all his arts but retired baffled. The convent was destroyed by the Vikings. Its site was given to Christ Church, Canterbury, in 927. Another page of our early annals reminds us that royal ladies were the chief patrons of Christianity in England. Queen Aethelburg, who fled from the north with her children after her husband was slain at Hatfield in 633, settled at Liming, in Kent, where she seems to have founded a house both for monks and nuns. Mildthrith (or Mildred), the abbess of a famous religious settlement in Thanet, enjoyed a wider influence than any other woman saint. Churches were dedicated to

her in London, Oxford, Canterbury, and other places. She was sent abroad to Chelles for her education. The abbess of that house is said to have cast her into a burning furnace because she refused to marry one of her kinsmen. Mildred, it is needless to add, came forth unharmed. She escaped to England. The stone on which she first stepped retained the print of her feet, and the dust scraped from it had the virtue of curing disease. Piety did not destroy her sense of humour. A bell-ringer once dropped asleep in church. Mildred gave him a blow on the ear, saying, "Understand, fellow, that this is an oratory to pray in, not a dormitory to sleep in."

Oswald's reign in Northumbria was a time of vigorous religious life, as religion was then understood. He had formed a warm friendship with Aidan, who came to Lindisfarne to help him in his effort to Christianise his people. The bishop spent much time at court advising Oswald in his religious work. He consecrated the first Northumbrian nun. She presided over a convent founded at Hartlepool, in Durham. After Oswald was slain, in 642, Aidan found a patron in Oswy. He persuaded Hild, who was waiting for an opportunity of crossing to France, to settle with a few companions on the river Wear. She afterwards became abbess at Hartlepool, and thence moved to Whitby. Bede says that Aidan and "all the religious men who knew her, were wont to visit her constantly, to love her devotedly, and to instruct her diligently, on account of her innate wisdom, and her delight in the service of God." She was very intent on establishing what was regarded as the regular monastic discipline. When Oswy finally routed Penda's army, he committed his little daughter, who was not a year old, to Hild. The abbess now resolved to establish a new convent at Whitby. Here, as at Hartlepool, she

"taught the strict observance of justice, piety and chastity, and of the other virtues, but mostly of peace and charity, so that, after the example of the primitive Church, there was therein no one rich, no one poor; all things were common to all, since nothing seemed to be the private property of anyone."

Hild's counsel was sought, not only by common folk, but by kings and princes. She made her students give much attention to reading the Scriptures, and trained them in all good works. Five of them became bishops. The monastic property stretched for many miles along the coast. The settlement consisted of a large group of buildings, some for men, some for women, and an outlying house for the sick. Houses and churches with their own bands of religious votaries lay in other parts of the monastic estates. These also were subject to the abbess of Whitby. Hild induced Cædmon, the most celebrated of the vernacular poets of Northumbria, to join her monastery, and the practice of reading the Scriptures there made him familiar with the old Hebrew stories. Bede says, when he had turned a passage of Scripture into excellent verse, the abbess ordered him to be received into the house, and

"to be instructed in the whole course of sacred history. And he converted into most sweet song whatever he could learn from hearing, by thinking it over by himself, and, as though a clean animal, by ruminating; and by making it resound more sweetly, made his teachers in turn his hearers."

Hild died in 680. She was succeeded by Oswy's daughter, who had been placed under her care as an infant. Oswy's Queen, Eanflæd, had joined her daughter in the monastery ten years before, at her husband's death. It was Eanflæd to whom the famous bishop Wilfrith owed his education. He had attracted her attention as a youth, and had been sent by her into Kent to finish his training. He lived for some time in Italy in the society of Bennet Biscop, and was abbot of Ripon at the time of the famous Whitby Synod. When Colman, who upheld the claims of British Christianity, was defeated by those who advocated the Supremacy of Rome, he retreated to the north. Wilfrith was appointed Archbishop of York. He was a man of brilliant intellect, but restless and wilful. Ecgrith, King of Northumbria, had married Aethelthrit in 664, four years before the Whitby Synod. He was a youth of fifteen, and his wife a widow of thirty. On her arrival in the north she conceived a great

admiration for Wilfrith, and gave him the property at Hexham which she had received from her husband. Here Wilfrith built a church, which was regarded as the most wonderful building on this side of the Alps. The queen treated her husband with contumely, and let him know that she loved no man more than Wilfrith. Ten years after their marriage the queen went to live in a monastery, where Wilfrith gave her the veil. She afterwards retired to the island in the fens given her by her first husband. Here in 673, according to the Anglo-Saxon chronicle, she began the monastery of Ely. The hill on which it stood was surrounded by a wilderness of marsh and water. Men and women flocked to her settlement. Bede says she

"began both by example and by admonition of heavenly life to be a virgin mother of very many virgins. . . . She wore no linen, only wool, rarely used a warm bath, save on the eve of great festivals, and assisted at the washing of others."

Aethelthrithe only lived for six or seven years after she founded Ely, but it had already gained great importance. Her sister, widow of the King of Kent, succeeded her as abbess. Her daughter, another royal lady, and her granddaughter, the famous St. Werburg, afterwards ruled over the monastery. St. Werburg was a woman of great cheerfulness and benevolence, and of a peaceful and happy disposition. When the Vikings invaded England in 875, her body was carried to Chester for safety, and thus that town gained its patron saint.

After Aethelthrithe left her husband, Wilfrith had to bear the brunt of Ecgrith's anger. He was thrown into prison, but was offered his liberty if he would submit to royal authority and renounce Rome. The new queen appropriated the reliquary which the bishop had brought from Rome and wore it as an ornament. Wilfrith lay nine months in prison. It is said that he owed his release to a miracle. The king and queen were staying at Coldingham Abbey when her majesty was suddenly taken ill. "At night she was seized like the wife of Pilate by a devil, and, worn out by many ills, hardly expected to see the day alive."

The abbess went to the king and told him that this was a punishment for their treatment of Wilfrith. She urged the king to set him free and return "the holy relics which the queen took from him and, like the ark of God, carried about with her to her harm." Wilfrith was thus set at liberty. He sought refuge in Mercia and then in Wessex, but in both kingdoms the queens hated him, and he was forced at last to retire to the South Saxons.

Aebbe, the abbess who had pleaded for Wilfrith's release, was also a friend of Cuthbert, whom she invited to her monastery. He spent some days there expounding the ways of justice to all. "These," Bede says, "he not only preached, but to the same extent he practised." Tradition told how he went one night to pray on the deserted beach. The seals came out of the water and clustered around him. Some disorders occurred under Aebbe's rule at Coldingham. An Irish visitor had a vision of its destruction by fire, which he told the abbess was an impending retribution for the lives of the inmates.

"For even the dwellings which were built for praying and reading are now converted into places of revelling, drinking, conversation, and other forbidden things; the virgins who are vowed to God, laying aside all respect for their profession, whenever they have leisure spend all their time in weaving fine garments with which they adorn themselves like brides, to the detriment of their condition, and to secure the friendship of men outside."

The abbess of Whitby, Aelflaed, also entertained unbounded reverence for Cuthbert. Once, when suffering so severely from cramp that she could hardly creep along, she told a friend, "I would I had something belonging to my dear Cuthbert, for I believe and trust in the Lord that I should soon be restored to health." Cuthbert sent her a linen girdle which completely cured her. One of the nuns was also cured by it of a headache. Then the girdle disappeared. Bede argues :

"If this girdle had remained present, the sick would always flock to it; and whilst some one of these might not be worthy to be healed, its efficacy to cure might have been denied,

whereas their own unworthiness was perhaps to blame. Therefore, as was said above, Heaven so dealt its benevolence that, after the faith of believers had been confirmed, then immediately the opportunity for detraction was entirely withdrawn from the malice of the unrighteous."

The abbess Aelflaed was one of the noted women of her time, who "increased the lustre of her royal lineage with the higher nobility of a more exalted virginity." Another writer styles her "the most virtuous virgin who is actually a king's daughter," and says she was "ever the comforter and best counsellor of the whole province."

The monasteries for women were great educational centres. The noble youth Guthlac repaired to Repton in 694 to study under its abbess. His progress was esteemed wonderful. In two years he learnt the psalms, canticles, hymns, and prayers after the ecclesiastical order. His refusal to drink wine was, however, resented in the monastery. He finally turned to Crowland, in the Fen country, where he lived the life of a solitary. The abbess of Repton sent him as a gift a coffin of wood and lead, together with a linen winding sheet. At the famous abbey of Barking young children were received for education.

The great scholar Ealdhelm, who flourished at the beginning of the eighth century, wrote his elaborate treatise on Virginity for the community at Barking. Ealdhelm was said to be continually in the company of ladies. He compares the sisters at Barking to bees who collected everywhere material for study. Sometimes, he says, you study the Prophets, sometimes the Books of the Law,

"now skilfully tracking the fourfold wording of the Gospel story, expounded in the mystic commentaries of the Catholic fathers, and spiritually bared to the kernel, and disposed fitly according to the four-square pattern of ecclesiastical usage, namely, according to the letter, allegory, tropology, and anagogy, now carefully searching into the writers of history and into the collections of chronographers, who have handed down the changing events of the past in wording that impresses the mind."

Ealdhelm was somewhat exercised in mind by the dress of many nuns whom he had met.

"A vest of fine linen of a violet colour is worn, above it a scarlet tunic with a hood, sleeves striped with silk and trimmed with red fur; the locks on the forehead and the temples are crisped with a curling-iron, the dark head-veil is given up for white and coloured head-dresses which, with bows of ribbons sewn on, reach down to the ground; the nails, like those of a falcon or sparrow-hawk, are pared to resemble talons.

An account of the monastery at Wimbourne for both men and women shows that no man might enter the convent save the priests who came to celebrate mass. They withdrew as soon as service was over. A nun was not allowed to leave the premises save under reasonable cause and with consent of the abbess. The abbess herself gave orders in business matters through a window.

The British Christians who evangelised the valleys leading up from the Rhine into the lake districts of Bavaria and Switzerland held many customs obnoxious to Rome. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, spent more than thirty years in extending, organising, and systematising the power of Rome in that country. He was a Wessex man, brought up at Nutshalling, near Winchester. After he went abroad in 716, he maintained friendly relations with many nunneries in England, and invited both men and women from this country to share his labours. He had an extraordinary faculty of awaking enthusiasm in his plans. One of his correspondents was Eadburg, abbess of the monastery in Thanet.

"Often," he says, "gifts of books and vestments, the proofs of your affection, have been to me a consolation in misfortune. So I pray that you will continue as you have begun, and write for me in gold characters the Epistles of my master, the holy apostle Peter, to the honour and reverence of Holy Writ before mortal eyes while I am preaching, and because I desire always to have before me the words of him who led me on my mission."

He trusts "her words may shine in gold to the glory of the Father in heaven."*

* The art of writing in gold on parchment had come from Italy. Wilfrith had the four Gospels "written in purest gold on purple-coloured parchment." Boniface felt that in his "dark remoteness among German peoples man must come to the distress of death had he not the Word of God as a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his paths."

One of the English ladies who went over to help Boniface was Lioba, who had been educated from an early age at Wimbourne, and became abbess at Bischofsheim. Lioba had a prepossessing appearance and engaging manners. She had great strength of purpose and never taught what she did not practice.

"She was affable and kindly without exception towards everyone. She was as beautiful as an angel; her talk was agreeable, her intellect was clear; her abilities were great; she was a Catholic in faith; she was moderate in her expectations and wide in her affections. She always showed a cheerful face, but she was never drawn into hilarity. No one ever heard a word of abuse pass her lips, and the sun never went down on her anger. In eating and drinking she was liberal to others, but moderate to herself, and the cup out of which she usually drank was called by the sisters 'the little one of our beloved' on account of its smallness."

Lioba never laid aside her book save to pray or to sleep. She zealously read her Bible and the Fathers, and showed a fine discretion in all her conduct.

"She was aware that inclination is necessary for prayer and for study, and she was therefore moderate in holding vigils. She always took a rest after dinner, and so did the sisters under her, especially in summer time, and she would not suffer others to stay up too long, for she maintained that the mind is keener for study after sleep."

Lioba went to stay with Boniface at Mainz in 757, before he set out on his fatal mission to the Frisians. He gave her his cloak, and bade her be faithful to her work whatever might befall him. Princes and noblemen loved and consulted her.

But it was the noble ladies of the day to whom these endowed colleges opened a delightful retreat. The young noble of those times had a full life packed with adventure in camp and court. His sisters stayed at home, cut off from congenial society and from all opportunity of enlarging their mental horizon. To enter such a settlement as that over which Lioba presided was itself a liberal education. The daughters of nobles who fought the battles of the Church here found shelter and training. They left in

due course to be married. Religious and classical writers were studied. Spinning, weaving, and embroidery were taught. Some of the nuns studied common law and were able to hold their own in disputations with the learned men of the time. We have seen how men who attained distinction were trained in nunnery schools. Histories and a chronicle of unique value owed their origin to the Saxon abbesses. Some of the nuns gained reputation as poets and letter writers. The nuns were also active philanthropists. A book published under the auspices of Hildegard, dealing with the use of natural products in health and disease, forms a landmark in the history of medicine in the Middle Ages. The fact that after the monastic revival of the eleventh and twelfth centuries a considerable number of women's houses were founded at the instigation of men, shows how much their influence was appreciated.

Henry the First's queen was brought up in the monastery at Romsey. Her aunt, who was an inmate of that house, put a piece of black cloth on the girl's head to protect her against the violence of the Normans, and when Matilda removed it, gave her blows and bad language. "So I, trembling and indignant, wore the veil in her presence. But as soon as I could get out of her sight, I snatched it off and trampled it under foot." Her father, who saw the veil on her head, tore it off, saying that he intended her to marry. These facts came out in evidence when Henry wished to make the English princess his wife. Anselm convened a chapter at Lambeth to consider Matilda's position, and then declared her free. He married her to Henry in Westminster Abbey. Matilda retained a taste for scholarly pursuits, and patronised scholars and men of letters. She was on very familiar terms with Anselm, and urged him to abstain from his severe fasting.

The great order of St. Gilbert of Sempringham was founded by a native of Lincolnshire in the early part of the twelfth century. After his return from France, where he had been sent for his education, Gilbert became a teacher of boys and girls. His father gave him the living of

Sempringham. Here he attracted many of the poor and humble about him. He built suitable dwellings round the church for seven nuns whom he had taught, and the lay sisters that waited on them. He also provided homes for the poor, the infirm, lepers and orphans. The great houses of the early English period had passed away in the North, and no new houses for women had been formed. Gilbert's settlement attracted so many ladies that he visited France to induce the Cistercians to take the control of his settlement. The assembly at Citeaux could not see its way to accept this new responsibility, and persuaded Gilbert to preside over it himself. Bernard of Clairvaux and Malachy, bishop of Armagh, therefore presented him with an abbot's staff. On his return to England he formed his own Rule. Dwellings for men and women stood near to each other, the convent precincts and the church were divided between them. The prior who ruled over the men had also chief authority over the women, but they had three prioresses of their own who held office conjointly. The property of the house consisted largely of sheep under the care of a number of shepherds, and a "procurator" who bought and sold. The ewes were regularly milked by the workers. The lay sisters spun and wove the wool of which the nuns made garments. The women cooked food and made clothes for the men as well as for themselves. Meals were passed into the men's quarters through a hole in the wall with a turn-table, by which the empty plates and dishes were returned. There was a librarian who kept the keys of the bookcase. Each canon or nun had to take the book allotted to them without quarrelling. Pictures and sculptures were declared superfluous, and the crosses used were of painted wood. Each nun had to take her turn as cook for a week. Girls were admitted to the house at the age of twelve, and when twenty chose whether they would be lay sisters or nuns. Gilbert's work gave a great impetus to monastic life. Estates were bestowed on him and monasteries founded in various districts—chiefly in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. The order gradually ceased however to attract women, and at the time

of the Dissolution several foundations made for both sexes were occupied only by men.

One literary work produced in an Elsass nunnery in the twelfth century must not be overlooked. The abbess Herrad compiled an encyclopædic work representing in pictures and in words the knowledge of her age. This "Garden of Delights," one of the finest of our illuminated manuscripts, was destroyed at the siege of Strasburg in 1870. The pictures, which traced the whole course of Bible history, were placed beside the text, and in most cases were divided into three sections standing one above the other. The figures were about four inches high, but in some cases much larger. After they had been drawn in outline, the colouring was laid on bit by bit, shadows and high lights were added, and finally the dark outlines were again gone over.

Hildegard of Bingen, whose prophetic revelations enjoyed so great a vogue in the thirteenth century, was the trusted adviser of Emperor and Pope. Her works won the highest tribute from Bernard of Clairvaux, who unhesitatingly accepted them as inspired. Elizabeth of Schönau wrote "Visions," which greatly stirred the clergy and the common people. The Convent of Helfta, near Eisleben, furnished a brilliant succession of literary mystics in the thirteenth century. Mrs. Bevan has given an alluring picture of this community in her *Matilda and the Cloister of Helfde*. The abbess Gertrude was a woman of wonderful liberality and zeal for the advancement of knowledge. Yet she took part in the common employments of the sisterhood, and however busy she might be, always found time to visit any who were sick. Mechthild, or Matilda, of Magdeburg was the great literary light of the community, and is held by many to be the Matilda of Dante's *Purgatorio*. She had belonged to the famous order of Beguines, but was at last compelled to seek refuge in a convent because her writings had drawn on her the hostility of the clergy. Mrs. Bevan gives a very interesting account of her life and writings. Here is a specimen of her strong sense.

"It is right to go every day into the kitchen and to see that

the needful provisions are good, so that our stinginess, or the cook's laziness, may not rob the Lord of the bodily strength of his servants. A hungry mouth will sing the Lord's praises ill, and a hungry man is little fit for study, and this is so much taken from the Lord's service."

The chart of instructions for the cellaress at Barking about the year 1400 gives us some insight into daily life at that famous abbey. When she came into office she had to look after the amounts due from farmers and tax-gatherers, so that they might be paid as soon as possible. The cellaress provided and dealt out food, managed the receipts from the home farm, sold ox skins and other "issues of the larder." She provided twenty-two oxen a year for the table, and is told that "she shall slay but every fortnight if she be a good housewife." She buys fresh and salted herring, provides eighteen salt fish, and fourteen or fifteen salt salmon, for the convent in Lent. The thirty-six inmates receive twopence each for crisps and crumcakes at Shrovetide. Many other details are given in Miss Eckenstein's pages.

Mr. Allies' volume on *The Monastic Life* covers a wide range, dealing with Antony and with the great leaders of Monasticism down to the time of Charlemagne. The writer is an intense Romanist, so that his testimony must be received with considerable caution. His material is drawn largely from Montalembert's classic, and from Bede's invaluable history. The study opens with the foundation of the first monastery by Pachomius, who not only had his foundation for men, but opened a nunnery, under the care of his sister, on the opposite bank of the Nile. The nuns pursued the same round of daily life as the brethren. They prayed in community at fixed times during the day and night, reciting a certain number of hymns.

"Each prayed alone, and contemplated the mysteries of the faith, or the sentences and teachings of Holy Writ, during their work, whether it consisted of the household duties, cooking, baking, washing, and working in the garden, or of separate manual labours. They spun out the yarn of which they wore their garments, and if they had more than was required of their community, they made clothes for the poor and gave them away."

The picture of Radegund is not less impressive than Miss Eckenstein's, and we form close acquaintance with the galaxy of English princesses who played so prominent a part in the Christianity of our country. One chapter is devoted to "Hilda, Elfleda, and Etheldreda." Hilda, at Whitby, was a light to the whole land, both abbess and princess. Elfleda proved herself a worthy successor, whilst Etheldreda of Ely "became the most popular of English saints." Her name softened into Audrey "betokened not only reverence, but a sort of domestic love." Mr. Allies' book throws light on the early centuries, and helps us to understand more clearly the enormous influence of Monasticism in this country and over the Continent of Europe.

Miss Eckenstein confines her study mainly to Germany and England. It is interesting to compare her mystic nuns with the greatest and noblest representative of that school in Italy—St. Catherine of Siena—who imposed her will on Popes and princes, and made a memorable protest against the corruption of papal and priestly circles. Her *Dialogue* is a mystical exposition of the creeds which lays bare every turn of the road we must all tread, and is full of subtle analysis. It is, on the whole, eminently Scriptural and Evangelical, so that any Christian may read it with profit. We find a touch of fanaticism in the saint's desire to see a sweat of blood issue from her body, so that she might bring remedy to the evils and troubles that had come upon the Church and the world. The perfection of those "who give themselves up wholly to the castigation of the body, doing great and severe penance," is also praised. There are some passages which reveal the zealous Romanist, but the chief historic interest of the *Dialogue* consists in its castigation of the wicked clergy. St. Catherine does not wish them "to feed upon and wallow in the mire of filth, or to be inflated by pride, seeking great prelacies." Secular persons have no right, however, to correct the faults of the priests—that must be left to their spiritual superiors. St. Catherine shows how God resents the wrong done by these men :

"In whatever direction thou mayest look among secular and

religious priests, clerics and prelates, small and great, young and old, and of every kind, thou wilt see nothing but offences against Me and the stench of mortal sin, which they all inhale ; which stench, indeed, hurts Me not at all, but themselves grievously."

Some of them chose the public tavern for their table, and were rogues and cheats, who "having played for their soul, and lost it to the Devil, stake the goods of the Church," cheating and gambling with its revenues. The ornaments of the churches are placed in their own homes, "for these incarnate demons adorn with Church property their she-devils, with whom they live shamelessly in iniquity and impurity." They looked on without a blush when these women and their children came up with their offerings to the altar at which they officiated. In a few strong words the veil is lifted, so that we see the corruptions of monastic life. In strong contrast to this vice, we have a beautiful tribute to Francis and Dominic, examples of poverty and zeal for the truth. No one who reads this Dialogue will fail to understand why St. Catherine was both feared and hated.

The Dissolution of the Monasteries in the sixteenth century was marked by great harshness. But the hardships to which monks and nuns were subjected, the fearful waste of property, and the senseless destruction of art treasures, must not blind us to the fact that the monasteries had done their work. Miss Eckenstein is a friendly critic, yet she thus sums up :

"The instances of scandalous living recorded are numerous, and affect alike the inmates of men's and women's houses. Coloured as they may be to suit the temper of inquisitor and informer, there is no denying that they point to an advanced stage of monastic decay."

Erasmus differs widely from the panegyrist of "Holy Maidenhood," who lived three centuries earlier. Then the nun seemed to be a free woman, and the wife a slave. Erasmus reverses the verdict. He insists that there is no reason why a woman should enter a convent ; she might as well stay in the world and remain unmarried, if she chose. There was nothing now to be gained by immuring women,

as there was in the dark ages, when they found a refuge and a vocation inside the nunnery.

Thomas Fuller pays this tribute to the convents :

“ They were good she-schools wherein the girls and maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and work ; and sometimes a little Latin was taught them therein. Yea, give me leave to say, if such feminine foundations had still continued, provided no vows were obtruded upon them (virginity is least kept where it is most constrained), haply the weaker sex, besides the avoiding modern inconveniences, might be heightened to a higher perfection than hitherto hath been attained.”

We who have our Girtons and Newnhams may surely sympathise with Fuller's verdict. It would have been a happy thing for England if the revenues of the great religious houses, instead of swelling the coffers of Henry the Eighth and his courtiers, had been devoted to the foundation of colleges, public schools and hospitals, temples of industry, and homes for the relief of suffering, which would have blessed our whole nation.

ART. VIII.—DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY.

Democracy and Liberty. By W. E. H. LECKY. London : Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

NO title that we can think of would serve to suggest to the mind of a reader all the matters dealt with in these two portly volumes. Many subjects which have no clear and evident connection with either Democracy or Liberty are treated at great length, in dissertations such as are familiar to the student of Mr. Lecky's writings. As we read, we could not help asking, from time to time, where we were and how we had come thither. Almost every feature of political, industrial, and social life comes up for

discussion and judgment. The prevalence of gambling, the cure of drunkenness, the observance of the Sabbath, the marriage laws of many countries and centuries, the anti-Semite movement, the history of Mormonism, and elementary education are almost as exhaustively dealt with as the matters which pertain more obviously to his subject, such as the advantages of a Second Chamber, and the tendencies to Socialism. Mr. Lecky does not define Democracy, but he is evidently thinking of it in its widest sense, as a great movement of which the forms of government, commonly described as democratic, are only one, though perhaps the most striking, feature. The book before us is really a criticism of the silent yet profound revolution which is going on in the ideas and life of men in the present age. The spirit and goal of that revolution are more adequately indicated by "Democracy" than by any other word, and there is no point of view from which it is more vital to regard it than in its bearing on the principle of liberty, which is the most precious product of human development, and the mainspring of progress.

To present vividly and adequately the various elements in this great revolution, to place them in their true relation to each other, and to apply to them the best principles of judgment supplied by the soundest political, economic, and moral science, is one of the most valuable, as it is one of the most difficult, services which any man can render to his generation. There are few men whom we should have regarded, beforehand, as better fitted to perform such a task than Mr. Lecky. Great subjects have clearly an attraction for him, especially such as require for their treatment a combination of the historian and the philosopher. Nor could he have had a better training than is furnished by the subjects with which he had been previously occupied, for they embrace the great moral movement involved in the displacement of Paganism by Christianity, the great critical movement in which the human mind shed so many of its superstitions, and the complex phenomena of our national life through a whole century—the century preceding and

preparatory to our own. These studies have all revealed great power of research and analysis, wide knowledge, remarkable skill in selecting the facts which bear on any question in hand, and in setting them in new and striking relations, as well as a truly admirable measure of judicial and philosophic impartiality.

May we say at once that, in the present case, we are disappointed with the results? It is not because of the want of unity in these volumes, for the matters treated are far too wide and multitudinous to be surveyed from any one centre, or reduced to a few simple, systematic principles. Neither is it because in some important sections we miss the full and accurate knowledge, and confident handling, which reveal the competent authority, for no man can possibly be an expert in so many and such varied fields. Least of all does it spring from the fact that we dissent from many of the judgments expressed, for, in matters so vast and intricate, it is impossible for any thoughtful man to be dogmatic. It is rather because we miss, with as much surprise as regret, the tone and temper not merely of the philosopher, but even of the student. Mr. Lecky brings some of the less elevated political passions to a task which requires calm and impartial judgment, and constant recognition of the great difficulties involved in public affairs, and of the widely different views which may be honestly taken of what an honourable expediency requires, and allows, in the government of a nation.

We are not concerned to defend Mr. Disraeli, but surely it shows a great want of historical fairness to say that "few pages in our modern political history are more discreditable than the story of the Conservative Reform Bill of 1867."* This judgment may be true, if extensions of the franchise "are mainly, or at least largely, due to rival leaders bidding against each other for popularity: to agitators seeking for party purposes to raise a cry: to defeated statesmen trying, when they are condemned by existing constituencies to

* Vol. i. p. 128.

regain power by creating new ones*"; and such, we are told again and again "seems to have been the chief motives of all our recent degradations of the suffrage."† But if the Conservative party of that time, and its great leader, felt the pressure of mighty social forces, the rush of irresistible currents, if, like men on a floating island, they saw their guiding stars displaced, more consideration ought to be shown to their gropings and leaps into the dark. Still less are we concerned to defend Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy, but there is neither wisdom nor fairness in describing it, in all its later stages, as a masterpiece of political profligacy. All who have read the pages in the opening volume of his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, in which Mr. Lecky reviews the fatal course of English rule in Ireland, will not wonder at the complicated problem which Ireland has presented to our statesmen, nor at the impossibility of dealing with it in exact accordance with the nice maxims of economists and constitutional lawyers. If Mr. Gladstone despaired too quickly of the efficacy of remedial measures, if he estimated too highly the solidity and permanence of the Irish demand for self-government, and too hastily concluded that it could not be resisted, especially under our party system, and that it was as wise as it was just to concede what was demanded before concession had been wrung from us in some great national emergency, undoubtedly he committed a political error of the first magnitude, but he is hardly to be charged with moral turpitude.

By such judgments many of the pages in these volumes are discoloured. The events of 1886, which have wrought lasting changes in many minds, have worked like madness in the brain of Mr. Lecky, as is not unnatural when we consider his close connection with that Irish party which regards itself as having been betrayed after it had been despoiled. These events have disturbed the balance of his judgment, they have constituted a distorting medium through which he sees and considers most political

* Vol. i. p. 215.

† Vol. i. p. 60.

phenomena, and have transformed the tolerant, impartial philosopher, as we see him in his earlier books, into the somewhat narrow, gloomy, bitter partisan of these volumes. It is impossible not to be reminded of the case of Burke, who was similarly affected in his judgment of the whole scheme of national affairs, by the French Revolution. May we commend to Mr. Lecky the memorable words of Burke—among the last he ever wrote—in which we see that great man in renewed possession of himself ?

“ The evil is stated, in my opinion, as it exists. The remedy must be where power, wisdom, and information, I hope, are more united with good intentions than they can be with me. . . It has gives me many anxious moments for the last two years. If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it, the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope, will forward it ; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.”*

The dominant note in these volumes is lamentation over “ the recent degradations of the suffrage.” The author says, “ It does not appear to me that the world has ever seen a better constitution than England enjoyed between the Reform Bill of 1832 and the Reform Bill of 1867.”† But the age of gold is gone. The franchise has been twice extended, so that every male householder has the privilege of a vote. As we have seen, this extension has been prompted mainly by the baser motives of personal ambition, and party exigency. It is probable that we are not at the end of this degradation ; a fatal gravitation will land us eventually in manhood, and, it may be, universal suffrage.

“ One of the great divisions of politics in our day is coming to be whether, at the last resort, the world should be governed by its ignorance or by its intelligence. According to the one party, the preponderating power should be with education and property. According to the other, the ultimate source of power, the supreme right of appeal and of control, belongs legitimately

* *Thoughts on French Affairs*, 1795.

† Vol. i. p. 18.

to the majority of the people told by the head—or, in other words, to the poorest, the most ignorant, the most incapable, who are necessarily the most numerous. . . . Towards this we are manifestly travelling.”*

Our political prospect is painted in “the hues of earthquake and eclipse.”

“The great majority of our voters are as ignorant as children of foreign, or Indian, or Irish, or Colonial policy, of the complicated and far-reaching consequences of the constitutional changes, or the great questions relating to commercial or financial policy, on which a general election frequently turns.”

There is among them a very dangerous class, who are chiefly found in the towns, and may “become an important element in many constituencies.”

“They are the kind of men who may be seen loitering listlessly around the doors of every gin-shop, men, who, through drunkenness, idleness, or dishonesty, have failed in the race of life, who either never possessed, or have wholly lost, the taste for honest continuous work; who hang loosely on the verge of the criminal classes, and from whom the criminal classes are chiefly recruited.” “The arts of winning and accumulating votes will become one of the chief parts of practical politics.”

Bribery will be applied in the coarse form of money, or drink, or in the more refined form of promising a Utopia, in which contracts will be broken, debts cancelled, and indolence endowed.

“Envy, covetousness, and prejudice will become great forces in political propagandism. If the poorest, the most numerous, and most ignorant class can be persuaded to hate the smaller class, and to vote solely for the purpose of injuring them, the party manager will have achieved his end.”†

Indeed, every spring of human action will be successfully appealed to, except common sense, sober interest, moral principle, patriotic and benevolent enthusiasm, and all the rest of the noble and permanent sentiments of mankind. The upper and more intelligent class will be reduced to

* Vol. i. p. 21; cf. p. 27.

† Vol. i. pp. 18, 19, 20, 75.

"complete political impotence." All this is as alarming as a nightmare ; but it yields as quickly and completely to calm thought.

We have no motive for depreciating the constitution which England enjoyed between 1832 and 1867. It served the nation well ; though it left to the *régime* which followed it, the establishment of a national system of education, the redress of many glaring ecclesiastical inequalities, the systematic consideration of the manifest grievances of Ireland, and the development of local government ; and though it was hardly more free from "the capricious impulses and unreasoning fluctuations" of public opinion than our present constituencies. But it could not possibly last ; the very forces which brought it into existence, by their progressive action, destroyed it. It did not long retain the merit which our author ascribes to it, of reflecting faithfully the opinions and interests of the nation. Owing to the rapid movements of the time it soon ceased to represent, in their due proportion, the forces at work in the national life. A growing discontent, expressed first in the clamour of the Chartists, and then in the more sober and constitutional demands of which Mr. Bright was the eloquent organ, threatened it from the beginning, and finally overthrew it. Even the most obstinate Tories could defend it no longer, which is the real secret of the easy conversion of his party effected by Mr. Disraeli in 1867. The fact is that behind and beneath, there was one of those mighty currents in human affairs, in which the devout mind of Burke saw "the decrees of Providence." The great mechanical inventions, the improved means of communication, the organisation of industry, the penny newspaper, had brought about a state of things in which our system of Government represented with an inadequacy which was both irrational and perilous the balance of opinions and forces in the nation. Would Mr. Lecky seriously contend that the development of our constitution between the beginning of the century and 1885, outran or departed from the line of our national development ? His ill-natured explanations

are a symptom, which we are pained to discover in him, of that widespread pessimism which afflicts modern thought, as the result of the decay of religious belief.

Wide as the extension of the suffrage has been, is it possible to say that the level of knowledge and intelligence in the average voter has declined? We all remember the conversation about the Great French War, in Mr. Poyser's kitchen,* and although the village schoolmaster took part in it, it moves in a far lower sphere of intelligence than the discussions which may be heard any night in the working men's clubs of the West Riding, or even in the parish rooms of Wiltshire. That the former is fictitious does not invalidate the comparison, for our great novelist knew well the men she was portraying, and their habits of thought. We must not forget the great change which the schoolmaster and the Press have wrought. Of course, if no man ought to have a vote who is not able to give an enlightened opinion on "foreign, or Indian, or Irish, or Colonial policy, or on the complicated and far-reaching consequences of constitutional changes, or the great questions relating to commercial or financial policy," our political system is worthy of Bedlam at full moon, and has been for the last two centuries. But if all that is required of the voter is that he should be intelligent, honest, patriotic, and have an eye for the men most likely to serve the country well, we contend that there is no reason to suppose that any degradation of our politics has been effected by recent extensions of the suffrage.

Nor is it possible to doubt that the level of character in the nation has sensibly risen. Mr. Lecky again and again acknowledges this.

"It appears to me hardly possible to compare the present generation of Englishmen with the generation of our grandfathers and great grandfathers without believing that on the whole English character has improved. . . . Not less conspicuous is the improvement that has taken place in the decorum, civilization, and humanity of the bulk of the poor;

* *Adam Bede*, Book vi. ch. 53.

in the character of their tastes and pleasures ; in their enlarged circle of interests ; in the spirit of providence which, under the influence of savings banks and kindred institutions, has arisen among them. . . . The best index of the moral level of a community is to be found in the amount of unselfish action that is generated within it. I do not believe that there has ever been a period in England or in any other country when more time, thought, money, and labour were bestowed on the alleviation of suffering, or in which a larger number of men and women of all classes threw themselves more earnestly and more habitually into unselfish causes." *

Lest we should conclude at once, as we so naturally might, that this improvement in the national character is a guarantee of the improvement of our political life, these acknowledgments are accompanied by the important remark that

"the politics of a nation and the character of its public men may deteriorate, not because the aggregate intelligence or virtue of the nation has diminished, but simply because the governing power has descended to classes who are less intelligent, less scrupulous, or more easily deceived."

Of this truth America is held to be an illustration. The politics of the United States are low enough, though they can hardly be said to be deteriorating. The causes of this political corruption are well known. Politics cannot be of commanding interest in a country which has no perilous relations with foreign nations, where the great institutions are not attacked, where every vital interest is safeguarded by the constitution, and where a man, by undivided attention to business, can make more in a day than any political abuses can rob him of in a year. If the better classes in this country, where the conditions are so different in all the above respects, should neglect and despise politics, as the better classes in America have recently done, even the dark imagination of Mr. Lecky would not be able to exaggerate the evil consequences. But they can never do this until there has been a great decay of character among them, a failure of energy and courage, which no one supposes to

* Vol. i., pp. 204, 205.

be imminent, and which the peril of interests they hold dear is very unlikely to promote.

Whatever stand the better classes may make for reason and justice will, according to our author, be in vain. He speaks, as we have seen, of "the complete political impotence to which the upper and more intelligent classes are reduced in an unqualified democracy." * Is it possible that he can believe his own words? Who are these classes in such a country as ours? The territorial aristocracy, the great professions, the employers of labour, and not these only. Mr. Lecky says that "the skilled artisans in our great towns have become not only the most energetic, but also one of the most intelligent and orderly elements in English life." He justly adds that no one who knows them well "will deem this an exaggeration."† What will these great classes be doing with their energy, intelligence, and influence, while "the men who loiter listlessly round the door of every gin-shop . . . and hang loosely on the verge of the criminal classes," are destroying, at the bidding of some windy or designing demagogue, all that has made our country great? You cannot by any contrivance reduce wealth and position, to say nothing of energy of character, wisdom, and righteousness to "complete impotence." We need not look beyond the Primrose League to see what the former influences can effect, while the very structure of the Universe is a guarantee of the potency of the latter. Butler, in a passage marked by even more than his usual sagacity, demonstrates how vastly superior in energy, cohesion, and effectiveness are wisdom and virtue in their very nature than the opposite qualities.‡ The existence of doubts on this point furnishes another proof of the enfeebling effects of declining faith in the Divine government of the world.

If we turn from these considerations to survey the course of our politics since 1867, when this degradation began, we shall discover nothing to justify alarm. We gather from

* Vol. i. p. 205.

† Vol. i. p. 205.

‡ *Analogy*, part i. chap iii.

these pages that Mr. Lecky approves generally of the measures passed under the first government of Mr. Gladstone, which immediately followed the Reform Bill of 1867, even including the Irish Land Act of 1870. When, at the close of that Parliament, the Prime Minister appealed to the nation, he proposed, if he were supported, to abolish the income tax, a proposal which, as is well known, Mr. Lecky has long resented as an unprincipled attempt to corrupt the electorate.* But, even if we take his view of that mingled transaction, we have to admit that the nation behaved nobly. The proposal fell flat; the support solicited was emphatically refused. The next appeal made to the constituencies contained no element which affected either private, municipal, or even national interests of a material or ignoble kind. It was directed exclusively to some of the noblest sentiments that sway man's heart, sympathy with an oppressed nationality, compassion for the victims of unbridled lust and cruelty. It is no discredit to either individuals or nations to be carried beyond the lines of sober policy by such generous passions. But all that has happened since has made it increasingly clear that, by one of those sure instincts which rarely fail men when their motives are pure, the bulk of the nation discerned the true line of English policy in the complicated question of the East—an understanding with Russia to put an end to the brutal tyranny of the Turk. Diplomacy, which proceeds by the slower paths of reasoning and experience, is only just overtaking the intuitions of the popular conscience and heart of twenty years ago. In 1885, "the authorised programme" contained nothing calculated to rouse the passions of the new electors. Its familiar and moderate proposals were far surpassed by Mr. Chamberlain, whose mind is essentially conservative and constructive.

Then there came the plunge into Home Rule. It is impossible to pass a complete judgment on this policy without a careful study of the remarkable man who proposed it. To this study it would be necessary to bring a calmer mind,

* *Nineteenth Century*, June to August, 1887.

and a more refined organon, than Mr. Lecky seems able to apply. We should need to analyse one of the most complex of human characters, to realise the disappointment of the hopes he had rested on his previous Irish legislation, to remember that the policy of Home Rule was conceived late in the day, when what he had to do must be done at once, because the night was coming quickly. We should also have to consider and estimate the sources of the almost unbounded influence which he had acquired over the conscience and heart of the masses of the people. Such a study is not necessary for our present purpose. For ourselves, we regard the policy in question as the gravest political blunder of our recent history. But, surely, the reception it met with does not prove any deterioration in the intelligence or moral quality of the electorate. Its supporters were mainly won by the generous elements mingled with its unreason and its peril. That large and geographically distinct masses of population ought mainly to govern themselves; that kindred nations may safely trust each other; that the warm-hearted people of Ireland would not abuse a generous confidence; that English rule in that country had been, and must be, a calamitous failure; these and many other convictions and sentiments of a like kind concealed from them the political danger, and the organic impossibility, of such relations between Great Britain and Ireland as were proposed. The great majority of the electorate, however, were not carried away by the spells, woven equally of argument and of passion, of the great political enchanter. After the first discussion, his proposals were rejected at the polling booth by a larger majority than we have seen in our generation, except the majority by which they were rejected when they had been discussed a second time.

Indeed, what does Mr. Lecky want? We should have thought that the election of 1895 would have restored him to his more liberal and genial self. We hazard the conjecture that the greater part of these volumes was written before that election, and would not have been written after. For the last appeal to the constituencies, whatever else it

proved, established the fact that the mass of English voters are not afflicted with any grave political incapacity, with rashness or levity, or with a corrupt regard to their own material interests. What we are reading in the light was written in the gloom ; we must not, therefore, be surprised at some of the faults of tone which we detect. The author says in his preface that one of his principal difficulties has been "the constant changes in the subject" which he treats. "The task of the writer is often that of a painter who is painting the ever-shifting scenery of the clouds." It is a serious error in a philosopher to think the clouds more substantial than they are, and to imagine that the way in which they happen to be drifting at the moment is the direction in which the earth is rolling in its orbit.

One of the most difficult tasks for a democracy is undoubtedly the government of a great dependency like India. "If feeble Governments, and disintegrated Parliaments, and ignorant constituencies," with their "combination of fanaticism with intrigue" are, as is suggested by our author, inseparable from Democracy, and characteristic of our present system of Government, our Indian Empire is as good as lost. "The great danger that menaces it is to be found neither at Calcutta, nor at St. Petersburg, but at Westminster." We are told that two "shameful" acts, such as endanger Empires, are very recent.

"The Commission sent out to inquire into the opium traffic in 1893 was wholly due to the action in the House of Commons of a little knot of fanatics and agitators in England. . . . and it was at first determined that a great part of its cost should be thrown on the Indian taxpayer."*

Now, we do not agree with the men thus harshly described, but it is not such as they, with their passion for righteousness as they conceive it, who wreck Empires. Indeed, so far are they from wishing unjustly to burden the Indian taxpayer, that we believe they would willingly consent to pay the whole revenue raised from Indian opium out of

* Vol. i. p. 207.

the Imperial exchequer, in order to free the nation from what they call a great iniquity. At any rate, the House of Commons took what has proved to be the most effective way to silence them. The other "shameful instance" is the action of the House of Commons in regard to the Indian cotton duties. So far is this action from deserving such a description, that we can hardly conceive anything more creditable. Under the influence of Free Trade doctrine, the House of Commons did not, perhaps, discriminate with sufficient care between Protection and taxation for revenue, and it was slow to believe that the revenue could not be raised by measures which would have no protective action. But when Mr. (now Sir Henry) Fowler, in a speech worthy both by its eloquence and moral elevation of the best days of Parliamentary oratory, put the case before the House, the representatives of "ignorant constituencies" in the "disintegrated Parliament" responded in a manner which proved beyond all doubt the political and moral soundness of the House of Commons. No more unlucky instances could be given to "illustrate the danger to which democratic parliamentary government, with a weak executive, exposes the great interests of the Empire." It is difficult not to regard it as an illustration of the judicial blindness, which often visits political rancour, that Mr. Lecky fails to see the true bearing of the facts which he himself cites.

We maintain, then, that the modifications of our constitution since 1832 have been inevitable, being brought about by the redistribution of the forces of the nation, in the course of its development, and not by political leaders and parties for their own sinister ends; that these changes have not involved a degradation of the suffrage; that the average voter is not inferior in political knowledge and interest, or in character, to the average voter of half-a-century ago; and that recent political history, if fairly represented, would establish all these propositions. We are not alarmed by a one-sided treatment of French or American affairs. We are not prepared to argue from the less known to the better known, and to conclude that all the faults of French and

American democracy must necessarily be reproduced in the widely different conditions of English political life.

At the same time, we feel the difficulties of government, even under the most favourable conditions that are likely to obtain in the imperfect societies of men. The most enlightened and upright legislators who are likely to be chosen even by intelligent and honest constituencies, will be liable to error, surprise, haste, panic, to class prejudices, and to a one-sided view of the interests of the nation. Especially is this the case under that singular method of government, which has worked so much better in the world than any thinker would have dared to predict—the party system. This is a standing lesson to theorists not to put too much faith in their speculative forecasts. No individuals or assemblies, or communities, can be safely trusted with absolute power, without any check on their precipitation, without being compelled to think again and again, so that their resolves shall be, at least, the expression of their deliberate and permanent convictions. That a bare majority of the House of Commons, just returned from a general election, flushed with victory, intoxicated with their own oratory, and the applause of their hearers—that heady wine of the platform—goaded rather than restrained by the attacks of the opposition, should, without check or revision, be able to destroy, or importantly change, any of our great institutions, would be a dangerous condition of things. Still more dangerous would it be, if such a power should be lodged with the House of Commons, when by lapse of time, and the course of events, it had fallen out of harmony with the prevailing opinion of the constituencies. It is only by a balance of forces, by contrivances which check action when it is becoming excessive, that great machines are made to work beneficently, and that the cosmic order itself is maintained.

Nor is it possible to conceal from ourselves that the labouring classes are about to be assailed by a great temptation to which it is possible for them to yield in a degree dangerous to the commonwealth, without being fairly charge-

able with any extreme want of either moral principle or common sense. Visions of a social order in which their lot would be greatly ameliorated are painted in bright colours by cunning hands. They are told that our present form of organising industry is only one stage in that social development which is still proceeding, and that it shows signs of passing into a higher stage more favourable to them. Such signs are the growth of great industrial corporations, the taking over of the gas and water supply, and of some of the means of communication, by municipalities, the control of the postal and telegraph services, and of the great educational system, by the State. Such tendencies, it is said, are sure to grow and may be greatly assisted by a free use of that legislative power, which the same great causes that set these tendencies in operation have placed in the hands of the labouring classes. The ultimate goal is the destruction of private property, on any but the smallest scale, by the nationalisation of land and all the other instruments of production. Then shall be realised in this working-day world, all that philosophers have dreamed, and prophets foreseen, and Christianity, as long as the spirit of the Master lingered in it, partially embodied. It is clear, we think, to all, on both sides, who have thought the matter out, that there is only one means by which this goal can be reached—confiscation. But the means are concealed, at first, until the minds of the unwary have been dazzled and fascinated by the contemplation of the end: then, for a while, they are dressed up in imposing phrases such as "Nationalisation," "Economical Expropriation," and, at last, they are openly vindicated, as only the reclaiming of property of which the labouring classes have been robbed, and as necessary to the establishment of a social order in which all will be better off, even those who have been despoiled. Even if the working classes successfully overcome this temptation, another is awaiting them only less perilous—the inducement to control, in their own immediate interests, the hours of work, the rate of wages, and all the other conditions of industry, in such a way as will ultimately

result in diminishing production, restricting demand, discouraging capital, and driving trade to other lands. The labouring classes would only be acting as other classes, who have successively controlled the Government, have acted, if they used their powers for what they conceive to be their own advantage.

To the consideration of these various dangers a considerable portion of these volumes is devoted. For the prevention of novel and hasty legislation, on matters in regard to which the people have not been specifically consulted, by a small, factitious, and fleeting majority of the House of Commons, many arrangements are suggested. Mr. Lecky, in common with most thinkers, admires the American Constitution, in which there are certain fundamental provisions, embracing all the vital interests of society, which cannot be changed except by the consent of majorities of two-thirds, or three-fourths, in both Houses of Congress, and in the separate States. Such a constitution, however, is impossible in this country; there would be no general consent as to the fundamental provisions. Several suggestions are made for more fairly balancing interests in the House of Commons itself, many of which would be excellent, if they were practicable. But as our author says, "democratic evils can only be met by democratic remedies"; and direct representation of classes, the plural vote on a large scale, and what have been called "fancy franchises," are hardly such. "One man, one vote" is, at any rate just now, a Shibboleth of Democracy. The only means which are practicable are the strengthening of the House of Lords, and the institution of the Referendum.

Mr. Lecky points out

"that a body which is not elective may be eminently representative, reflecting and maintaining with great fidelity the interests, characters, wishes and opinions of many different classes in the community."*

Judged by this test, the House of Lords, he thinks, ranks very high. One of the best defences we have met with of

* Vol. i. p. 323.

the hereditary element in the Upper House is to be found in these pages. It is shown that it is reasonable

"to expect that more than 500 families, thrown into public life for the most part at a very early age, animated by all its traditions and ambitions, and placed under circumstances exceedingly favourable to the development of political talent, should produce a large amount of governing faculty."*

The author dwells on the respect of all classes of Englishmen for rank, which he regards as not altogether irrational, and indeed as salutary, in so far as it is an antidote to the growing influence of mere wealth. It would be, he thinks, a wanton waste of the forces of the nation not to put that capacity and this sentiment to use in constituting a restraining and revising Chamber. At the same time, it is fully acknowledged, that among the hereditary members of the Peerage there are many who have neither the tastes, nor the knowledge, nor the capacity required in legislators, and whose presence in the House of Lords probably tends more than any other single circumstance to discredit it in the country.

"The obvious remedy is, that the whole Peerage should elect a certain number of their members to represent them. Eighty or a hundred peers returned in this way to the Upper House would form a body of men of commanding influence and of the highest legislative character."†

To these there should be added a number of life peers, limited by statute.

"Great positions of dignity and responsibility, which are rarely attained without exceptional ability and experience, which make men the natural and official representatives of large classes, and bring them into close touch with their interests, sentiments, and needs, might well carry with them the privilege of a seat in the Upper House. But, in addition to these, the Crown should have the power of conferring life peerages on men who, in many different walks, are eminently distinguished by their genius, services, or knowledge."‡

Whether, in addition to these, we could have representatives of our Colonies and dependencies, and of our more important local authorities, such as County Councils, are questions which are merely proposed for discussion. The

* Vol. i. p. 314.

† Vol. i. p. 382.

‡ Vol. i. p. 383.

functions of the Reformed House, and the scope of its veto, are briefly considered. The whole chapter is, we think, the most valuable in the book, and will be read with interest by all who are of opinion that the reconstitution of the Second Chamber, so that it would have an assured and defined position in our constitutional system, is the most important task to which the best political intelligence of the nation, with as little regard to party feelings and interests as is possible among us, ought in these quiet times to apply itself.

Many pages are occupied with an account of the Referendum, in which Sir Charles Dilke thinks the probable future of Democracy lies.* Should it be found impossible to create a Second Chamber whose competence, both inherent and constitutional, to veto legislation, and to send it back to a more deliberate judgment of the nation, would be practically uncontested, some measure of the kind will be adopted. Even if such a Chamber existed, the Referendum would constitute a tribunal of appeal, more available than a general election, in case of conflict with the House of Commons. In Switzerland, where it has been thoroughly tried, it has been generally approved, as is clearly shown by the rapidity with which its scope has been extended. One measure, disentangled from all others, would be submitted to the electorate, whose answer would be "aye" or "no." It is thought that such a judgment might be kept comparatively clear of party feeling. In Switzerland, on one occasion, the Radical party was returned to power by a very large majority, on the same day that witnessed the rejection of the most important measure it had passed in the previous session. But it is very doubtful whether such abstraction would be possible in this country. Inveterate habit would lead the English people to consider the effect of their vote in strengthening or weakening a Ministry. However this may be, we hardly think a popular electorate is fitted to judge of particular bills, but rather of a scheme of policy; it cannot estimate measures so well as it can decide on the

* *Problems of Greater Britain*, ii. 262.

set of men to whom legislation may be safely entrusted. Further, we doubt whether it is advisable that the voters should be able to escape from the control of their chosen and responsible leaders on a single question; it would certainly introduce another element of weakness and confusion into our system of government. Besides, in all those important questions that concern the way in which a given end should be attained, the form in which a principle should be embodied, the Referendum would be useless. As a substitute for an efficient Second Chamber, it would be a mistake. But it is greatly to be preferred to the existence of a single Chamber on which no constitutional check is imposed. It would allow time for reflection, occasion rediscussion, and, if it produced any effect at all on legislation, the effect would be of a negative character. In Switzerland, we are informed, it more frequently rejects than ratifies the measures submitted to it; of sixteen proposed laws between 1874 and 1891, eleven were rejected. Mr. Lecky gives it a doubtful approval, chiefly on the ground that it "would have the effect of lowering the authority of the House of Commons." Why he should desire in this way to lower the authority of that assembly, which would mean the breakdown of the Parliamentary system, and what form of government he has in reserve as a substitute, we cannot conceive. Nor can we understand how the judgment of "ignorant constituencies" would have more value if given directly, than after it has been strained through the minds of 670 men, whose average intelligence is certainly superior to that of the average voter, and who can hardly be, in our author's opinion, less honest. Taking his view of the electorate, we do not follow him when he says: "It would be a great gain to English politics if a capital question could be decided by the electorate, on its own merits, on a direct and simple issue." And when he adds: "if the nation is moving towards revolution, it should at least do so with its eyes open, and with a clear and deliberate intention"; our attitude is that of Bob Acres, who "would just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one."

To the important questions loosely indicated by the word

"Socialism," we do not think that Mr. Lecky has any important contribution to make. It is plain that he has only what may be called a literary knowledge of them ; we often see him unmistakably out of his depth. Indeed, no man can possibly understand these portentous phenomena, who regards them simply as the outcome of envious and predatory passions. A wise statesman once said :—"Pour la populace, ce n'est jamais par envie d'attaquer qu'elle se soulève, mais par impatience de souffrir."* The great springs of human action have not changed since the days of Sully. In so far as it does not arise from personal experience of the hardship of the common lot of the humbler classes, Socialism is mainly the product of that spirit of altruism, that wide compassion, which, as Mr. Kidd has justly pointed out, is one of the prevailing motives of modern politics. To this prominent characteristic of the democratic movement little or no attention is directed in these pages. We think, moreover, that it is easy to exaggerate the danger. There is not likely to be any general combination of the working classes for destructive ends. Apart from the fact, which the nature of things suggests and all experience proves, that effective combination is hardly possible to men actuated by such passions ; there are other considerations to encourage us. The working classes are as various in their composition as other classes. They are not all bold, bad men. Among them is to be found every shade of character. Many of them are timid, cautious, prudent, settled in their habits, impatient of change ; conservatives by a decree of nature. The skilled artisans are, as Mr. Lecky himself acknowledges, among the most intelligent and orderly classes in the nation. They have everything to lose and nothing to gain by disorder, as they will soon find out. They will prove how inexorable are the limits set by iron laws to the realisation of human wishes and hopes. We all need stern experience to teach us ; the only difference between the wise man and the fool is the amount of experience which is required.

* *Memoires de Sully*, tome i.

As Mr. Lecky has failed to discern the true springs of Socialism, he has, of course, no effectual remedies to propose. It is not by any cunning contrivance for the improvement of the political machine, or by any artificial balancing of interests, that the danger, whatever its real magnitude may be, is to be averted. It is by the diffusion of a better spirit in society. This will disturb the idleness of the unemployed rich, a far more dangerous class, as Huxley tells us, than the unemployed poor, and set them to work for the public good. It will lead all sorts and conditions of men to feel that they have a common interest in orderly government, abundant production, fair distribution, a rising standard of comfort, and general contentment. It will prevent men chafing and growing bitter under the inevitable though diminishing ills of life, because it will teach them to regard these ills as a discipline which produces some of the fairest forms of human character, and so prepares a better future for mankind, both in this world and beyond. No other influences have given historical proof of their power to generate this spirit but those which we sum up under the name of religion. It is one of the weaknesses of these volumes that more attention is not given to the religious and moral factors of social progress. None of those illuminating observations which abound in all Mr. Lecky's writings are directed to the causes and effects of the decline of religious belief, and no suggestions are offered as to how that belief may be revived, or how the motive power of good character is to be supplied in its absence. Surely these matters have a closer bearing on his theme than many which he discusses at large. Here we get the full measure of our author's helplessness.

There are many other questions treated incidentally, though at great length, in these volumes, on which we should have been glad to dwell. As we have said, we close this book with disappointment. It is a mine of information ; it contains many historical dissertations of great interest ; there are numerous passages clothed with literary grace, and charged with moral power. But it

is not a book which helps a man to live. The reader sadly feels the want in it of sympathy, geniality, and hope. Now and then the clouds part and the sun shines out, but the rack soon closes and the gloom returns. There is not enough allowance made for the fact that we have only seen the early stages and first effects of Democracy in the old countries of the European world. It is a law of human things that they soon develop their evils, and only after the evils have been felt and measured can remedies be applied. Democracy, like every other method of government, has maladies incident to it, especially while it is working in conditions which are the legacy of other and very different systems. But under the discipline of events many perils will be guarded, and many evils corrected. Unless reason has forsaken mankind, all the seeds of mischief will not be allowed to develop into activity. Of course, there will always be much in our social conditions to perplex the wise and sadden the good. But the temper of this book is not the spirit in which what is a necessary stage, even if it be not the final form, of human development, ought to be confronted. If he cannot accept the Christian creed, every thoughtful and serious man—every man of moral capacity—ought surely to have what may be called cosmic faith. The great movement of which the societies of men are the consummation and crown is not irrational from the beginning—a mighty blunder. There must be something to come which is worth the long and painful process, and to this goal Democracy is in the line of march.

“If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.”

The disease against which we should all be on our guard is pessimism in its many forms. Its symptoms are depressed vitality, gloomy spirits, and the sinking of hope. From this disease the author of this book is not entirely free. For ourselves we say, in no frenzy, nor even rapture, but with sober, humble faith, which only strengthens in the hours of calmest, deepest thought—“The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.”

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

Christian Ethics. Eight Lectures on the Foundation of
Rev. John Bampton. By T. B. STRONG, M.A., Student
of Christ Church. London : Longmans. 1896.

The Bampton Lecturer for 1895 had an excellent opportunity which he can hardly be said to have used to advantage. Mr. T. B. Strong is already favourably known to the theological world by the publication of an excellent and suggestive book, which is something better than its name imports, a *Manual of Theology*. The subject chosen for the lectures, moreover, is timely ; for if it be true, as it is, that much has been written on the subject of late, there are some departments of it which greatly needed the kind of fresh and vigorous treatment which Mr. Strong might have been expected to give. We have read the book with interest—that is almost matter of course. No thoughtful man could preach eight sermons upon such a subject without saying something to interest a reader whose mind is alert upon so great a theme. The notes and illustrations, moreover, which are appended to the lectures, testify to somewhat extensive reading and contain much information, especially on what may be called the mediæval history of ethics. None the less, we have been disappointed in this volume, and will proceed to give our reasons.

The lectures lack unity, point, and present-day effectiveness. It is difficult to understand the exact principles which have determined the various topics handled in the volume, and the one point which Mr. Strong seeks to make as the practical outcome of his enquiry—the restoration of the discipline of the Church—appears to us to form a poor and ineffective conclusion to an irregularly conducted argument. The position maintained in the lectures is stated in the preface to be this: “that the Christian theory of moral life is not merely a new formulation of the old experience ; nor is it merely a re-statement of the old truths with new virtues added ; but it is a view of life based upon a radically different experience of facts.” An excellent thesis ; one which

well deserved to be distinctly laid down, clearly proved and then to be brought home in view of the actual conditions of current thought and practice. If Mr. Strong had done this, he would have rendered valuable service to Christian philosophy and left his mark upon present-day standards of Christian conduct. Instead of this he has given us a number of intelligent discourses upon the subject of the Christian ethics in general, so constructed that a goodly proportion of his readers are likely to lose the thread of his argument some time before he has brought it to a close.

The first lecture is preliminary, and deals with the failure of the Greek and the Jew respectively to set up a satisfactory and permanent ethical ideal. The second lecture deals with Christ and the Apostles, showing how Christianity succeeded where previous efforts had failed. The third and fourth lectures enter more upon details; but instead of the fruitful treatment we might have expected, we find a semi-scholastic discussion of the three theological virtues of faith, hope, and love, and the four cardinal virtues of temperance, fortitude, justice, and prudence. The method thus indicated prepares us for an academic discussion, not without interest to the student, but almost of necessity failing to grapple with the actual ethical condition and needs of the day. Neither of these old-world systems of classification takes us to the heart of the subject, and the stream of the lecturer's argument begins to lose itself in the sands. We are brought in the fifth lecture to the "Ethical meaning of Sin," but the connection of the subject with what precedes is as little made clear as its connection with what follows on "Morality and Reason." Valuable remarks are found in both lectures, which the thoughtful reader will appreciate; but by this time he has probably ceased to look for carefully sustained reasoning, and is not surprised when in the seventh lecture he is carried off to the time of the Reformation and shown the deficiencies of that religious movement, as the lecturer conceives it; but a more unsatisfactory treatment of the Reformation and its relation to Christian ethics we have seldom met with. This prepares the way for the last lecture on "Church Discipline." The excessive individualism of the Reformers, Mr. Strong considers, left much to be desired in the field of Christian Ethics. He would remedy the deficiency in two ways: (1) By quickening the sense of Churchmanship; (2) by causing the Church to resume its functions of discipline. This seems a curious *non sequitur*. The very kind of evil from which the Reformation of the sixteenth century was chiefly needed to deliver Christian nations, arose from an excessive "Churchmanship," and from the proved incapacity of the Church Catholic to exercise "discipline" in such a way as to secure the ethical results which the best churchman desired. It may very well be that the Reformers

were not perfect, and that their methods were not complete, but it needs much more cogent reasoning than these pages contain to demonstrate that the way to improve upon the Reformation is to go back to the former "Churchly" ideal. Mr. Strong clearly sees the dangers which beset the ecclesiastical method of dealing with ethics which he specially advocates. He points out that what most people fear when a strengthening of ecclesiastical discipline is suggested is, on the one hand, "an immoral casuistry," and, on the other, "a hard sacerdotalism." We cannot say, however, that he successfully combats these fears. The voice of history is too loud and clear; and we may add, the present signs of the times are too patent and ominous for us readily to listen to the plea that "a quickened sense of Churchmanship" is the factor most needed for purifying the Christian ideal, and raising the ethical standard of Christian life.

That, however, is matter of opinion. Mr. Strong may be right and we wrong. There cannot be two opinions, however, about the fact that the treatment of the subject throughout is, if we may so express it, mediæval rather than modern. Some may find that an excellence; the discussion of the four Aristotelian "cardinal" virtues, and of the scholastic "seven deadly sins" may appear to be an improvement upon the essentially modern treatment of Christian ethics adopted by writers like Newman, Smyth, and Professor Knight, though certainly to us it does not appear so. But a book which is to influence men of to-day must have more regard to the actual needs of the day than the Bampton Lecturer is able or willing to pay; and while he need not lower by one jot the high standard of the New Testament, and is certainly not called upon to occupy the standpoint of the "philosophical" moralist of the nineteenth century, a writer who desires to secure "the assertion by common consent of the Christian principle in all departments of life," must exhibit acquaintance with those departments, and show how Christian principle is actually to be brought to bear upon them.

These criticisms apart, there is much in this volume with which we gladly express our cordial agreement. The fundamental thesis, which acknowledges only one basis for Christian ethics, and refuses to allow the Christian standard to be warped by assimilation to current ethical standards, is of great importance. So is the position carefully worked out in the second lecture, that the ethical import of the life of Christ can only be rightly discerned from the standpoint of Pentecost. The Sermon on the Mount, as Mr. Strong shows, is a starting-point, not a climax. It does not contain the pith and core of our Lord's ethical teaching, but forms a bridge of transition from the old law, which Christ had come, "not to destroy, but to fulfil." At its best, the Sermon is law, not Gospel; and the

Gospel position could not be rightly understood till Christ's work was done, and the Holy Spirit given to reveal its full meaning to the Apostles. The later writings of the New Testament show us the means by which, and by which alone, the lofty standard of the Sermon on the Mount is to be realised in actual life.

It may be said, therefore, in closing, that while the latest volume of the Bampton Lectures does not fulfil the expectations awakened by the announcement of the subject and the name of the lecturer, it contains much of value for the Christian student who knows how to use its stores without committing himself to the writer's methods and conclusions.

Life and Christ. By EBENEZER E. JENKINS, LL.D.
London: Charles H. Kelly. 3s. 6d.

Dr. Jenkins' volume belongs to the "Life Indeed Series," and well sustains the reputation which the earlier volumes have won for spirituality and suggestiveness. It is, of course, impossible to lend to the printed word the *verve* and piquancy which have made Dr. Jenkins so powerful in the pulpit, but the book permits us to study at our leisure the thought and manner of treatment which have characterised a singularly brilliant ministry. The first sermon, "Christ's Knowledge of Life," is based on the tribute which the woman of Samaria paid to our Lord. Her verdict is the verdict of common sense as distinguished from the verdict of scholarship pronounced by Nicodemus. Christ's words were a riddle to the woman until they touched on her own life. "An unexpected fact startled her into seriousness and conviction, that her life was not only a story known within the limited circle of her relatives and neighbours, but that there had been another witness of it, and another kind of witness; not a witness of incidents and a hearer of rumours, but an observer who, unseen, had been ever present in her inner mind, cognisant of the entire source and history of its wanderings; in one word, there was another person than herself in the secret of her life." It will be a great delight to many who have heard this noble sermon to study it here more closely. It is full of suggestive sayings. "The witness of a convert is an instrument as divinely appointed as the sermon of an evangelist." "The Lord thinketh upon me," is another sermon which we may single out for notice. The preacher sets himself to quiet the fears of those who have been frightened by the vast conclusions of Science. But none of these things need disturb the Christian. A man is more important than a continent. "There was one man in Africa not very many years ago who, to an uninformed eye, was an insignificant creature, a mere speck upon the huge and splendid continent; moving about from district to

district with tribes of unknown savages; with a life so fragile and defenceless that a fever or wild beast might end it at any moment; and it did end at last apparently in extreme meanness and obscurity. But within that poor worn body was a mind whose energy, science and faith changed the destinies of a fourth part of the globe. What is mere matter in its hugest and most imposing aspects to a man like Livingstone? and how strikingly was the superiority of mind confessed at that moment in the curiosity of the civilised world to learn, not the condition of Africa, but the fate of Livingstone? What is a planet or a soulless planetary system compared with the thinking, working mind of one man?" Every page would furnish similar passages. The book is the finest memorial we have of one of the most incisive and most polished preachers of the age.

Scripture and its Witnesses. Outlines of Christian Evidence.

By JOHN S. BANKS. London: Charles H. Kelly. 2s. 6d.

Professor Banks has given us a very impressive, compact and well-reasoned summary of the argument for Christianity in its whole length and breadth. In his Introduction he furnishes a useful epitome of the history of Apologetics from the Epistle to the Hebrews and the famous Greek Apologists down to our own time. Its discriminating notes will greatly help many a young student. It is shown that a complete Christian apology must take account of evolutionary theories, of non-Christian religions, and the new laws of historical enquiry. The section on the kind of evidence and the degree of certainty to be expected, though necessarily brief, is one of the most valuable parts of the book. The authenticity of the Old and New Testament is carefully established, and then follows a section on "The Divine origin and authority of Scripture," established by a seven-fold argument based on the witness of Scripture to itself, the argument from prophecy, Christ's life and character, history, miracle, Christ's resurrection, personal experience. There is no waste of words, but the evidence is so clearly put and with such evident mastery of the latest developments of apologetic science, that it is of great value. The last section on inspiration, is eminently reassuring in the presence of the new criticism. We hope the book will have a very wide circulation. It is one of the best popular yet scientific statements of the Christian argument that we have.

In the Banqueting House. A Series of Sacramental Meditations. By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: Charles H. Kelly. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Pearse's Sacramental Meditations will be very helpful to those who wish to prepare their minds and hearts for the Lord's Table. They are marked by his usual felicity of style and are

so tender, so penetrated by the spirit of the ordinance, and open up so many avenues for holy thought, that we hope they will be very widely read. The volume is beautifully printed and got up in a style that makes it specially suitable for a gift book. We should like to see it, and Professor Davison's *The Lord's Supper*, in every family library.

The Influence of Jesus Christ on Work and Workers. Or the God-man the Model Worker. By the Rev. W. UNSWORTH. London: Charles H. Kelly. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Unsworth is a Christian thinker who has long and carefully studied the pressing problems of the day and knows how to present the ripe fruit of his thinking in a way that is best calculated to guide and help his readers. He does not forget the select circle of young men for whom he has been toiling and thinking all through his ministerial life, but every worker will find the book stimulating and timely. The chapter on the Training of Workers will repay careful study. Mr. Unsworth shows that the training of the disciples was partly physical. "They lived on plain food, and not on luxuries. They lived with the Master in the open air, and not in a close and exhausted atmosphere. They had plenty of walking exercise, and did not waste their strength by burning midnight oil. He cautioned them against overwork and worry, which kill so many of his best workmen." How truly this represents the facts of the case, and how well it sums up one side of Mr. Unsworth's own power as a worker among young men—his consecrated common sense Christ trained his disciples "truly to observe." "Original observation is the great thing for all of us. A great and accurate observer is almost equal to a great reasoner." Jesus Christ also "trained thinkers." After describing the progressive revelation of the truth to its first witnesses, he continues: "But there is far more in the four Gospels than they saw or than we yet see; and thinkers will continually discover new and deeper meaning in the words of the Lord Jesus. The disciples to-day must be trained to think out their theology, and not to rest in mere traditional beliefs. Patient thinking will always be rewarded with clearer and fuller views of New Testament teaching." The whole book is full of such wise and weighty words as these. It is enriched by many quotations and illustrations from Nature, and is a study that cannot fail to bear fruit in thoughtful minds.

The Prayers of St. Paul. Being an Analysis and Exposition of the Devotional Portions of the Apostle's Writings. By W. B. POPE, D.D. Second Edition. London: Charles H. Kelly. 3s. 6d.

It gives us great pleasure to call attention once more to this

masterpiece of devotional exposition. Young preachers ought to steep their intellect and heart in its lofty teaching. It is wonderfully clear and full of spiritual insight—a book to be read, studied and pondered again and again. It will light up St. Paul's Epistles and teach those who read it both how to pray and how to live. We may quote one passage "These prayers are the crown of the Apostle's writings. They are not, indeed, to be taken as summaries of his doctrine; nor do they, in any sense, represent the entire argumentation, expository, and ethical wealth of his theology. In studying them we do not study the perfect Paul in his integrity, as the master-builder of Christian theology. But we have in them the best produce of his mind; the flower and fruit into which the great tree of his Christian divinity here and there burst. The rich sap everywhere; these are the ripe clusters. In such sentences we may be sure that his own great heart found its deepest rest, as in them it expressed its most abounding aspiration. Just as that Greater than Paul utters His perfect soul in the final intercessory prayer, finding there His rest before His sorrow, and anticipating His ascension, so our Apostle rises in these brief intervals of worship out of the common level of his teaching and argument, and enters by anticipation into his rest also."

The Bible and the East. By C. R. CONDER, LT.-COL. R.E.
Blackwood & Sons.

The chief purpose of this book is to show the bearing of exploration and monumental study on the understanding of the Bible, and thus to set the history of the Hebrews in its true light. The books of the Old and New Testament are taken in their order, and the various questions of history, civilization, literature and religion, in successive ages, from the patriarchal to the Roman, are discussed as they arise. Lt.-Col. Conder has an open mind as to many questions raised by modern criticism, but he holds that historic and monumental evidence establish the antiquity of the Pentateuch. He says: "The Unity of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Job and Solomon's Song, and the antiquity of the 'prayers of David, the son of Jesse,' have been argued by reference to yet older writings preserved for us in Assyria, and by explanation of the more recent results of exploration, as bearing on geography in Palestine—a question which also affects our study of the 'Gospel after John.'" He also thinks that difficulties in the literary structure of the Torah are explained, if we remember that the ancient tablets were most probably transcribed at a later date on rolls in alphabetical character. The treatment is very suggestive. The chapter on "Hebrew Civilization" will give quite a new set of ideas to many readers, and the discussion of "Hebrew Poetry," especially the vivid

pages which treat of Solomon's Song, is distinctly helpful. On many points Lt.-Col. Conder is content to wait for fresh light, but he deals with his subject in a way that will reassure and help many readers. The last sentences give a fair idea of the general tone and spirit of the study. "It is only by using every means at our command that we can hope at length to read the Bible aright. Valuable as is internal study of its contents, the testimony of independent accounts is yet more conclusive. Nor must we ever forget that the Hebrews were an Oriental people, whose thoughts and beliefs and customs are best studied by the light of Oriental character in our own times. Theories of the scholar's chamber, which are natural to those who never lived in the East, often betray a modern cast of thought, which has little in common with the facts of Oriental antiquity. The wind of the desert blows over the pages of Job, and the Song of Solomon pictures the rocks and woods of Gilead. The voice of Moses in the wilderness echoes in the Law; and the imagination of captive priests in Babylon can never have given birth to the archaic enactments of the Torah. It is the voice of the Hebrews in times of power and freedom which we still hear in stories of Samuel or Joseph, which no writer of to-day can rival in their simplicity and tender human interest and beauty."

The Christian Democracy. A History of its Suppression and Revival. By JOHN MCDOWELL LEAVITT, D.D., LL.D.
New York: Eaton & Mains. \$1.50.

Dr. Leavitt sets himself to show that the true Christian sovereignty is vested in all believers. He holds that this principle formed the chief glory of the Primitive Church, and is to become the law of the future Kingdom of Christ on earth. In studying the history of this subject throughout the Christian centuries, Dr. Leavitt gives a compend of Church history grouped under such titles as Persecutions, Heresies, Creeds, Fathers, Liturgies, Trent, Jesuitism, Popes, Anglicanism. He has a trenchant pen, and knows how to put his argument in the most effective way, but he has a large tolerance and catholicity of spirit which will impress even an opponent. The style is picturesque, and the volume is packed with facts, so that it will tempt many readers to pursue this subject further. In the closing chapter, Dr. Leavitt says: "We want Luthers in the Greek and Latin Churches. When monks like the German Reformer appear in those communions, then her spiritual fetters will fall from Europe. And such men must be martyrs. They must dare the Czar as Luther defied the Pope. There is a time in the history of all nations when the Gospel must be witnessed in flames. In burning truth persecutors burn themselves. The hammer flies back from the anvil into the face of the wielder.

Russia wants blood, not of monarchs, but of martyrs. Instead of the fiendish glare of anarchistic hate in her Siberian dungeons, let the light of Christian love be seen on the faces of men praying for their enemies, and the Czar will be conquered as were pontiffs and emperors. The Gospel will succeed where Socialism fails. Only by its power, working in the heart through the Holy Ghost, can idolatries be overthrown, superstitions scattered, and usurpations destroyed. Brought by faith into the liberty of Christ, humanity will be prepared for a universal Christian democracy."

The Modern Reader's Bible. A Series of Works from the Sacred Scriptures, Presented in Modern Literary Form. Deuteronomy. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by RICHARD G. MOULTON, M.A. Macmillans. 2s. 6d.

Professor Moulton's Introduction to the new volume of the "Modern Reader's Bible" has unusual interest as a vindication of his scheme for presenting the books of the Bible in their purely literary form. He maintains that the general reader ought to take his criticism and his literature separately, "like oil and water, they are alike essentials of life, but they will not mix. When literary appreciation and critical discussion come together, it is the literature that goes to the wall." His aim is to get at the point of view of the first readers to whom the book was presented, and to see it as they were intended to see it: "For no one suggests that *Deuteronomy* was received by the people of its age as a compilation; that their interest was historic and not literary; that the impression which created a religious revolution was an enthusiastic discrimination between D. and J.E." Years ago Professor Moulton set himself to read through on three successive days, each at a single sitting, an oration of Demosthenes, one of Burke, and the Book of Deuteronomy. Neither of the other two seemed to rise to the oratorical level of the speeches of Moses. The arrangement of the text in this edition brings out clearly the main divisions of Deuteronomy, and the notes are very helpful in this respect. Such a volume ought to win great favour as a pocket companion.

The Old Testament and Modern Life. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. Isbister & Co. 1896.

This book is a sign of the times. It shows what we may expect if a certain school of contemporary critics have their way, and what the views of the Old Testament, which are now becoming only too common, will certainly lead to if they are

consistently followed out. Mr. Stopford Brooke presents us with a number of discourses on the familiar themes of Abraham, Samuel, David and Elijah, but he is far too enlightened to treat the stories contained in Genesis and other books of the Bible as anything but more or less edifying *Aberglaube*. These "tales" are, according to Mr. Brooke, "partly mythical, partly legendary, with a few historical kernels embedded in them." But, as we do not know which the historical kernels really are, we might perhaps as well be without them. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph may or may not have existed. The "camp stories" told about these mythical personages have "all the fancies and exaggerations of legend," but they form the foundation of sermons—we suppose these discourses are sermons—"in the same way as we might preach on the story of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, of Hercules in his mythical legend, of Sigurd the Volsung, or of King Arthur." These narratives are described as "noble tales of human life." They are not true, but that we suppose is a detail, and when a "sermon" is in question can hardly be said to matter. The subject-matter of the sermon is a kind of moralising on certain aspects of life, which might, so far as an unsophisticated reader can judge, have been uttered with equal advantage without any such dubious "text" for a basis.

Of what value, then, it may well be asked, are these themes to a preacher with Mr. Brooke's views? He tells us that the stories have "received a religious direction from the final editor," and therefore they possess the great additional importance of furnishing us—not, of course, with any sort of Divine revelation—but with the religious views of a Jewish redactor of myths in (perhaps) the sixth century before Christ. True, the editor "worked over" these myths for his own purposes, and this, one would have thought, must impair their value, but happily "the tales are full of humanity," of "adventures and temptations," and so can be preached upon without misgiving by an ingenious nineteenth century divine of a rationalistic turn. "We ignore these legend-stories as history, we preach them as humanity." Some of the narratives cannot claim even so much as this. Of the incident concerning Melchizedek, for instance, Mr. Stopford Brooke writes: "This is plainly invented and introduced by an editor who wished to exalt the priesthood of Jerusalem and to make by this legend a quasi-historical basis for the reverence and tithes they claimed from the rest of the Jewish cities and people." Mr. Brooke, of course, assumes this, as he does all his critical positions, without argument. He has apparently never heard of the Tel-el-Amarna inscription, which so remarkably corroborates the narrative of Gen. xiv. and goes far to show that we have in it one of the oldest records of the Bible, but we will not press that point.

The editor in question who "wished to exalt the priesthood" by what he knew to be a fiction is hardly an edifying specimen of "humanity." Mr. Brooke therefore judiciously passes by this story and prefers to draw his hearers' attention to the "dashing episode" of Abraham, the warrior, attacking the five kings, a story which teaches us the important moral lesson as to "what were the manners of an Oriental chief in council and in war."

We have, perhaps, said enough to enable our readers to understand the nature of Mr. Stopford Brooke's latest volume of sermons. We do not profess to have read the whole, but we have read a considerable portion of the volume, and have allowed the author to expound his own views as far as possible. He expressly shuts out the supernatural as the one portion of the myths which cannot be true, and he imagines that he can preach to edification upon a series of half-legends, half-pious fabrications, which reveal to us, not the mind and will of God, but the religious fancies of an uninstructed multitude, or the religious scheming of a priestly editor bent upon raising the position of his caste.

It is all very melancholy, but it may serve the useful end of pointing out the goal to which naturalistic criticism inevitably tends. Mr. Brooke says aloud what we fear some highly-placed critics inwardly hold. It is not fair to charge "higher criticism" in general with these views as logical conclusions of critical methods. All critics do not reject the supernatural in this wholesale fashion, and writers like Canon Driver at Oxford, Professor Ryle at Cambridge, and others who might be named, are not to be confused with extreme rationalists whose methods lead to Mr. Stopford Brooke's openly avowed position. The chief use of this book is to show how the Old Testament ought *not* to be handled, and at the same time how it certainly will be handled ere long in the Christian pulpit if rationalistic criticism is allowed to have its way.

Old Testament History for Schools. By the Rev. T. H. STOKOE, D.D. Part II. From the Settlement to the Disruption of the Kingdom. With Maps. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.

Dr. Stokoe selects the chief Bible passages, prefacing them with introductory matter and appending notes on the opposite page. Both Introductions and Notes are clearly expressed and give the results of the best research in a compact style that will greatly assist teachers and students. The work was originally intended for junior classes, but it was so well adapted for the higher forms that Dr. Stokoe has enlarged his title and has felt free to introduce into his Notes references to classical or other

literature which may supply helpful and interesting illustrations. The first part is already in use in schools and many will be glad to have such a valuable help in their Bible lessons.

The Expositor. Fifth Series. Vol. III. Hodder & Stoughton.

We repeat what we have said before that in the volumes which follow each other there is no falling off in the value or seasonableness of the contents. Rather, we think, there is a manifest improvement.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The United States of America, 1765-1865. By EDWARD CHANNING, Ph.D. Cambridge: University Press. 1896. 6s.

In selecting Dr. Channing to write the history of the United States for the Cambridge Historical Series of Handbooks, Professor Prothero has rendered a valuable service to English-speaking students all over the world, and, indirectly, has done much to foster that good understanding and good feeling so devoutly to be desired between the two most numerous and most powerful branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. With clear vision and a judgment finely balanced, Dr. Channing, whose position as Professor of History in Harvard University gives him weight and influence throughout the States, passes once more all the salient facts of the great story through his mind, and with calmness, candour, insight, and impartiality, extenuates nothing, sets down naught in malice, in the conduct of his countrymen or of our own throughout the period of which he writes. That period is limited to the eventful century which opened with the Stamp Act Congress in 1765, and ended with the reconstruction and consolidation of the Union in 1865. Not much attention is devoted to campaigns and battles, though, of course, the Civil War, which cost the people a million lives and not less than £2,000,000,000, is carefully described. Space has thus been gained for "the elucidation of those deeper causes underlying the American Revolution, and for a detailed account of the period between the close of the Revolutionary War and the inauguration of President Madison." The treatment throughout is philosophical rather than pictorial, and in this respect it suffers from the general reader's point of view if

placed alongside Goldwin Smith's more vivid "*History of the United States.*" But it is clearly written, well-arranged, concise, yet full of illustrative fact. The index and bibliography are all that one could wish, while maps and documents are helpful in a high degree. An ideal manual, and, in England, if not also in America, unique.

Bohemia. From the Earliest Times to the Fall of National Independence in 1620 ; with a Short Summary of After Events. By C. EDMUND MAURICE. T. Fisher Unwin. 1896. 5s.

Shakespeare, we know, imagined Bohemia as a country with a sea coast. The knowledge of Bohemia possessed by English people to-day is not in proportion much more complete or exact, when the difference of modern from sixteenth century education is taken into account, than was that of our great dramatist. An average Englishman has a dim idea of John Hus as a Protestant before the Reformation and a martyr; he has also heard of another martyr, Jerome of Prague; he may or may not have heard of Elizabeth of Bohemia, the daughter of James I., the brave but unfortunate queen; it may safely be assumed that, beyond these names, he is quite ignorant of the country, except perhaps that it boasts to-day of some fashionable spa resorts, and that Prague is its capital city. The writer of this volume of the "*Story of Nations*" is master of his subject, and has given a careful digest of as tangled and obscure a chapter of European history as the student is likely to meet with. The absence of general European interest in most of the details, and the remoteness of the country outside of the central Danube line and the city of Prague from the highways of the world and the great lines of historic movement, have deepened the obscurity in which the national annals are involved. Nevertheless, kings of Bohemia were among the elected imperial rulers of Central Europe who took rank as successors of the rulers of Rome, and within the territories of Bohemia were fought battles in which the fortunes of Christendom seemed to hang in suspense. Theological controversies, cruelly fought, in which the obscurest points of religious contention were made the ground of battle, figure largely in the history. Racial animosities underlie the whole, especially as between German and Slav or Slovak. If the history is obscure, it is full of curious and instructive elements. We wonder, however, that, in using letters of a special Bohemian type and special notes of pronunciation, with which not one general reader in a hundred is acquainted, the author should have given no explanation of the meaning of the signs he uses.

English Constitutional History. From the Teutonic Conquest to the Present Time. By THOMAS PITT TASWELL-LANGMEAD, B.C.L., Oxon. Fifth Edition. Revised throughout, with Notes. By PHILIP A. ASHWORTH, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Stevens & Hayes, Bell Yard. 1896.

Mr. Taswell-Langmead's book, as sent forth by him about twenty years' ago, is a recognised masterpiece. The present volume preserves the original work intact, but adds Notes and an Appendix, so as to bring the volume up to the present time in respect of information and recent illustration. The last sentence of the editor's brief Appendix we may quote. "It may be," says Mr. Ashworth, "that a new era of calm deliberation is before us; but, to all outward appearance, the dawn of the twentieth century has in store a reconstruction of our constitutional system foreign to its historical development." The volume is indispensable to the student of our constitutional history.

A Pioneer of Social Christianity—Count Zinzendorf. By FELIX BOVET. Translated, Abridged, and Adapted by the REV. T. A. SEED. London: Charles H. Kelly. 2s.

Mr. Seed's translation of Bovet's *Zinzendorf* will put that valuable study of the great German pietist and revivalist within reach of many who have no opportunity of studying it in its original form. Zinzendorf was the John Wesley of the Continent, a singular combination of poet, theologian, pastor, missionary, and legislator. "He had but one thought, one desire, one will—to spread and to revive in men's souls the knowledge of what Jesus Christ has done and suffered for the world." Like Wesley he founded a society, not an order such as Loyola's. Each member was at liberty to acquire property and act on his own account, and the family, whilst subordinate to the community, was not sacrificed to it. The pleasant glimpse of the boy's early years, given in this book, shows that Zinzendorf had a tender heart, and that whilst yet a child he learned to trust in Christ. The experience of the boy was remarkable. He found the Pietists at Halle very severe disciplinarians, who regarded it as their chief business to master and humble human nature. The slightest negligence was visited by the severest punishment. His teachers attributed to him intentions which never entered his mind, and sought by all means to make him ridiculous in the eyes of his comrades. But Zinzendorf had already resolved to serve Christ, and none of these things turned him aside. He, and a few

young men of kindred spirit, formed little societies to encourage and help each other in Christian life. He also founded a little Christian knighthood—"The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." He lived in a congenial sphere at Halle, where he met many missionaries and those who had borne persecution and captivity for Christ. After his course at Halle he was sent to the rival school at Wittenberg, much to the annoyance of his Pietist friends. But though he went with great reluctance he gained much by his introduction to one of the chief seats of Lutheranism. At first it was hard work. The Wittenbergers recoiled from what they considered his exaggerated piety. He himself lost some of his simplicity and became more legal than evangelical. "He gave himself to ascetic exercises, spent whole nights in prayer and meditation, and set apart a day each week for fasting and solitude." By-and-by he came to understand the Wittenbergers better, and his conception of the Gospel became larger, deeper, and more spiritual. After his University training was finished, Zinzendorf spent five years in State business, but his heart was not in it. He was waiting for some suitable opening for Christian work, and frankly told his bride that she must be ready to let him follow the leadings of Providence, even if he had to take his staff in his hand and go to preach among the heathen. In 1722 Christian David founded the Moravian settlement with which Zinzendorf was afterwards so closely identified. After reading Comenius' *History of the Brethren*, he determined to spend life and fortune on behalf of this little flock. He drew up a number of statutes for their guidance, and threw his whole strength into the work of directing the community. Henceforth his influence was continually broadening out. His visit to Copenhagen, in 1731, made him acquainted with the work of Father Egedius, a Roman Catholic missionary in Greenland. He also met a negro from the West Indies, whose account of the needs of his countrymen moved him deeply. Before long the Moravians had entered on that missionary crusade which is the glory of their brotherhood. Wesley's relations to the Moravians and to Zinzendorf are pleasantly described, and the book is enriched by some very curious full-page illustrations representing Moravian worship. The volume is a bright little introduction to a man of singularly fine and Catholic spirit. Every lover of the Moravians ought to read it.

Quaker Worthies. By W. GARRETT HORDER. London : Headley Brothers. 3s. 6d.

These are felicitous sketches. John Woolman has laid his spell on Mr. Horder, who thinks him, "in his perfect response to the Divine Spirit, the most like to Jesus Christ of any of

whom he has ever heard." After this sympathetic study comes a beautiful paper on Amelia Opie, the Norwich lady, whose journals and stories deserve to be better known. Her husband, who mixed his colours "with brains," takes his due place in this graceful tribute to a noble woman. "Bernard Barton," the one Quaker poet of England, is another of the worthies. His artless poems ought not to be forgotten, but it is the man who interests us most. He spent forty years as a banker's clerk at the little Sussex town of Woodbridge, and is best known through the letters of Edward Fitzgerald, who married his only child. The three discourses on Whittier are rather unequal in merit. The last, delivered at a memorial service the Sunday after Whittier's death, is the best. It would have been a literary gain to this volume if the two earlier discourses on the American poet had been omitted, and a few fragments culled from them for the third. A sensible little paper on "Tolstoi's Doctrine of Non-Resistance" closes this attractive volume. Mr. Horder is not himself a Friend. One of the Society said to him, "Ah! we shall have you amongst us yet." To which he replied, "But then you must let me sing." For the present he is content to be what Dean Stanley called a Non-conforming member of their Society.

Memoir of Edward Craven Hawtrey, D.D., Head Master and afterwards Provost of Eton. By FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY, M.A., F.S.A. George Bell and Sons.

Mr. Thackeray's memoir has been prompted by a desire to do something to keep alive the memory of a distinguished head master of Eton. Dr. Hawtrey prided himself on never destroying a letter, but he did not sort his correspondence, and after his death the trustees found the task of arranging the letters so formidable that they committed all, save a very few, to the flames. Yet, despite this loss of material, Mr. Thackeray has compiled a very interesting memoir. Hawtrey's father was Vicar of Burnham. The boy entered Eton in 1799 at the age of ten. The head-master, Dr. Goodall, had a peculiar talent for finding out and stirring up latent powers, and to this encouragement Hawtrey owed much of his early ambition as a scholar. In 1807 he became a Scholar of King's College, Cambridge. The King's Scholars of that day received their B.A. without passing any examination, and were not allowed to compete in the Mathematical or Classical Tripos; yet, although the incentives to study were thus taken away, Hawtrey made good use of his time at the University. After some years spent as a private

tutor, he became an assistant master at Eton under Dr. Keate. Some interesting recollections of him are contributed by Mr. Gladstone, who still remembers the thrill of pleasure and satisfaction which he felt when Hawtrey took an interest in his verses as a boy of twelve. Bishop Ryle also says, "he took great pains with any boy that was disposed to read, gave excellent advice, encouraged private reading, and helped me immensely in preparation for Oxford." Great expectations were formed on his appointment as head master in 1834, and Mr. Thackeray shows that the quarter of a century during which he presided over the school was a period of steady reform. Keate had broken down the rebellious spirit that had shown itself in the school; Hawtrey cultivated a new tone of mind and feeling. He brought his own reading and knowledge of modern languages to bear on the work, he subdivided the Fifth Form among the four or five senior assistants, making each master fully responsible for the boys under his care. He increased the number of masters, and showed a generous trust in his colleagues, and in the boys themselves. Keate had ruled by physical force, and there had been a tone of suspicion in his treatment of the boys which produced a bad effect. Hawtrey, on the other hand, accepted a boy's word. "Your candour disarms me," he was known to say. In his second year the number of scholars was 444, but in the course of the next ten years he raised it to the unprecedented total of 777. He was generous to a fault, and was not the man to economise in his own household, so that his finances were considerably embarrassed when he became Provost, with only a third of the salary which he had enjoyed as head master. In his dress there was what Mr. Gladstone calls "an innocent smartness." Some royal personage is said to have described him as "the ugliest man in Europe, and the most agreeable." His face lent itself easily to caricature, yet in his stature and bearing there was great dignity. He was a sound scholar, though lacking in the keen sense of philological and grammatical details which are now associated with scholarship. He was a good teacher, who inspired his boys with a love of learning and a taste for the beauties of literature. With how much fatherly kindness he treated them may be seen from some amusing stories told in this biography. He became Provost in 1853, and continued to take an unabated interest in all the concerns of the school. The agitation for reform in public school life unduly provoked the old veteran, and disturbed the peace of his closing years. He died in January, 1862, in his seventy-third year. Some specimens of his metrical translations into Greek, Latin, English, French, Italian and German, are given in the appendix. The biography is full of interest, both for old Etonians and for all who wish to get a glimpse of school life in England seventy years ago.

Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, G.C.B.

A Biography by Mrs. FRED. EGERTON. Blackwood & Sons.

The English navy may well be proud of Sir Geoffrey Hornby. He entered his country's service at the age of twelve, and lived to be our oldest Admiral. Yet the siege of Acre, in 1840, was the only time he ever saw a shot fired in anger in his life. But if he never had to command our fleet in a naval engagement, he had many a trial of his discretion and perfect temper. He was in command of the Mediterranean squadron at the time of the Russo-Turkish war, and received the special thanks of the Lords of the Admiralty for "the zeal, ability, and good judgment" with which he carried out the instructions of the Government during those critical days. Hornby was the son of a distinguished naval officer, who afterwards became an Admiral. Geoffrey early showed his passion for the navy, and as a midshipman his smartness and his happy art of winning goodwill soon made it evident that he would become a distinguished officer. Sir Arthur Farquhar says that he, young Peel (afterwards Sir William Peel), and Egerton (afterwards Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton), were the finest specimens of youngsters that he ever met. Hornby saw a good deal of service in all parts of the world. His unflinching judgment in every circumstance led the *Times* to say "he never made a mistake." He was an enthusiast for the service, who took infinite pains to teach the men under his command every art of naval tactics, and eagerly sought to introduce reforms which would make our navy thoroughly effective. He maintained the happiest relations with his Parliamentary chiefs, and did good service as Second War Lord, though the drudgery of the office work connected with that post was a very severe trial to him. When he gained distinction he was entirely free from jealousy, for he always held that "if work is to be done, the youngest men will do it best." He felt that "when responsibility was imposed early, the man was all the more able to bear it." He saw that the service could only prosper by continual progress. "It's no use standing still; what might have been good enough ten or twenty years ago is not so now, and I hope that the service will hold firmly to that best principle of Sir William Martin's—namely, the co-operation of columns." His daughter, Mrs. Egerton, gives a very pleasing picture of the old man's last days. The agricultural depression sorely taxed his resources, so that he could never live in the family home for lack of means to maintain such an establishment, yet he was a true friend of the peasantry and of the needy poor. "The last book in his hands at night, the first one he opened in the morning, was always his Bible. Neither fatigue nor press of business ever induced him to neglect

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this. His religion was not kept for leisure hours and Sundays, but was with him continually, the ruling motive of his life." The biographer has done her work with great taste, and has produced a biography which ought to get into the hands of every naval officer, and be put in the library of every man of war.

Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola. By Professor PASQUALE VILLARI. Translated by LINDA VILLARI. With Portraits and Illustrations. Popular Edition. T. F. Unwin.

There is no need to praise either this biography or the great preacher or reformer whose name is one of the most illustrious in Italy's noble succession of thinkers, heroes and martyrs. Professor Villari's book has become the classic work on Savonarola's life and times. It has caught the enthusiasm of the subject and neither research nor labour has been spared to make it worthy of its theme. This popular edition will be a great boon to many readers. It is well printed, but the paper is light, so that it is neither a heavy nor cumbersome volume, and it has all the pictures of the earlier editions. It is a marvel of cheapness and ought to command a wide sale in quarters where the work in its more expensive form could not penetrate. The book itself is almost an education in the history of Florence and of the religious and civic life of Italy at the end of the fifteenth century. From beginning to end it is of enthralling interest.

The Life and Work of Bishop Thorold. By C. H. SIMPKINSON, M.A. Isbister & Co. 1896. 21s.

The author of the *Life and Times of Archbishop Laud* was Rector of Farnham and Chaplain to Bishop Thorold, during his episcopal charge of Winchester. He has now written the life of a very different prelate from Laud, showing in this work the same competency as a biographer which made his *Life of the Stuart Prelate* valuable. Bishop Thorold was a ripe Christian, a careful, able, and equitable administrator, and an admirable teacher on points of experience and practice, so that his writings have justly been spoken of as "classics of experimental religion." He was a man of a truly Catholic spirit, as was shown by his sympathetic friendship with Charles Spurgeon, whom he regarded as his neighbour, with Dr. Rigg, who had been his colleague on the London School Board, and with other Christians not of his own ecclesiastical pale. He was proud of his descent from John Wesley's Lincolnshire friend, Sir John Thorold. This well-digested and well-proportioned biography

is a fit memorial of such a man. He was frequently laid aside for a time by illness, which led to his spending many seasons abroad. But by wonderful method, and by great diligence, he so made up for such absences as to be a very efficient Church ruler. He had great sorrows. The loss of his wife was one. The conversion of his only son to Romanism, a blow which came with overwhelming suddenness—the son was at Oxford—was another. Bishop Thorold often visited America, and contributed not a little to bring together his own Church and the Anglo-American Episcopal Church.

The penny series of *Old Stories Re-told for the People* (Charles H. Kelly) is enriched by a graphic sketch of David Hill's life, and by a thoroughly bright account of Adam Clarke. They ought to be sure of a very large circulation. We are glad that the series is a conspicuous success, as it well deserves to be.

BELLES LETTRES.

En Route. By J. K. HUYSMANS. Translated from the French with a Prefatory Note by C. KEGAN PAUL. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1896. 3s. 6d.

This is a Roman Catholic novel of the most pronounced type. It is, in fact, a misnomer to call it a story, for though it hangs on a slender thread of incident, it is in reality a picture of the struggles of a sensualist in whom conscience has awoke, and who after the most terrible ordeal of unbelief, has been suddenly converted to faith, but has not reformed his life. Amid the record of his struggles there are interspersed essays on Church music, architecture, and other arts, on monasticism, mysticism, and the lives of the Saints. Mr. Kegan Paul has given a vivid and picturesque translation of a book that we incline to call unique. His own prefatory note bristles with controversial matter. He says that no one can pretend to explain the mysterious return to faith which comes about by "the sudden irruption of Grace." "The Catholic has no right to be disappointed if he feels tongue-tied in the presence of those who do not see as he sees; he cannot argue, he cannot hope to do outwardly what God did in his own case secretly, he recognises that in spiritual matters men are not swayed by argument, which may well defend, but cannot carry, a position; in religion debate seldom bears sway; the daughter of debate is not concord, but discord." He says that there is little active zeal for

conversions among Catholic priests. "Christ must be preached, the message has to be delivered, but in a nation where He is already known, all that the priest can do is to wait till the soul obeys Divine Grace, and then be ready with all necessary help." Mr. Paul says, "It is not possible to ignore Satan in the cloister. The hidden life is that which he most assails, the shades are deepest when the sun of righteousness is brightest. The cloister is the divinely appointed expiation for the sins of the world." Mr. Huysman's penitent who sees the right and yet yields to the wrong, whose spirit has awaked but whose flesh again and again proves itself victor, is taught that monks and nuns bear the sins of others and win for them release and victory. The book will furnish a whole arsenal of arguments for a Protestant controversialist. It is a revelation of Catholicism, and will explain in some measure its dangerous fascination, and its infinite power of adaptation to individual cases. Yet it cannot be said that Durtal recommends the system, for he leaves the Trappist community, among whom he has kept a brief retreat, in a bewildering state. "Ah!" he thought, "I have lived twenty years in ten days in that convent, and I leave it, my brain relaxed, my heart in rags; I am done for, for ever. Here I am, condemned to live apart, for I am still too much a man of letters to become a monk, and yet I am already too much a monk to remain among men of letters."

Briseis. By WILLIAM BLACK. London: Sampson, Low & Co.

This is a piece of Mr. Black's most characteristic work. *Briseis Valieri*, the heroine of the story, is a Greek girl. She first appears on the scene as the companion of an old uncle who is making a botanical tour in the Highlands of Scotland. He discovers some *Silene Alpestris* growing there, and sends an enthusiastic account of his find to various learned societies. When he learns that some young fellows had sown the seed to lead him into this trap, the sensitive old gentleman feels it like a death-blow. *Briseis* is soon left alone in the world, and as her uncle had invested her money in some worthless shares, she is compelled to go and live with an aunt in London, who turns her into a kind of family drudge. She had met young Sir Francis Gordon in her rambles, and she and her uncle had visited Grantly Castle, but after her sudden disappearance the young laird falls into the meshes of the merry-hearted Georgie Lestrangle, who goes with him on his fishing expeditions, and at last entraps him into an engagement. In describing this young lady with her wiles and humours, Mr. Black is in his element. His descriptions of the salmon fishing and deer stalking of the Highlands are also quite exciting. Sir Francis soon discovers

that his heart belongs to Briseis. Happily for his peace and honour, Georgie Lestrangle goes to Florida to nurse a sick brother, and on the return voyage meets her old lover, to whom she is still tenderly attached. When they are reconciled she leaves him to tell Sir Francis, who is soon made happy by Briseis. Georgie, flirt as she is, is still a warm-hearted, merry English maid. Briseis is almost perfect—unselfish, tender, and true. Her hard life in her aunt's establishment only brings out her fine qualities, and the devotion of her crippled cousin to his Greek goddess is one of the best studies in the book. Mr. Black's homely story is sure to be popular with all who appreciate his graceful character studies, and his pleasant glimpses of life and sport in the Highlands. Poor Mrs. Elliott, the widowed aunt, with her unattractive, selfish brood, and her schemes for gaining a little countenance from the upper ten, is a really most interesting character.

1. *A Humble Enterprise*. By ADA CAMBRIDGE. Ward, Lock, & Bowden.
2. *A Crown of Straw*. By ALLEN UPWARD. Chatto & Windus.
3. *Dr. Rumsey's Patient*. By L. T. MEADE and CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D. Chatto & Windus.

1. *A Humble Enterprise* is one of the brightest and most wholesome stories of the summer season. Joseph Liddon, a confidential clerk in the great house of Churchill, in Melbourne, is killed by a passing train when out for his little holiday. He had been an Eton boy, and "a true man in every sense," but never won success in worldly matters. After his death, a family consultation is held, at which his daughter Jenny persuades her mother and sister to join her in opening a tea-house, which soon gains a reputation for its tea and scones. The young brother, a junior clerk in the Churchill house, takes great offence at ladies like his sisters putting their hands to such an occupation, but he is overruled, and the experiment proves a triumph for Jenny. Mr. Churchill's eldest daughter stands well by the girl, and young Churchill, a confirmed bachelor of thirty-five, who was regarded as one of the "greatest catches in the colony," succumbs to the charms of Miss Liddon, who is a true woman, a happy contrast to the frivolous girls who had dangled after him at garden parties and balls. He wins his lady, and the story ends happily for all concerned. It is a book to be read and enjoyed.

2. *A Crown of Straw* describes the love of Maximilian, king of Franconia, for the beautiful daughter of one of his keepers.

The young prince has been wrapped up in music and art, but has a rude awakening when a Socialist, commissioned by a Secret Society, presents a pistol at him on the balcony of his palace. Maximilian disarms this man by his sincerity and candour. Johann becomes his friend, and shows him what terrible need there is of social reform in his kingdom. The king is ready to do everything in his power for the wretched and degraded, but his ministers thwart his intentions and persuade the Court physician to pronounce him mad. He is deposed, and doomed to life-long confinement. Everyone deserts him, and even Dorothea, whom he had wished to make his queen, declares that she cannot return his love. Her heart is really given to her cousin Johann, the Socialist. The story is sad, but it is written in so graceful a style and is so full of stirring scenes and plots, that it holds a reader's interest down to the last page.

3. *Dr. Rumsey's Patient* is young Squire Awdrey, whose family laboured under an hereditary curse. It brought an extraordinary loss of memory for matters of grave moment, combined with perfect remembrance of minor details. Two undergraduates, staying at the village inn, are greatly attracted by the innkeeper's niece. The girl is the village beauty and has secretly set her heart on the young Squire, though she amuses herself with the undergraduates at the inn. Young Frere becomes madly in love with the girl, and conceives a jealous passion against Awdrey. He attacks him in a wood, Awdrey defends himself and accidentally kills Frere. The family curse falls on him, he forgets what has happened, and the innkeeper's niece, who has seen the struggle, commits perjury to save him. Frere's companion is convicted and sentenced to penal servitude. How Awdrey recovers his memory after some painful years and clears the condemned man the book itself must tell. It is as exciting as the detective romance which wins such wide favour in the present day, and will certainly supply all the excitement which a reader can desire. Margaret Douglas, who marries Awdrey, is a very noble character—her portrait is the gem of the book.

A Singular Life. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. James Clarke & Co. 6s.

This story opens at a New England theological seminary, where a little group of students are discussing the question of heredity. One of them, called Bayard, finds himself unable to accept all the tenets of the harsh theology in which he has been trained, but, despite some unsoundness, his intellectual gifts and his simple honesty make him the favourite pupil of dear old Professor Carruth, his theological tutor. Miss Phelps knows the life of a student, and her description of the three

young fellows taking tea at the professor's house is really admirable. Helen Carruth, the brilliant daughter of the professor, feels that Bayard is something quite different from the generations of raw young men whom she has met at her father's table. The acquaintance ripens, but circumstances prove unfriendly. Just before leaving college Bayard receives an invitation to Windover First Church. He makes a dramatic appearance in that busy fishing town by rescuing a little lad from his drunken father whom he fells to the ground to save the child's life. This throws him late for his ordination service, and though the delay is explained, it has something to do with the theological heckling which the young man receives from the ministers present. They refuse at last to ordain him because of his unsoundness in the faith. Yet the hearts of many of the people are with him, and at their urgent request he begins mission services in one of the most degraded parts of the town. The hall was called "The Church of the Love of Christ," and here Bayard's work led to the restoration of drunkards, the salvation of a prostitute, and to the closing of several of the worst drinking saloons in the neighbourhood. His rescue of a drowning man from a ship that has gone on the reef makes him the hero of the town. Bayard's influence deepens daily. He has a long and hard struggle with straitened circumstances and with feeble health. The rich uncle who had brought him up is fiercely orthodox, though he thaws when he sees what genuine home missionary work his heretic nephew is doing. The saloon party burn down Bayard's hall, but at last the tide turns. Money is found for a better building, and Bayard ventures to declare his love for Helen Carruth. After a long interval his uncle's death enables him to marry. Bayard and his lovely bride return from their eight days' honeymoon for the dedication of the mission hall, which proves an overwhelming success. As they leave the hall a saloon keeper's son fells Bayard with a great stone. He lingers for a few days and then passes quietly to his rest. There is a manifest animus against theology in the story. With that we have no sympathy, though we scarcely wonder at such a revolt from the hard creed of New England in former days. The professor himself ripens as the story unfolds and his sermon in Bayard's hall was a triumph. But if there is this animus in the story no one can feel his heart unstirred by Bayard's noble rescue work. He is a real hero, and Helen Carruth, with her beauty and warmth of affection, is worthy even of such a husband.

Disturbing Elements. By MABEL C. BIRCHENOUGH. Smith, Elder & Co.

This is really a very fresh and pleasant story. The scene opens at the ladies' college, Brontë Hall, where three English

girls have sought a refuge from somewhat uncongenial relatives. But love breaks up the pleasant circle. Mary Lanion is eagerly pursued by one of the tutors and fellows of the University, a persistent and somewhat narrow Scotchman, who cannot persuade her to accept his addresses, but binds her to think of him for six months. Meanwhile Mary goes to Paris with her brother, who is a young physician absorbed in scientific research. There she wins the heart of her distant cousin Jean Lanion. But a French coquette makes mischief, and poor Lanion goes off to South Africa. Then the Scotchman reappears, and is on the verge of being married to Mary. At this juncture Jean comes home almost at the point of death, misunderstandings are cleared away, and when the story closes Jean is still alive, though he has heart disease, which makes it impossible to hope that he can live long. Mary's brother Felix wins merry Kitty Winter, and is gradually gaining a great scientific reputation, whilst the professor is about to be made happy by the third of the old friends of Brontë Hall. The two dowagers, Mrs. Lanion and Madame Lanion, of Paris, are the best figures in the book, and there are some glimpses of French customs and family life which supply an element of freshness for an English reader. Altogether the book is a distinct success, with not a few misunderstandings and complications, but with a hearty ring about it from first to last.

1. *His Excellency's English Governess.* By SYDNEY C. GRIER. 6s.

2. *Fellow Travellers.* By GRAHAM TRAVERS. Second Edition. 6s. Blackwood & Sons.

1. Two thoroughly enjoyable books. Cecil Anstruther, the daughter of a country vicar, distinguishes herself at the B.A. examination of London University, and after a discouraging month spent in the vain attempt to reduce to order her step-mother's lively brood, she goes to Bagdad as governess to the Pasha's favourite son. Life in the harem, with all its jealousies and plottings is vividly described, and a Western reader begins to understand the inflammable Eastern temper. The story hinges on the jealousy felt by Cecil's precocious little pupil towards Dr. Egerton. The doctor is a fine fellow despite his vagaries and his rashness, and Cecil's influence supplies a moral tonic which soon makes him a noble character. The book has a considerable spice of adventure, and it is bright, fresh, and instructive. A modern version of life in Bagdad.

2. Graham Travers' five stories grouped under the title *Fellow Travellers* are all gems. They are a woman's ripe work, full of force and sparkle with not a little pathos and much subtle power of mental analysis. The country practitioner in "After Many

Days" gives new courage to a young lady artist who is down in the depths, and finds in her a true friend when he most needed a helping hand. "The Examiner's Conscience" is a touching little tale, whilst "A Great Gulf," though one of the saddest things in the book, has a touch of genius in it. "The Knight and the Lady," a boy and girl idyll, almost brings the tears to one's eyes. "The Story of a Friendship" is a study of the development of an unformed country girl under the influence of a friendship with a consumptive young fellow full of artistic and literary taste. We can scarcely say which of the stories pleases us best—they are all so full of living interest.

Mere Stories. By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD. A. & C. Black.

These stories are not pleasant. They deal with love and marriage in a rather cynical style, and bring out the shady side of things in a way that is far from comfortable. They are well written and have considerable interest as studies of character, but we wonder whether any man could be so hard and domineering as Mr. Webster, who dictates to his wife even about the way she shall arrange the flowers at a dinner table, and treats her like a governess or housekeeper. In "John Alwin," a woman who has cherished her affection for an old lover twenty-two years, awakes out of her dreams when he reappears. "The man she remembered was slim and delicate, with a slightly supercilious air, and refinement in every line of his face. This man looked commonplace and easy-going, and was evidently one of those who thoroughly enjoy the somewhat primitive pleasures—not to be confounded with the simplicities—that appeal least to the intellectual side of human nature. She stood still for a moment, covered with a strange shame and despair because of all her past fine feelings. She nearly laughed, it was so absurd; she nearly cried, it was so tragic." This is the best story in the book. The closing study, "A Woman who had Genius," is very fine and very true.

Cornhill Magazine. New Series.

No change has been made in the get-up of this magazine, but its size has been increased to 144 pages, and the price raised to one shilling. The chief advantage secured is the increased space for articles of general interest. Some excellent papers have appeared in the first three numbers, notably Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's account of the beginning of *Cornhill* and of Thackeray's experiences as editor. Goldwin Smith contributes a discriminating paper on Burke; Sir M. E. Grant Duff writes an amusing account of an old French jest book. The second number is well up to the standard set by the first. Professor Laughton deals with the Battle of the Nile; an American writes about the millionaires of his own country, a

paper which shows how colossal fortunes have been built up in the States. Mr. Patchett Martin's account of Sir Henry Parkes is a strange glimpse of the Warwickshire peasant and Birmingham artisan, who was five times Prime Minister of New South Wales. Parkes was an enthusiastic verse writer, who said he would rather leave behind him "the reputation of a third-rate poet than that of a first-class politician." He published many books of verses, but Fame denied him even the humble niche in her temple to which he aspired. He was burdened with debt all through his life, and his continual borrowing made one of his victims say, as he looked at a painting, "Call that a life-like portrait of Parkes! Why, the fool of an artist has painted him with his hand in his breeches pocket, when in reality it was always *in somebody else's?*"

The Balladists. By JOHN GEDDIE. "Famous Scots" Series. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Geddie's aim has been to extract the marrow of the Scottish Ballad Minstrelsy, and to awaken a relish for those grand old songs. Questions involving literary or critical controversy as to the age and genuineness of the ballads have been avoided so far as possible. The writer's business is to set forth their aims and qualities. This freedom from "biographical baggage" leaves the mind free to concentrate itself on the ballads. Dates and names are, indeed, few and far between. "The original ballad-writers themselves must remain for us the Great Unknown." The ballads passed from mouth to mouth, losing golden lines and verses, no doubt, but gaining new felicities as they were handed on. Ballad literature owes more to Sir Walter Scott than to any other man, but Scott was "not above mending the strains gathered from the lips of old women, hill shepherds, and the wandering tribes of cadgers and hawkers." Mr. Geddie describes the growth and structure of these songs, and then treats the mythological, romantic, and historical ballads in three chapters full of good things. He shows how the ballads have permeated the poetry and literature of the century like a draught of rare old wine. The minstrels have not sent down out of the darkness as much as their name, but their spell has rested on the greatest of our modern poets who have been proud to acknowledge the debt they owed to these forgotten forerunners.

Robert Burns. An Ode on the Centenary of his Death. By HUNTER MACCULLOCH. Brooklyn: 430, Van Buren Street. 20 cents.

Mr. MacCulloch is a Glasgow man, settled in New York who has chosen this way of expressing his affection for the bard

of his native country. He has enriched his poetic tribute by five full-page illustrations of Alloway's auld haunted kirk, of Burns himself and the kitchen of his cottage, of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, and of the Burn's monument at Dumfries. The Ode itself is a commentary on the poet's life, his lowly birth, his poetic call, his gifts, and the pitiful weaknesses that wrecked his life. Mr. MacCulloch does not lack poetic fire, and he has both force and grace of expression.

"True Son of genius, needing not to roam
To distant climes,
Or ancient times,
He finds before him here at home
The warp and woof of his immortal rhymes.
For his the power to make rough nature fine,
To change the commonplace to new and choice,
To draw a landscape in a line,
To utter peasant's thoughts with poet's voice.
His keen-eyed mind sees into men and things,
And by imagination, vivid, strong,
And borne on rhythm's swift and tireless wings,
He pours a torrent forth of matchless song:
Here was the place and now the time
To put his pathos, satire, humour into rhyme."

The Burns Centenary in the Poorhouse. First Edition.
Kirkintilloch: J. T. Smith & Co.

This is a poetic tribute to Burns, couched in the broadest Scotch. It has considerable force and some bursts of humour, but its hero-worship is rather fulsome, and the description of Burns

"Keeping douce celestial cronies
Captivated wi' his glee,"

and actually leading the harmony of heaven, is really almost blasphemous.

Pensées of Joubert. Selected and Translated by HENRY ATTWELL, Knight of the Order of the Oak Crown, &c.
With Portrait. George Allen, Charing Cross. 1896.

Joubert (1754-1823) was a most fascinating and stimulating conversationalist. His thoughts were expressed with a perfection of phrase and form quite unequalled, and they were as suggestive as they were exactly and luminously phrased. He was also a

wise and elevating teacher, all whose influence went to uplift and strengthen the moral tone as well as to captivate and train the intelligence. This volume is made up of aphorisms and criticisms. A more elegant or charming present for a young thinker could hardly be desired. Mr. Attwell has done his work of translation and selection excellently, though he offers it modestly to the world.

The Treasury of Hymns. Selected and Edited by W. GARRETT HORDER. Elliot Stock.

The high quality of Mr. Horder's work in this field is sufficiently guaranteed by his *Congregational Hymns and Worship Songs*. The collection of hymns has met with such favour, not only for Church worship but for devotional use at home, that he has been led to issue the present edition in a form more suitable for private perusal and presentation to friends. The finest verse of four hundred and fifty authors and translators ranging from the third to the nineteenth century is gathered into this volume. It represents years of thought and labour, and is a catholic collection drawn from all schools of religious thought. No one will turn the pages without finding a host of old friends, and gaining introduction to new hymns in which they will delight. Mr. Horder's taste is not so severe as the late Lord Selborne's in *The Book of Praise*, but the selection will be more popular in some circles for that very reason. It is one of the most complete collections of hymnology that we have, and ought to win wide favour as a devotional manual. It would be more useful if it had a table of contents showing the subjects treated, and it seems rather awkward to put on the title page "Part i. 1-841, Part ii. 1,001-1242," without any explanation as to the missing hymns 842-1000. Might we suggest also that the titles of Mr. Horder's earlier collections should be given as well as the tributes to their merit. Besides a list of authors, with dates of birth and death, there is a good alphabetical index suggesting a suitable tune for each hymn from the Bristol Tune Book, and the hymns themselves have expression marks attached.

Elijah the Prophet, and other Sacred Poems. By GEORGE WASHINGTON MOON. Longmans. 2s. 6d.

Elijah was published in 1865, and ran rapidly through three editions, but has been out of print for more than a quarter of a century. Mr. Moon has added some other sacred poems, and intends to publish a companion volume, *Poems of Love and Home*. The poems are manifestly the work of a Christian and a scholar, and are often full of thought, and felicitously phrased. But they lack inspiration, and are somewhat stiff and

pedantic. "Trials," a four-lined poem based on the words, "God commanded the light to shine out of darkness," strikes us as one of the best things in the collection.

"'Tis ever thus with messengers from God:—
His brightness makes a shadow fall before them.
But soon as they have passed us on life's road,
Light, like a glorious mantle, falleth o'er them."

Robert Forward (Charles H. Kelly, 1s.), is a powerful story by Harry Lindsay. It has some passages which need pruning, and it seems hard on the happy bride and bridegroom to bring the man who has wrecked his life to their door on their wedding day, but it is a protest against gambling, and a description of its terrible results, which is both timely and valuable. The story is well told, and ought to bear fruit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States, Historical and Judicial. By ROBERT FOSTER, Lecturer at the Law School of Yale University. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1896.

When complete, this will probably be the most elaborate and exhaustive, as it certainly is the liveliest and most entertaining, of the numerous commentaries on the American Constitution. The theme is inexhaustible, but Mr. Foster seems determined to exhaust it. In this first volume he has put the pith of previous commentaries, and has added much original matter as the fruit of his own diligent research. The consequence is that, even with the aid of much small type and many notes, and copious appendices, at the end of his 700 large and crowded pages, he has only reached the article dealing with "Impeachments." His history of the formation and development of the Constitution covers well-known ground, but it is freshly written, and, unlike previous histories, it is illustrated at every point by relevant historical events. His style, perhaps, might have been chastened with advantage, here and there, but that would have deprived the book of piquant passages, which in a work so grave we should be loth to miss. Objection has been taken to the disproportionate space devoted in the Introduction to the doings of John Lilburne in connection with the Long Parliament; but we must confess our obligations to the author for his long account of this intrepid "pioneer of the paths towards constitutional liberty." "The first scheme of a written Constitution

for a nation was the work of an English clothier and soap-boiler," who persuaded the army to support the Agreement of the People, and whose name the author thinks should stand by that of Hampden in the pages of our history. Hume speaks of him as "the most turbulent, but the most upright and courageous of human kind"; which is going a long way. Certain it is that "by his experiments, as well as by his teachings, Lilburne did more than any other to found the present system of public law which gives the courts power to disregard an act of the legislature as unconstitutional," and most who read this volume will be glad to have the long appendix on "John Lilburne and the Agreement of the People," containing a sketch of his life, and the principal clauses of that famous but forgotten document. This is but a specimen of the thoroughness, the superfluity, as some have said, of the information gathered into this great library of facts illustrative of the origin, the nature, the constituent elements of by far the most important political instrument of modern times.

The Legislation of Congress for the Government of the Organised Territories of the United States. 1789-1895.

By MAX FARRAND. Newark (N.J.): W. A. Baker.

Mr. Farrand begins his valuable discussion by tracing the origin of the public territory of the United States in the West. Recent surveys show that it consists of about a hundred and seventy million acres, but in 1789 it was merely a vast tract of unbroken wilderness stretching north and west of the river Ohio, and designated vaguely as "The Northwest." Some of the larger States laid claim to the vacant lands in the West, and it was not till 1789 that these matters were adjusted, and "The Northwest" became common property, the public territory of the United States. A clear and careful account is given of the legislation for the government of this vast district. Jefferson's Ordinance of 1784 provided for the distribution of the ceded territory into States, in each of which the settlers were authorised to form a temporary government by adopting the constitution and laws of any of the original States. There were many objections to this Ordinance, and three years later a new Ordinance was passed, which struck the keynote of the liberal system of American land law, and is the foundation of all the statutes of the United States relating to land tenures. The power to legislate for new States was embodied in the Constitution, and the first Congress in 1789 took up the question of the government of the Northwest Territory. Since that time territories have been organised and laws made for their government on a scale such as had never been anticipated. Mr. Farrand divides his study into two periods, from 1789 to 1836, and from 1836 to

1895. The first was a time of experiment, but when the Territory of Wisconsin was organised in 1836, the subject was thoroughly understood, and all the changes which had been gradually made in the previous period were embodied in one enactment. Congress gained absolute control of the territories, and legislated for the territories as a whole. The subject is one of great interest, and this study is so clear and so easy to follow that it will be of great service to all who wish to understand the growth of American institutions. In an appendix a complete list is given of the "Acts of Congress Relating to the Government of the Organised Territories of the United States."

America and Europe. A Study of International Relations.

- I. "The United States and Great Britain." By DAVID A. WELLS. II. "The Munroe Doctrine." By EDWARD J. PHELPS. III. "Arbitration in International Disputes." By CARL SCHURZ. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896. 2s. 6d.

What good sense, accurate information, and good feeling can do to unite in mutual friendly understanding the United States and Great Britain is done, so far as the compass of one small volume will allow, in the cheap and valuable book before us. Professor Wells occupies the greatest part of the volume, and at once explains and vindicates in the happiest manner England's commercial and colonising policy, and, we may say, her political international principles generally. It is very pleasant to read the frank and ungrudging, and at the same time intelligent and well-informed, commendation given in particular to England's colonial administration. That a wise policy expects and desires for nations and self-governing communities in their international dealings that all should be mutually benefitted is the principle which lies at the basis of England's commercial and colonial policy. "Herein," says Mr. Wells, "is the secret of her wealth and commercial supremacy." Mr. Phelps, in his address before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences gives a reasonable and persuasive exposition of the Monroe Doctrine. As so expounded it commends itself to the approval of well-informed Englishmen, as a fit and proper doctrine to be maintained by the United States in the interest of the peace and well-being of the American continent. Carl Schurz, a naturalised American patriot, of German birth, recognised for thirty years past by the nation as one of her most enlightened and disinterested patriots, advocates with great earnestness and great force the principle of arbitration in international disputes. Let all our readers buy this volume.

Introduction to Sociology. By ARTHUR FAIRBANKS. London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Fairbanks is a Professor in Yale University, and has probably delivered the substance of this admirable book in the form of lectures to his students. If so, this will account for the extreme pains he has taken at every step to render himself intelligible, and to carry the reader with him through the various stages of his exposition. No one, not even the experts, for whom he says the book has not been written, could possibly peruse these pages without gaining clearer ideas and fuller information on the topics treated. The book is what it professes to be—an introduction. In all respects, with the serious drawback of the want of an index, it is admirably adapted to its purpose, clear, methodical, thoroughly informed as to the present state of knowledge and speculation in Europe and America. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Giddings, whose *Principles of Sociology* we noticed in our last number, and regrets that his own pages were in type before that able work appeared; but he need have no qualms; this book is laid on different lines; it is the work of a vigorous and quite independent mind, and will be sure to find a place among the not too numerous manuals issuing from the press. After the introductory pages, in which we have some helpful definitions of the leading terms in Sociology, there follow thirteen chapters in which the structure and the progress of societies are learnedly and lucidly described. The headings of the chapters will be quite sufficient to induce our readers to enrich their libraries with this able, careful, comprehensive, and most interesting work: The Organic Character of a Society; the Physical Basis of Society; Association: the Relation of Men in Society; the Social Mind; Causes of Social Activity; Modes of Social Activity; the Industrial Organisation of Society; the Family as a Social Unit; the State as an Organ of Social Activity; the Individual from the Standpoint of Sociology; External Account of Social Development; Processes of Social Development; Natural Selection in Human Society. The Bibliography is confined to treatises in English, French and German, the important current work in Holland and in Italy being ignored; within these limits, it is full and fairly up to date.

People's Banks. A Record of Social and Economic Success. By HENRY W. WOLFF. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: P. S. King & Son. 1896. 10s. 6d.

In welcoming a new edition of this remarkable book, we cannot help expressing our wonder that the system of co-operative banking therein so clearly, and, if the word may be

permitted in such a connection, so charmingly expounded, has not spread more rapidly in this country. On the Continent it has continued to flourish, with untold advantage to the humbler portions of the population in both town and country, and in all its forms. In Europe and in Asia (for in India and the farther East the various forms of popular credit founded on character and mutual responsibility are striking vigorous roots) this simple and effective method of eliminating the usurer and fostering the virtues of self-help, thrift, industry, business aptitude and social confidence, seems likely to become the mainstay of social and industrial reform in the future. Within these islands where the system is much needed, and where most of the conditions of success are present, little progress has been made since we called attention to the work in January, 1894. Here and there a bank has been established, but, in spite of Mr. Wolff's enthusiastic propaganda, few have heard of them in England, Wales, or Ireland. Is it that, as the French proverb says, "Only easy things are difficult!" Or is it from "pure ignorance," as Dr. Johnson said? In any case, this second edition of Mr. Wolff's admirable volume, which has not only been revised and enlarged, but practically re-written and brought up to date, should do much to multiply these centres of true social union and advance. We have been much interested in the details of experiments made in typical communities in the United Kingdom within the past two years. The one at Pembury, in Kent, which has casually come under our own observation, is specially instructive, and promises to be a complete success.

Adoption and Amendment of Constitutions in Europe and America. By CHARLES BORGEAUD. Translated by C. D. HAZEN. With an Introduction by JOHN M. VINCENT. London: Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d. nett.

In this exceedingly valuable work, a work which, by the way, received the Rossi Prize awarded by the Paris Faculty of Law, the author supplements his well-known and deservedly esteemed and standard treatise on the *Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England*, in which, as our readers may remember, it is shown that democracy in this country and in America originated in the Puritan Churches of the seventeenth century. In this later volume he traces with lucidity and detail the development of the idea in Europe and America as embodied especially in the written Constitutions of the United States of France and Switzerland. In treating of the Swiss Constitution he gives an interesting and instructive account of the Referendum and Initiative. Both these he deems to be essential to popular sovereignty. A written Constitution he regards as necessary

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to the liberty of the individual, especially in ultra-democratic States. "In this conflict between the State and the individual, the infinitely great and the infinitely small, the organs of the State may be led to abuse their power, to trample upon right. Then, more than ever, will the individual need to seek protection under the shield of a written Constitution, and this, more than ever, must be above and beyond the reach of every Power that may be hostile to liberty." The translation reads well, and we are thankful to the publishers for this useful acquisition to our not too crowded library of scientific politics.

Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum. By ROBERT R. DOLLING, late Priest-in-Charge of St. Agatha's, Landport (Winchester College Mission). With eighteen Full-page Illustrations. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

Mr. Dolling left his slum a few months ago, under circumstances which are pretty well known. Dr. Davidson, who has just succeeded Dr. Thorold in the See of Winchester, did not feel that he could issue a license for Mr. Dolling's new church, because it had a third altar, intended for the celebration of masses for the dead. The whole correspondence between Mr. Dolling and the Bishop is given here, and will certainly increase the regard and esteem which all fair-minded men felt at the Bishop's conduct. Perfect courtesy and deep sympathy with Mr. Dolling's work are manifest in every line of the correspondence from Farnham Castle, yet Dr. Davidson stands firmly to his position. But while we feel that Mr. Dolling does not come out of the struggle so well as the Bishop, and whilst our Protestant feelings are outraged by masses for the dead and other features of the services at St. Agatha's, we cannot ignore the wonderful devotion with which Mr. Dolling carried on his work at Portsmouth. He went to his slum with one single thought: "God has sent me to teach these people that they are His children, and that, therefore, they are priceless in His eyes." The mission was begun by Winchester School, and Dr. Linklater, who had been at its head, had taken all hearts at Winchester by storm, had found favour in the eyes of naval and military authorities, and had put the work on good lines. Mr. Dolling was neither a scholar nor a theologian. He tells us that, though he was a Harrow boy, he was unable to pass his "little go" at Cambridge, and had no knowledge of exact theology save what he had managed to scrape together during his year at Salisbury Theological College. But, when Charles Osborne joined him, they spent an hour together every day in talking theology. "There is no method of learning so easy as the conversational method, especially such conversation as his, and when the opportunity came to me to occupy London pulpits, he prepared

the notes of many of my sermons, and looked up the references; and ever since he left me, though he now has work almost as time-exhausting as my own, he has never failed to send me at Lent, and at other times when I needed them, courses of sermons. I have often felt little better than a humbug, delivering sermons which are the fruit of his brain." This is a fair specimen of the frankness with which Mr. Dolling treats his readers, and a fair specimen also of the happy relations between himself and his workers. It is manifest, as we read these racy records, that Mr. Dolling is a man of quick temper, but his generous nature, and his sympathy with distress of every kind, help us to understand the hold which he got of Portsmouth, and the wonderful work which he did in lifting up the morals of his district. He maintains that "mission work like ours, for which so many great cities in England are crying out, is not only the easiest of all religious work to do, but is far the most satisfactory in doing." He weighed fifteen stone, and many a time stuck fast in the narrow, cabin-like staircases of his slum, "and could not go up or down till pulled from below." He pays warm tribute to Nonconformity. "When you hear people talk glibly of Orthodoxy, of Dissent, of the exclusive rights and privileges of the Church, I pray you realise how many places would be virtually heathen, if the Church of England was the only representative of God in England. It is quite true that Nonconformity, in its more dignified congregations, fails, I think, largely in the slums, but there is a vast body of unattached Christians, or of laymen with their hearts aflame with the love of souls, with some kind of quasi-authority from more respectable chapels, preaching the Gospel literally without money and without price." One of the most touching chapters in the book deals with "Our Saints," poor crippled creatures who lingered out their last days of suffering in Mr. Dolling's home, and seemed to bring a benediction to the whole establishment. The common meals, at which Bishop Thorold once sat down between two thieves, and Winchester men found themselves in the company of the most shady characters, was one of the chief educational influences of the place, and many a quaint study of character is given in this book as the result of those dinner-table experiences. Mr. Dolling spent about £50,000 during his ten years' work. He reckons that one day a week was devoted to begging, and he is still struggling with the last part of his task. His ardour for the moral and social uplifting of the worst people of his slum, his care for the young, his devotion to prayer, and his love of Christ, gleam forth in every page of this record. The vile dens of the district, and the public houses, found in him a fearless foe, and, greatly as we differ from him in many things, we feel ourselves in the presence of a man of rare consecration, with a genius for work among the outcast. The Church of

Christ would reap a great harvest if all its workers were as zealous and devoted as Mr. Dolling.

Idyllists of the Country Side: Being Six Commentaries concerning some of those who have Apostrophised the Joys of the Open Air. By GEORGE H. ELLWANGER. George Bell & Sons.

This dainty little book will be very dear to every lover of Nature. The "Walton" and "Gilbert White" deal with themes somewhat more familiar than the studies of Hardy, Jefferies, Thoreau and Burroughs, but they are so discriminating and point out the excellences and limitations of the two great literary naturalists so well that even those who know Walton's *Angler* and White's *Selborne* best will find here much to interest and delight them. An instructive sketch is given of writers on angling before Walton's time. Walton was not an accomplished fly-fisher, but we can well spare that qualification in virtue of his literary skill and charm of style. Unless he be curious to experiment with baits, the modern votary of the rod will find little practical profit from a perusal of Walton's book. "Yet while rivulets tinkle and springtides dawn, it still remains one of the volumes that age cannot wither nor time deflower—the book of the running brooks and classic of the waterside. Gilbert White's *Pastoral* gains new charm from the careful analysis of its merits. *Selborne* is the result of an enthusiast's observations for a period of more than two score years; and probably in no one volume of equal size has such an amount of exact scrutiny been brought to bear or been more lucidly presented." Thomas Hardy's landscape furnishes a theme for another graceful estimate of the novelist's "craft of drawing new symbols and meanings from Nature's many-sided aspects of atmosphere and the subtle alchemy of the changing year—meanings grim or buoyant, vague or lucid, mysterious or prophetic, such as an acutely impressible temperament might unconsciously feel, but that few have ever before expressed." The tribute to Jefferies is everything that an enthusiast for the Wiltshire naturalist would desire. "To recall his name is to recall the myriad beauties of Nature in all her tenses of the seasons; in a thousand conditions of life and sky and atmosphere; in countless phases of growth and blossoming. To know him is to approach nearer the heart of the flower, the mystic concave of the sky, and the elusive verge of the horizon. The message of the wind and the voice of the bird become clearer; the missive of the bud and precept of the falling leaf, no one has rendered more lovingly, more faithfully than he." "The Sphere of Thoreau," as the observer of Nature, is a fine essay. The American naturalist was a strange embodiment of

the cynical and the spiritual, of the cosmical and the trans-lunary, together with a mixture of the savage. His devotion to his pursuits was wonderful. Persevering study of Nature was the golden key by which he unlocked her secrets. Burroughs is the bird naturalist. "He has given us the living, singing bird as he exists in his native haunts, with the trees and flowers and sky that encompass him, of which his song is the expression and the emanation." We recommend every lover of natural history to put this book on his shelves without delay.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Diffluent—Disburden. Vol. III. Oxford, London. 1896.

We confess that it is with some surprise that we learn from this latest instalment of Dr. Murray's great work that our familiar verb *to dig* is not to be found in our literature before the fourteenth century. We are apt to assume that our commonest words are of Saxon origin, and so we had supposed this familiar vocable to be. It appears, however, that it is derived from the French *diguer*, and is thus only cognate with the Old English *dic*, dike or ditch. Before its introduction the terms delve and grave divided between them the latitude of signification in which it is now used. Turning the pages we come upon an extremely interesting article on the rare word *dight*, so fortunately preserved for the literary language by Milton's

"Storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light."

Radically identical with the German *dichten*, *dight* has fared very differently for having early parted with its literary connotations, and been converted to the baser uses of the mechanical arts, cookery, and so forth. During the eighteenth century it became almost obsolete, until it was revived by the romantic school.

The article on *dinner* will strike gastronomes as profanely brief, but the philologist and the epicure naturally look at words from different points of view. *Dirge*, from *dirige*, the first word of the antiphon used by the Roman Church in the office for the dead, is illustrated by abundant citations from our earlier literature. The rare word *doil*, as expressive as rare, is also the subject of a valuable article, which we trust may help to revive its use. For the rest, much of the part is devoted to the compounds of *di* and *dis*, which are dealt with exhaustively. The amount of minute, painstaking, accurate labour which these carefully tabulated synopses imply can only be appreciated by those who have had experience of similar work. From them it will receive the unstinted commendation which it deserves.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (June 15).—M. George Goyau deals with "The Religious Map of Contemporary Germany." He says that the statistics for 1890 showed a total of 31,026,810 Protestants, and 17,674,921 Catholics, in the empire. The Peace of Augsburg gave to the sovereigns in the principalities and to the majorities in the free cities, the right to change their religion. It accorded liberty of conscience to the possessors of power and to them alone. Subjects and minorities were to confess and to pray as the temporal power wished that they should confess and pray; the conscience of the individual, unless some toleration was given, had to reflect strictly the conscience of the State. If the prince oscillated between the rival Confessions, he had the right to require that the minds of his people should oscillate like his own. For two centuries, from 1556 to 1750, that principle shaped the religious map of Germany. A number of men of mystical temperament had hailed in the Reformation the marriage of Christ to His Church which He wished to make more holy in order that it might be more worthy of Himself. The illusion was short-lived. In each little State of the empire the faith instead of leavening men's minds superimposed itself upon them. In spite even of Luther's doctrines it was no longer a movement and a product of conscience, but a livery which the prince imposed on his subject. There is no doubt that the nineteenth century has smoothed over many asperities. If two maps of Germany were taken and the domains of the Confessions in 1750 and in 1896 were marked on them, there would certainly be a complete analogy as to the placing of the coloured masses, but the map of contemporary Germany bears shades somewhat lighter, tints less accentuated, colours not so distinct and less sure of themselves. This beginning of disintegration indicates that the homogeneity of the old religious bodies has not remained intact, and that the unanimities of other days, whether Catholic or Protestant, are reduced to the position of majorities. At the beginning of the century, Munich, Cologne, Fribourg, were purely Catholic cities; to-day the first has 50,000 Protestants, the second 34,000, the third 13,000. On the other hand, Berlin, which was once exclusively Protestant, had 16,000 Catholics in 1846, 51,000 in 1871, 80,000 in 1880, and nearly 150,000 to-day. From 1880 to 1885 in Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia, where Catholicism is pre-eminent, the proportion of Catholics to the total population is lowered, whilst that of Protestants has risen. One recognises an opposite tendency in the rest of Prussia where Protestantism is predominant. The Confessions are like men on a ladder, one coming down from the top, the other climbing up from the foot. In Saxony this complex play of the Confessions is most striking. In the hereditary States, where once there were scarcely any Catholics, there were 9,000 in 1835, 27,000 in 1871, 44,000 in 1875, 57,000 in 1887. This change was most strongly marked in the Dresden district during the years which followed the war, when people began to avail themselves of the law which allowed them to settle in any part of the empire. The centre of gravity of Catholic Saxony has been displaced, and in the whole of the kingdom hardly fifteen per cent. of the Protestant parishes have escaped the Roman infiltration. At two points of the empire, Poland and Alsace-Lorraine, the government is openly striving to reverse the relative position of the Confessions. The Protestant

immigration here and there is directed by the central authority, which seems bent on reducing the Catholics to a minority. It is in the name of German patriotism that the Evangelical League of the Association of Gustavus Adolphus wishes to multiply the number of churches and Evangelical schools in these provinces. There is a kind of stagnant fidelity to ancient memories, and the imperial policy aims to remove that stagnation and infiltrate or engulf it by a flood of Prussian Protestantism. Bismarck and his successor have scattered German colonies over ancient Poland, but it is one thing to put them into juxtaposition, another thing to fuse them together, and as yet Bismarck's policy has only produced a mosaic. The Poles have denounced this invasion of Evangelical Germanism, but the Prussian Ministry justifies its action by the example of Danzig. The fact remains that the religious infiltrations which have already proved a success, and those which seem imminent, have been brought about more by the force of things than by propagandist plans—they are a phenomenon not a manoeuvre. The legislation of the nineteenth century, more tolerant than that of former times, has allowed them to come to pass. They have been provoked and encouraged by the lowering of the barriers between the various States, by facilities of transit, and by economic conditions which require the moving to and fro of workers. They bear witness to the complex life of the unified empire. It loves to mix its children for political ends, and as a good economist of its forces, it sends them where they can work to best advantage. Its great cities, where Poles and Rhinelanders, natives of Baden and of Saxony gather together, become in some measure a school of fusion and of unification, where all combine for an industrial struggle with England, that rival which appears half an enemy. We have by no means exhausted this instructive study.

(July 1).—The Duc de Broglie reviews the twenty-five years that have passed since the war with Germany. He abstains from passing judgment on the endeavour of the military chiefs of France to preserve her army from faults and errors, to make it equal to any struggle which it may yet have to sustain. His purpose is to study the effect produced by the effort to render the foreign policy of France such as to re-establish the moral situation of the country. When the Viscount Gontaut-Biron was sent as ambassador to Berlin after the war, he had a hard task indeed, which required a rare combination of address and *sang froid*. Europe, still astonished by the misfortunes of France, was bending before the conqueror and left the vanquished without defence. Gontaut-Biron had a most ungrateful task, but it was most loyally fulfilled. The treaty of Frankfort was executed in the smallest particulars with a good faith and a desire for conciliation to which the Prussians themselves did homage. The duke evidently feels some soreness about our Egyptian policy. The condition of France was so precarious that she was not able to spare thirty thousand men for an Egyptian expedition. The withdrawing of Egypt from the collective action of the European powers was the initial mistake which bore its natural fruits. Egypt was only a fraction of that Ottoman Empire which had for more than a century been subject to the jealous and vigilant surveillance of all the European powers. If European influence had not ceased to make itself felt in a regular and continuous manner at Cairo, as at Constantinople, the general principle which preserved the integrity of the Ottoman Empire would have prevailed. The French Ministry which had to deal with this matter, the first important transaction since the German War, bungled the matter sadly, the duke thinks. Its hesitancy was so manifest, and its line of conduct so incoherent, that its critics seem justified in their severest strictures. People began to ask in those days if the ill-fortune which had attended France in Europe was going to follow it in all parts of the world. The Republican Government felt itself on its trial, and thus initiated a bold colonial policy. That policy the writer passes in review. M. Guérout's "*Life of a Savant*," is a sketch of Hermann von Helmholtz, who, as mathematician, philosopher, physician, and physiologist, traversed the complete circle of human knowledge. He was born at Potsdam, in 1821. On the father's side he was of pure German race, and on his mother's

side French and English blood ran in his veins. His mother, Caroline Penn, was a descendant of the famous William Penn. As a child, the future *savant* was delicate and often obliged to keep his chamber, but he was a great talker and full of spirit. He had a very bad memory, especially for things that were not linked together by any sort of logical connection, and found it hard to master the elements of history as they were then taught in German schools. To learn prose by heart was for him a real punishment. When he began to study geometry, however, he astonished his teachers by the rapidity with which he retained the theorems. But neither geometry nor algebra had the fascination for him that physical science had. He devoured all the books on the subject in his father's library. He tried, with his feeble resources, to make experiments, and learned to understand the action of acids at the expense of his mother's serviettes. He constructed optical instruments with telescope-glasses and a little magnifying glass that belonged to his father. When Virgil and Cicero were being read in class, he would be calculating the speed with which rays of light travelled. His father was a comparatively poor man, so that the youth had to find some profession that would supply him with bread and butter, and he resolved to turn his attention to military medicine. He, therefore, studied at the Frederick-William Institute under J. Muller, having Du Bois-Reymond, Brücke, Ludwig, and Virchow, as companions. Muller was a physiologist of great attainments, a disciple of Kant, who had been the first to apply his master's method to the study of sensations. He distinguished in the impression produced that which proceeded from the exterior cause, from the form of the organ, and from the specific energy of the nerve. Muller pursued his researches with philosophic rigour and Kantian method, but he was at the same time an experimenter of the first order who recognised that nothing could dispense with the exact knowledge of facts, and showed the most penetrating sagacity in his analysis of phenomena. Such a master, and all the advantages of a great library, exercised a decisive influence on Helmholtz. In 1847, when twenty-six years old, the young military doctor published his first memoir on *The Conservation of Force*. The *savants* of the day regarded it as a fantasy of little interest and considerable danger, and its conclusions were stoutly denied. Jacobi, almost alone among the older men, recognised its value, but the younger physicians, notably Du Bois-Reymond, received it with something like enthusiasm. From that time, Helmholtz steadily climbed up to fame. He attacked Liebig's notions about fermentation and putrefaction, which he proved not to be simple chemical reactions, but operations linked to the presence and propagation of living organisms. In the last fifty years of his life, Helmholtz was one of the men who opened a multitude of new fields of research of the highest interest, and threw the most vivid light on the most obscure points of human knowledge. His work has led up to or suggested the most interesting discoveries. His name remains inscribed among the greatest of our great century.

(June 15).—M. Cruppi's fourth article on the Assize Courts of the Seine, deals with Offences of the Press tried by Jury. Some illustrious men plead for impunity in these matters. They would abrogate all laws dealing with Press offences. Emile de Girardin used to say, "The Press without impunity, is not the free Press, it is the Press having for judges arbitrary conduct, ignorance, and intolerance." Other reformers who wish to secure a serious and efficacious repression think that this can only be gained by giving to the correctional tribunals the jurisdiction in those Press cases which are now sent to a jury. The advocates of this system have tried to win favour for it during the last six years before both Chambers, but without success. It is supported by plausible arguments, and has many partisans, but M. Cruppi shows that it is necessary to hold to the jury system. After describing the difference between our common jury and special jury, he asks what special reforms it is desirable to make in the *régime* of the Press. An honourable magistrate (M. Burdin de Péronne) recently expressed his conviction that the public authorities ought, as a matter of duty, to deal with defamation of its own functionaries. To this end, access to the Court of Assize ought to be made

more easy. It should not be so expensive, and the result ought to be more certain. The party really responsible for the infraction of the law ought to be clearly in view. French Press law is contained in that axiom: "It is the publication that makes the offence, but the question arises who is the true publisher." This and other points are dealt with in a sagacious manner. M. Joseph Texte writes an article on Wordsworth, based on two recent French publications. He says that Wordsworth's noble and harmonious poetry has not obtained the influence which it ought to have had in France, but the growing intelligence of our time gives hope for an increase of the literary territory, and it would not be surprising if Europe of the nineteenth century accorded to Wordsworth an admiration which he has not always found in the nineteenth.

(August 1).—M. Bentzon has an appreciative study of a New England romancer—Mary E. Wilkins. He thinks he can best interest French readers by giving a sample of this lady's work, and chooses almost at hazard her *Nun of New England*, which has gained a great reputation in America. If the story does not give a quite adequate view of her robust originality, and her talent for minute observation, it has the merit of losing less by translation than many others in which dialect and local peculiarities are more prominent. Miss Wilkins is one of those writers who devote themselves to the faithful representation of ordinary things, who know how to discover beauty there and to show how tenderly the light of heaven falls on all. A close and full acquaintance with the rustic society to which she introduces her readers, acts on them like some vivifying influence, such as the sea breezes or the bracing Alpine scents. The characters of the people are in harmony with their terrible winters and with their snow-storms. At the moment when there is a growing desire to understand the minds of other people, one studies with interest Miss Wilkins' work, in which is revealed a mind as curious as the Scandinavian or Russian mind itself. M. Leroy-Beaulieu has been visiting Australia and New Zealand. He says that under cover of constitutions modelled upon that of England, these societies of the Antipodes are pure democracies. Political circles are chiefly concerned with economic and social questions. The struggle between Free-traders and Protectionists occupies a large place in parliamentary life. The influence of Socialist doctrines is felt by all political parties. This is shown by laws as to land, and as to work in the manufactories, a system of imposts and a general tendency to make the State industrial and commercial, and to encroach more and more on the domain of private initiative. Extracts are made from *The Official Year-Book of New Zealand* which we have reviewed in these columns. In the great cities of Australia, especially in Melbourne, the frightful miseries of the sweating system are found just as in the East End of London. Women have gained a vote in New Zealand and in South Australia, and there is no doubt that other colonies will follow that example. These colonies and some States of the United States are the only places where women have the right to vote at all elections. Women in Australasia are in much the same position as in England, but less absolute than they are in the United States. There is a strong woman's movement, which M. Bentzon does not hesitate to call a vast humbug, the device of politicians in quest of agitations always renewed.

(August 15).—M. Goyau contributes the first of a series of articles on "Religious Germany: The Evolution of Contemporary Protestantism." It deals with Schleiermacher, Strauss, Harnack and Ritschl. Bonet-Maury gives an interesting sketch of "The French Precursors of Cardinal Lavigerie in Mussulman Africa." Count d'Haussonville writes on "The Duchess of Burgundy and the Savoyard Alliance under Louis XIV." M. Levy deals with the Presidential campaign in the United States. He shows how the Democrats who are opposed to free coinage of silver are being driven into the arms of the Republican candidate. Yet, even if MacKinley should become President, all things would not be settled if the majority of the Congress were in favour of silver. The inconvenience of too frequent

elections is being sorely felt. The trade of America is paralysed. The fear of a modification of the legislation on monetary matters, not the legislation in force, is spoiling the commerce of the country. The quantity of silver in circulation is not excessive and means might be found to fix a ratio between gold and silver, and to free the Treasury from some of its silver hoard. Not one elector in ten among Bryan's adherents understands the monetary problem, not one in a hundred is able to measure the consequences of the new legislation which is suggested. There is the peril, and it is hard to make the situation intelligible to a working man voter. M. Levy comforts himself with the proverb that "There is a Divinity for children, drunkards and Americans."

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (July 1).—Ernesto Masi reviews Zola's *Rome*. Someone has described the book as a Badeker set in the midst of a romantic melodrama, or a romantic melodrama set in the midst of a Badeker. It is one of a series on three cities. *Lourdes*, which shows the decadence of Catholicism in the delirium of its superstitions; *Rome*, which sets itself to demonstrate the impossibility of reconciling Catholicism with Science, and the historic and philosophic necessity of her inability to solve the most terrible problems of modern society; then there is *Paris*, which may perhaps show that Science is the only force of the universe, and threatens the ruin of the old faith and of every old European institution. Yet whatever the critics may say, there is a power of observation so rapid and profound, a feeling of reality so lively and so immediate, that it makes a splendid feature of Zola's *Rome*. As to the Italy of to-day, the book has a kind of crude truth mixed with French prejudices old and new. Giovanni Boglietti closes his instructive papers on "Socialism in England," which he has attempted to support exclusively on the authority of English writers. He says that trade unions are the best example that can be given of the spirit of association in labour. They are a natural result of the system of production by citizens. To see the numerical force of these associations and the huge pecuniary resources at their disposal, their rugged irresponsible instinct, and the identity of their aim, which may be expressed in the words—high salaries and shorter hours of labour—it would appear as though they could carry everything before them, and as though the fortune of industry and of English commerce depend entirely on their pleasure. Howell calculates that there are 3,000 trade unions or operative societies with about 1,500,000 members. The whole system is explained in a luminous way.

(July 16).—Pasquale Villari pays a graceful tribute to his friend Julia Salis Schwabe, who died at Naples last May. The grief at her death was almost universal. Eminent men pronounced words full of affection and admiration, and the Press echoed this well merited praise. She was truly an exceptional woman, whom to know was to admire. Renan once said to the writer "She is a woman of the Gospel." Another Frenchman told Signor Villari that one day Madame Schwabe went from London to Paris to plead for an old teacher of hers who was about to be condemned to death for a crime of which she was convinced that her friend was innocent. Her eloquence and ardour convinced judges, advocates and Government, and obtained favour for the accused. When she came out of prison in broken health and with reputation lost, so that she could not gain her own bread, Schwabe and her friends helped her to a pension of 2,500 lire per year. But her chief charities were on behalf of Italy, and Signor Villari, who knew her long, feels that he cannot refrain from paying his tribute to her memory. She was born of a Jewish family at Bremen, in 1819, and at the age of eighteen married her cousin Herr Schwabe, who was also a German naturalised in England. He had a cotton factory near Manchester. He prospered greatly, and employed more than a thousand hands. He treated his men well, and founded many useful popular institutions, which made him greatly loved and honoured in this country. He died in 1853, leaving his widow with six sons, each of whom had an independent fortune. When her sons grew up and needed her no longer, she felt free to follow her instincts. She was a friend of Cobden, Bastiat, Bunsen, Ary

Scheffer, Renan, Humboldt, Helmholtz, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and many Italian refugees. But neither science, art, literature, or politics was her passion. The dominant purpose of her life was philanthropy, especially on behalf of Italy. She appeared on the scene there in 1861, after Garibaldi's appeal to the Italian ladies to help the poor and promote their education. Mrs. Schwabe opened a subscription list in England and secured the help of Jenny Lind for a great concert. She was soon able to start her first school in Naples, of which Miss Reeve was director. This lady had come to Italy animated by the heroic spirit of an apostle. The school proved a great success, but in 1865, Miss Reeve fell a victim to the cholera, and the school died with her. But Mrs. Schwabe did not forsake the work which she had taken in hand. Signor Villari gives a very interesting account of her labours for Italy during the last thirty years.

(August 1).—Alessandro Chiappelli has a short paper on the "New Pontifical Encyclical on the Unity of the Church." He says that though the Pope is old and near the end of his career, the idea will not die with him. He holds that everyone who has a mind free from passions which darken the judgment, ought to recognise that to the chief of Catholicism is due the merit of having first broached this great idea, and that he alone had the power and authority to do so with hope of success. The Church of Rome has often wished to reclaim the Greek Church, and everyone knows what result these attempts at reunion have had. On the other hand, this Papal advocate refers to the efforts of the Evangelical Alliance in 1846, and in recent congresses at New York and Basle, to bring about union between the various Evangelical confessions, always, however, with hostile intentions towards the Catholic Church, seeking to perpetuate the breach most profound of all in the bosom of Christianity. Protestant readers will certainly not be able to endorse the writer's verdict.

METHODIST REVIEW, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (July—August).—Dr. Kidder has a thoughtful paper comparing "Christianity and Mohammedanism in Arabia, Egypt, and Northern Africa." Dr. Du Bose writes on Bishop Haygood as a philosopher and reformer. As an official editor he had gone to consult Haygood on some important questions, and the afternoon spent amid the bishop's books opened his eyes to a new side of Haygood's character. The editor ventured to ask him to "push the theories set forth in *Les Misérables*—particularly those which relate to the criminal, the menial, the poor, the ignorant, and the socially disfranchised—to their application to our own country and institutions, and then develop the anthropology and soteriology of the Epistle to the Romans in the light of present day experience and Evangelisation." This was a stiff order, but Haygood rose to the occasion, as the article itself must show. The editor writes on his predecessor, Dr. Mendenhall, who was an intellectual gladiator, and won the special thanks of the bishops at the last General Conference he attended, for rebuking and refuting the arrogant pretensions of Rationalistic higher criticism. He was "painfully impressed" by the speeches of the English delegation at the Ecumenical Conference held in Washington, and considered that British Methodism "headed toward Materialism and Rationalism." Happily he lived to see that there was no real danger on this score, though there might be some passing unrest. A good note deals with "The Tasks of Methodism." The General Conference has closed and the writer points out that no denomination of the times lies under greater responsibility to men. Methodism must maintain her first rank among the educational forces of the day, must have a voice in the adjustment of current social agitations, and must walk in the van of the revivalistic forces of the day. In the General Conference of 1800 there was a general revival, which at times threatened to break up the business. It swept over the whole city, and not less than two hundred were said to have been converted during the Conference. "Pure Methodism is a perpetual revival. Its pulpit must evangelise no less than teach. The sweetest sound it knows is the song of converts; the most alluring sight is the waving harvests of human souls."

METHODIST REVIEW, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH (July—August).—The Rev. W. Harrison, of New Brunswick, writes an article on "Oxford High Anglicanism," based on Dr. Rigg's volume, which he does not hesitate to rank among the most important books produced by the English Press during the year 1895. He dwells on the writer's eminent qualifications for his task, and shows that the book is the first attempt made by a Nonconformist to write anything like a history of the subject. The trend of the work and its chief features are clearly brought out, so that readers of this article will gain a good introduction to the volume itself. Mr. Harrison says that Dr. Rigg has placed the Protestant world under deep and lasting obligations by the publication of this work at this time. His "timely book lifts the signal of warning, and cannot fail to accomplish great practical results." Dr. Bassett's "Culture Problem in Southern Towns," points out that the growth of towns is the chief feature of life in the South to-day. "The increase of factories, the growth of towns, the extension of public schools, the disappearance of the planter type, the cutting up of farms, the citizenship of negroes; all these witness a new order of living." There is a sad lack of literary facilities. A small New England town will have a better collection of books than can be found in the city libraries of most of the Southern States. The public high schools which are now established in almost every Southern State may be relied on to work up a literary sentiment. Dr. Tigert's "Study in the Genesis of Methodist Institutions," and a valuable review of Dr. Atkinson's volume on the beginnings of Methodism in America, show that the Conference of 1784, at which Asbury was ordained, was in no legal or disciplinary sense a General Conference. The General Conference, as at present understood, was a direct result of the efforts of Coke, Jesse Lee, and James O'Kelly.

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